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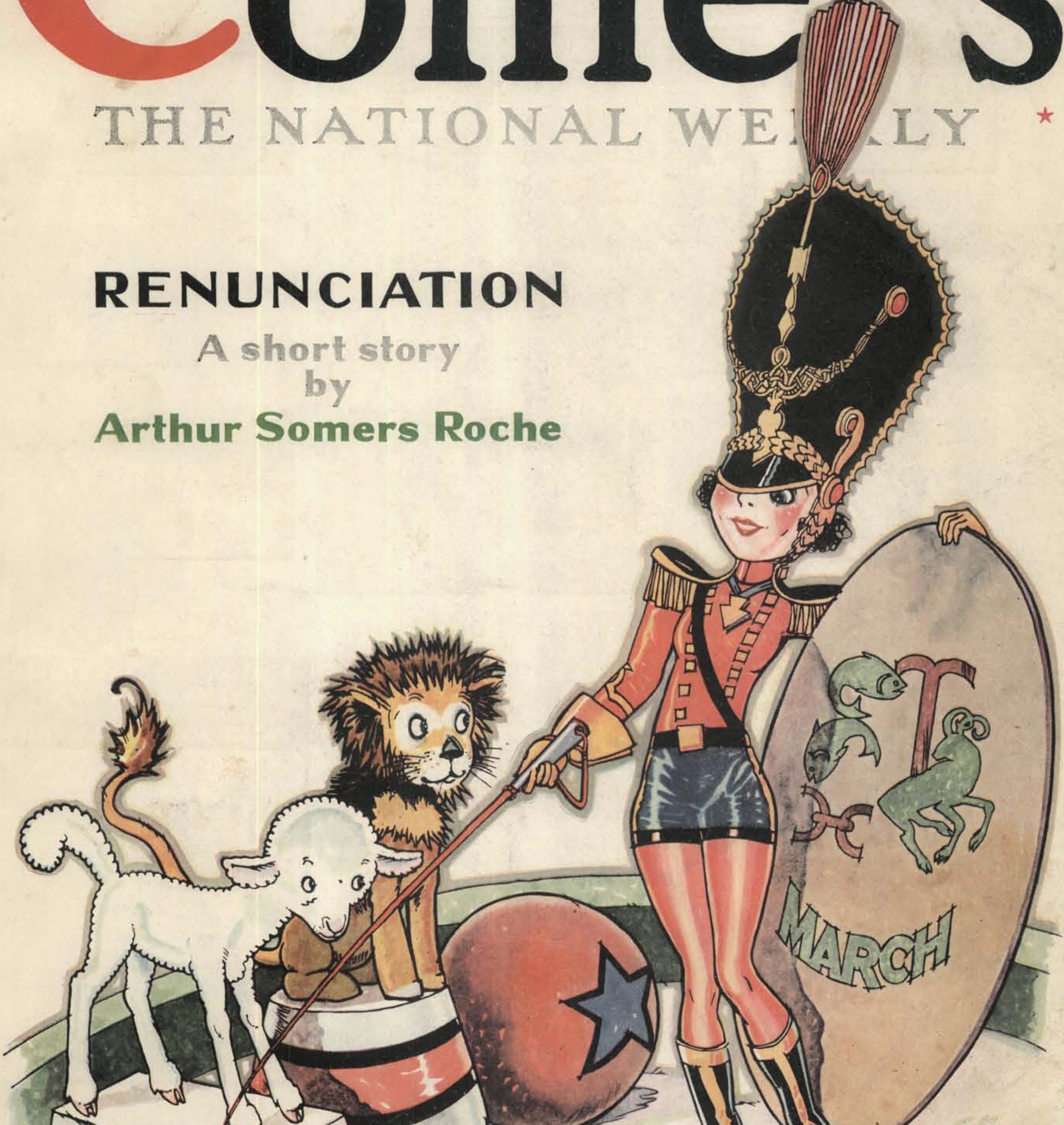
March 1, 1930

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

RENUNCIATION

A short story
by
Arthur Somers Roche



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MISS L GARD
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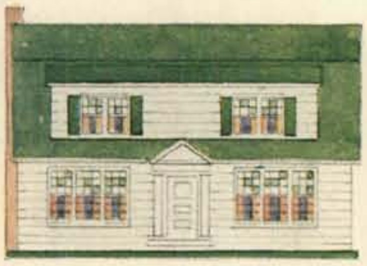
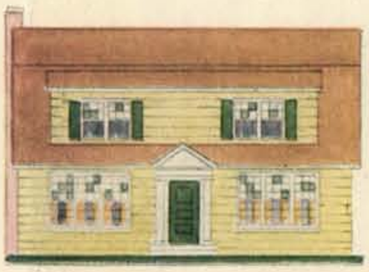
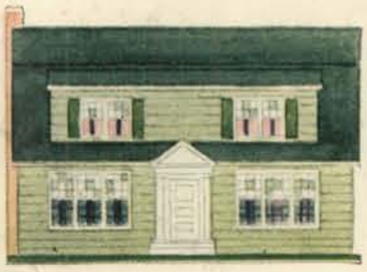
March 1930

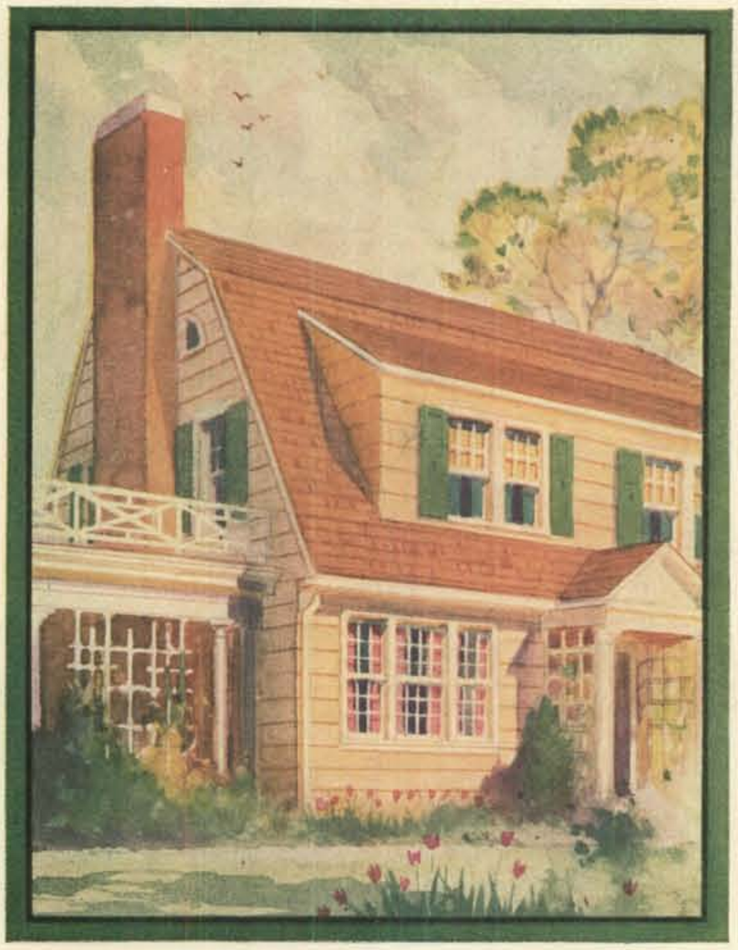
MARCH 1, 1930

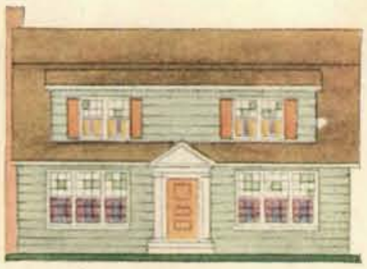
Is your paint-starved house food for neighborhood gossip?

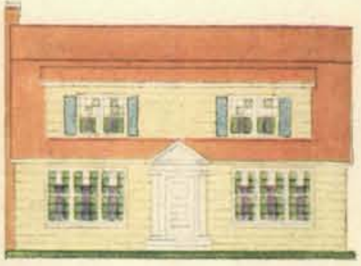


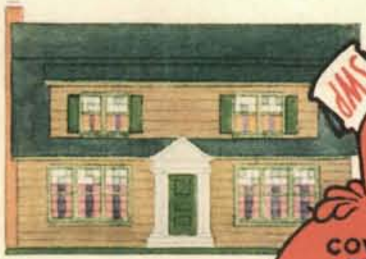












COVER THE EARTH

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Use an *SWP color scheme* and hire a *good* painter

Even kindliest neighbors cannot close their eyes to a shabby-looking, weather-beaten house, in an otherwise spick-and-span community. And it is only human to *wonder why*—to *surmise*—and to *talk*.

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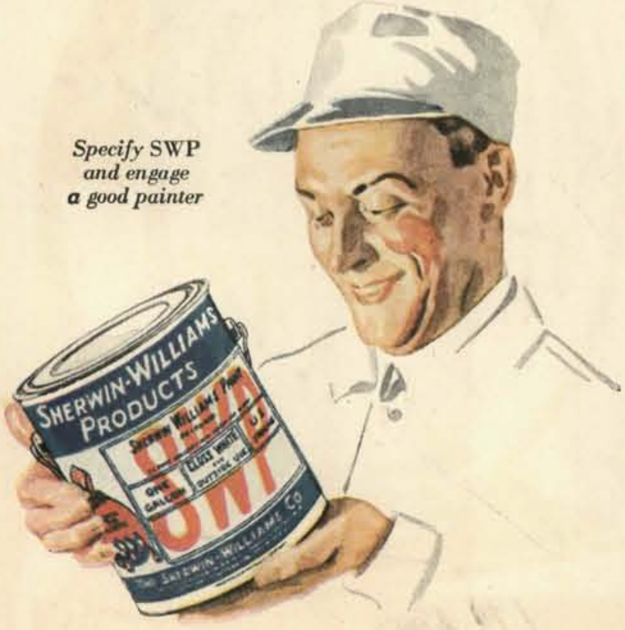
With one of these stylish SWP Color Plans, a *good professional painter* will make your house bright and new again, at very moderate cost.



Specify SWP *and engage a good painter*

While it may cost *more by the gallon*, SWP costs *much less on the house* than cheaper paints. Each gallon covers more surface, so, *fewer gallons are needed.* This cuts material cost. Beautiful SWP colors remain bright *much longer.* This defers repainting. The extra tough SWP paint film lasts two to three times as long as cheaper paints. This reduces cost of repainting—in many instances by 50% or even 75%.

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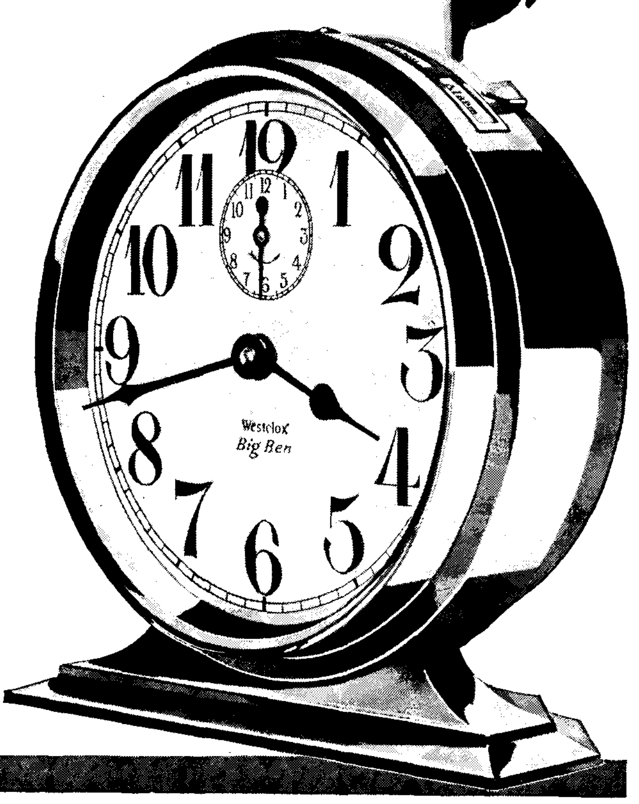

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WITH our customary concern for the country's tranquillity we shrink from the responsibility which next week's issue imposes. The newsstand men will have to take steps to withstand the weekly onslaught of eager purchasers of this magazine (probably by constructing concrete booths). The more timorous of our readers will walk home in the middle of the street if they find it unexpectedly necessary to be out after dark, for the MENACE is **abroad**.

"Fu Manchu's Daughter," by Sax Rohmer (stop biting your fingernails), begins next week. You will meet some old friends —Nayland Smith, Dr. Petrie, the beautiful Karamanèh, Inspector Weymouth, Fletcher —and you'll search a long time before you meet a more valiant group.

The villainy is supplied by men and women whom we, with our long experience in dark matters, unhesitatingly describe as the meanest we have ever seen.

We hope your heart will stand the strain. If anything happens we'll never forgive ourselves.

TO GET down to a different brand of heart trouble, you could have bought a seat on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange six years ago for $3,600. The last recorded sale was for $150,000. A seat on the Boston Exchange, valued at $5,500 four years ago, sold for $45,000 last year.

We choose these facts at random from a great many in John T. Flynn's article "Small 'Change" just to show you that the New York Stock Exchange isn't the only frog in the puddle. There are men in Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles who say that their exchanges will one day supplant "Wall Street." Well, maybe. It's pretty hard to surprise us nowadays.

—

THERE'S heart trouble too in "Vacation," Robert Terry Shannon's short story. (This begins to look like our great Cardiac Issue.) It's about a song writer's holiday in Florida. The girl, Eunice, will strike you as being more than a little dumb at first, but those song ideas she has can be fixed up if you know how. Besides, you are likely, if we know you, to undervalue the power of love. That's always a mistake.

ALAN LeMAY'S "Under Fire" is a short story of a Western man hunt. It's a bit more exciting than even a Western has a right to be. Perhaps you'd better have a sedative handy when you begin to read this issue. We might, however, at the last minute, find a few restful things to include.

—

ALTHOUGH it won't be, heaven knows, "Stepdaughters of War," nor Grantland Rice's new stuff about Dempsey. Come to think of it, we don't recall an issue of Collier's that would have put you to sleep. Sleep is overrated anyway.

THIS WEEK

March 1, 1930

Cover—Dick Spencer

Page 7—Arthur Somers Roche

RENUNCIATION: A love story about two of a kind.

Page 9—Joseph Hilton Smyth and Porter Emerson Browne

GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT: And get what they want.

Page 11—Grantland Rice

LIFE IS EARNEST: Helen Wills Moody, in person.

Page 12—Walter Davenport

HIGH AND MIGHTY: What unromantic persons we groundlings are!

Page 14—Fassett Edwards, M. D.

EYES RIGHT: And what to do if they aren't.

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INTERFERENCE: The Short Short Story.

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THE LION AND THE LAMB, Part XIII: Pretty thick doings in London.

Page 18—Frank Condon

WHERE THERE'S GOLD: Two men and a burro. Droll, we call it.

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UNCLE SAM, Part VIII: A new novel.

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DARK SURPRISE: Stallmaster has his fortune told.

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STEPDAUGHTERS OF WAR, Part III: An ambulance driver's story.

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WON'T YOU—AH—SIT DOWN?

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LOUD SPEAKER: Jack Sharkey nurses his unpopularity.

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THE INVENTIONS OF PROFESSOR LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Page 30—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

THROWING THE PARTY

Page 32—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 44—Colliergraphs

Page 66—Editorial

Any Week

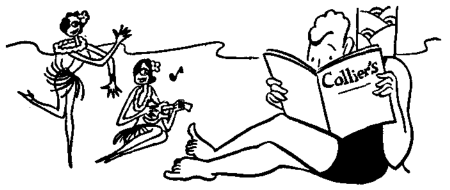
SOMEWHERE lately we must have said something nasty about the town of Baran-Bakia which, we are sternly informed by Mr. Z. Sodar-Bin, is in Ubangi-Shari, Equatorial Africa. Groping through the smoke of Mr. Sodar-Bin's ire, we gather that we disparaged Baran-Bakia's street-cleaning department—probably intimated that there wasn't any.

We have searched our memory, perused our files and spoken harshly to our staff and have failed dismally to locate the slur. And we can't have spread the scandal maliciously, either, because to the best of our recollection we have never been to Africa.

Nevertheless we apologize and have done with it. This gives us more time to boast that we are read and misread even in Baran-Bakia, from which pristine city Mr. Sodar-Bin scolds us on a typewriter which has no E's and all but no ribbon.

WE HAVEN'T any idea how many people have decided, at the last minute, not to go to Suva, Papeete, Pago Pago and other luscious nooks in the South Sea Islands because they were afraid they'd miss their Collier's. But Mr. Charles W. G. Ward of Las Vegas, New Mexico, arrives home from those parts with what we regard as encouragement for the fearful. He found Collier's there and beheld the happy populace reading us between moonlight dances on the beach.

Also, Mr. Ward found us on the bookstalls in Sydney, Auckland and Wellington in Australia and New Zealand. You would all do well to resign yourselves to the inevitable: You simply can't escape us. As if you wanted to.



THIS, logically enough, fetches us to Peckville, Pennsylvania. From Miss Elizabeth Carpenter of that snug town, we learn that she is twenty years old and unmarried and that it is her opinion that Uncle Henry could do worse than to confine his writing to subjects he understands. For example, she catches him saying that practically the entire young female population of this country is abandoning all else in its mad chase of the youth of the so-called opposite sex, giving the lads practically no quarter and littering that fine old institution—the American home—with shattered lives and broken hearts. She says it isn't true in Peckville.

—

MR. COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER, the author, came in to see us the other day in an overcoat which promptly aroused all but a few of our basest instincts—jealousy, envy and avarice, to mention three minor ones.

We asked him pointedly about that coat and were informed it was made of the wool of the llama. Mr. Cooper must have read our thoughts.

"No," he said firmly, "I will not sell you this overcoat. But I will permit you to purchase a truly magnificent story which I have written and which is in the inside pocket of this overcoat—you crook."

Mr. Cooper departed, clutching that beautiful garment to his bosom. We, we discovered, were left clutching the manuscript. Salesmanship!

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A Wife's Confession
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Love's Awakening
Forbidden Fruit

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Bed No. 29
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The New Sensation
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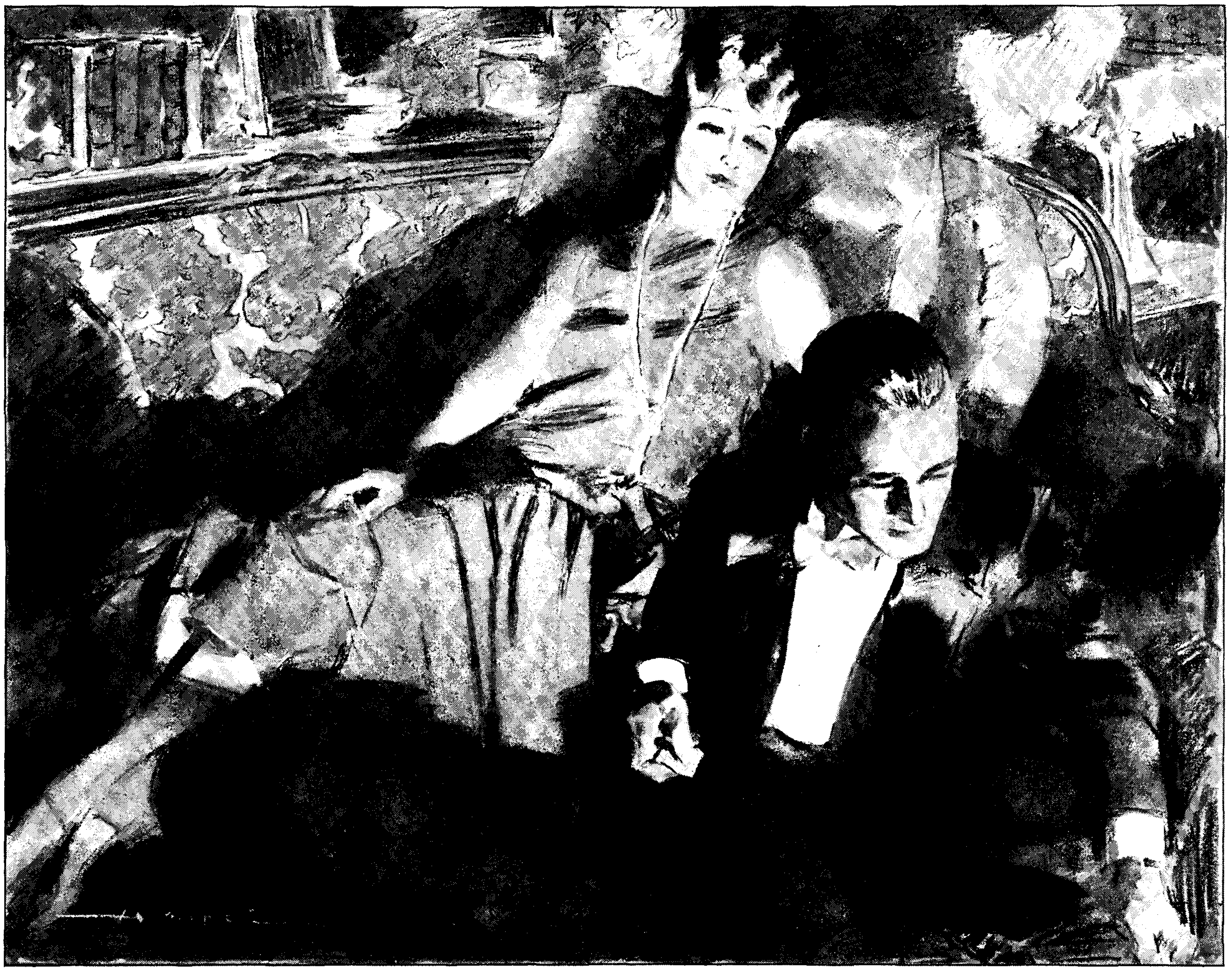


He seated her, finally, on a couch where a bridge lamp lighted her face; then he touched a match to logs laid in the fireplace

RENUNCIATION

A love story that you won't forget—
because it could never happen to you

By Arthur Somers Roche

JERRY DEMPSTER said good-by to his hostess. It was one of those little things that added to his popularity. Of three hundred young men present, not more than twenty would think to pay their parting respects to the mother of the débutante for whom the affair was being given. Mrs. Sternaway looked after him amiably. So did at least half a dozen of the season's buds. So did three or four young matrons. So—not speculatively like the women—did several men. One of them spoke to him:

"Looking 'em over still, my boy, eh? Listen, Jerry-me-lad, you ought to be raising a couple of daughters now. Going to remain an old bachelor all your life?"

Jerry grinned.

"I suppose, Tom, you want a bid to my eldest's coming-out, eh?"

Tom Curtis, gray-haired, paunchy, chuckled.

"When a man feels his charm waning, he relies on his friends. But seriously, Jerry, a man's a damn' fool not to marry. Look at me. Fifty-two years of age, and staying up all night dancing with children. Wish to heaven I'd had sense enough to grab a wife twenty years ago. Too settled now. Thought being a bachelor was swell. It was. For a while. But now—Jerry, get married."

"Got to find one that'll have me—and that I want," smiled Jerry.

"Plenty will have you all right," said Curtis. "But finding the one you want—well, when you see her—grab her. Don't fiddle around, wondering if she's really the one and only." Two quarts of champagne had made him mellow and expansive and too confidential. "That's what I did. Waited and wondered and—another lad got her."

"I'll never do that," said Jerry. "I'll know—the minute I see her. And I'll get her—if I can."

"Attaboy," said Curtis. "Feel like committing mayhem on a quart with me?"

Jerry shook his head.

"Think I'll toddle along home to bed."

"Not going on to the Jamesons'?" Curtis was frankly aghast that anyone should consider going home when there were other parties to attend.

Jerry shook his head again.

"Not tonight. A hardy veteran like you, Tom, can make whoopee all night, but a weakling like myself—"

BUT Curtis was already cutting in on a young girl and didn't hear. Jerry smiled once more, and continued on his way to the check-room. There he reclaimed his coat, jammed his opera hat on the back of his head, and, a most personable figure, descended from the hotel ballroom to the street.

To get married, to raise children—good advice, but not what he wanted to do. Somewhere in the world was a girl composed of fire and ice, of bitter and sweet, and when he met her. . . . She'd have understanding and sympathy; she could forgive without reservations. Not one of these silly little débutantes who, unconfronted by life, could not understand what life might do to a man. . . . What the hell? Why dream? He'd never meet her. But, oh, just God, if he ever did, it wouldn't matter from where she came, or what she was, because it wouldn't matter to her what he was. . . .

The starter lifted an obsequious finger to his cap.

"Cab, Mr. Dempster? Yes, sir, Mr. Dempster. One second, Mr. Dempster."

Servility left his voice as he signaled a taximan. Authority reclothed him and he was meanly autocratic, to become a servant again as he accepted Jerry's tip.

"The Norwalk, Park Avenue," said Jerry.

He stepped into the machine, it started with a jerk, and he was pleasantly conscious of perfume and silks, and a pair of arms from which a wrap had fallen away; also of a voice that was tremulous, and exciting.

"Tom! I was afraid you'd never get away from that stupid party."

"He never did," chuckled Jerry.

The figure beside him straightened up. The movement seemed to disturb the air currents, to bring into the stuffy atmosphere of the taxi something electric, stimulating.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

Jerry approvingly noted that her voice held only surprise, nothing of fear.

"The same to you, ma'am," he laughed.

"Tell the driver to stop the car—instantly," she commanded.

Now he noted other things. Her voice was smoothly modulated, her enunciation clear. Even in the semi-gloom of the cab he could see the flash of her eyes.

"You can't get out here," he reminded her. "Not in the middle of Fifth Avenue."

"You can get out," she said.

"Ah, there we come to matters debatable," he said. "It's begun to rain. Of your charity you'd let me ride to some place where I can pick up another taxi, wouldn't you?"

"Then tell the chauffeur," she ordered.

He tapped on the window.

"The Regent—stop there," he called. The taximan grunted a response.

"Thank you," said the girl.

"Not at all," said Jerry. "From there he can take you back to where we started. That is, if you think Tom will still be waiting. I rather imagine he will."

"That sounds like a cheap gallantry," she said.

"It was," he admitted. "But on the whole I'm behaving rather well, don't you think? Strange girl in taxi—impressionable young man—"

"You don't sound a bit impressionable," she said.

"I'm not," he confessed. "I simply wanted credit for what restraint I show."

"It's given you," she said coldly. "I suppose I should thank you for not trying to kiss me."

"I'm not sure," he replied thoughtfully. "I can't see you in this darkness."

"That," she said judicially, "is not a gallantry."

"It wasn't meant to be," he said cheerfully. "I couldn't be sure you'd not think it cheap—may I light a cigarette?"

"So that you can tell whether you want to or not?" she asked.

"I also want to smoke," he said.

"You may," she said.

HE FLICKED his lighter, lifted it to his cigarette end, and held it there. In the flickering flame he saw her face, and what he beheld was what, consciously and unconsciously, he had been seeking for a dozen years. Gravely he regarded her.

"You know, of course, you are very lovely," he said.

"Yes," she said quietly.

For her to have said anything else would have been to convict herself of mock modesty, of a cheap humility. For her beauty was as obvious as her sex. Not that it was a blatant loveliness. Had there not been behind the flawless features an animation instantly discernible, she might have had merely the beauty of the wax model. But the gray eyes were alive with intelligence; the sweetly curving lips seemed fashioned as well for wit as for kisses.

"I have never wished to be anyone but Jerry Dempster," he said. "Until now. I wish I were Tom."

She stared at him. She saw a face just rough-hewn enough to be removed from any hint of the man-beauty; she saw humor and kindliness and a touch of that hardness of character which women admire.

"Perhaps," she said softly, "I am wishing the same thing."

"I'd rather you didn't talk like that," he said.

"I'm being cheap?" she asked.

"You're being cheap," he told her.

"But if I'm lovely—"

"You are. But I don't want you attainable."

"Strange man," she scoffed.

He winced at her levity.

"Don't. You—you see—I know I'm insane. I know that you'll know it—but I love you."

"Is that insanity?" she asked. "If you feel that way—why shouldn't I? Why must I have been cheap when I said that I wished you were Tom?"

"WHO is Tom?" he demanded. He hardly recognized his own voice, so harsh it was.

"He was asked to the Sternaway party. He felt he had to go. I don't know the Sternaways. He said he'd drop in for five minutes. He wanted me to wait in the taxi."

"You must have been fond of him to do a thing like that," he said.

"I was," she said.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Whatever you want me to mean," she replied.

"You don't understand," he told her. "This—this isn't a cheap flirtation. I—think I must have been waiting for you always."

"I think," she said, "I've waited longer than that for you."

She kissed exactly as the woman he had dreamed of must kiss: inexpertly, but with the devastating eagerness of innocence. The arms that went gropingly around his neck had never embraced a man before. He knew that instinctively.

"You know, of course," he told her, "that I can never let you go."

"You know," she answered, "that I never want you to."

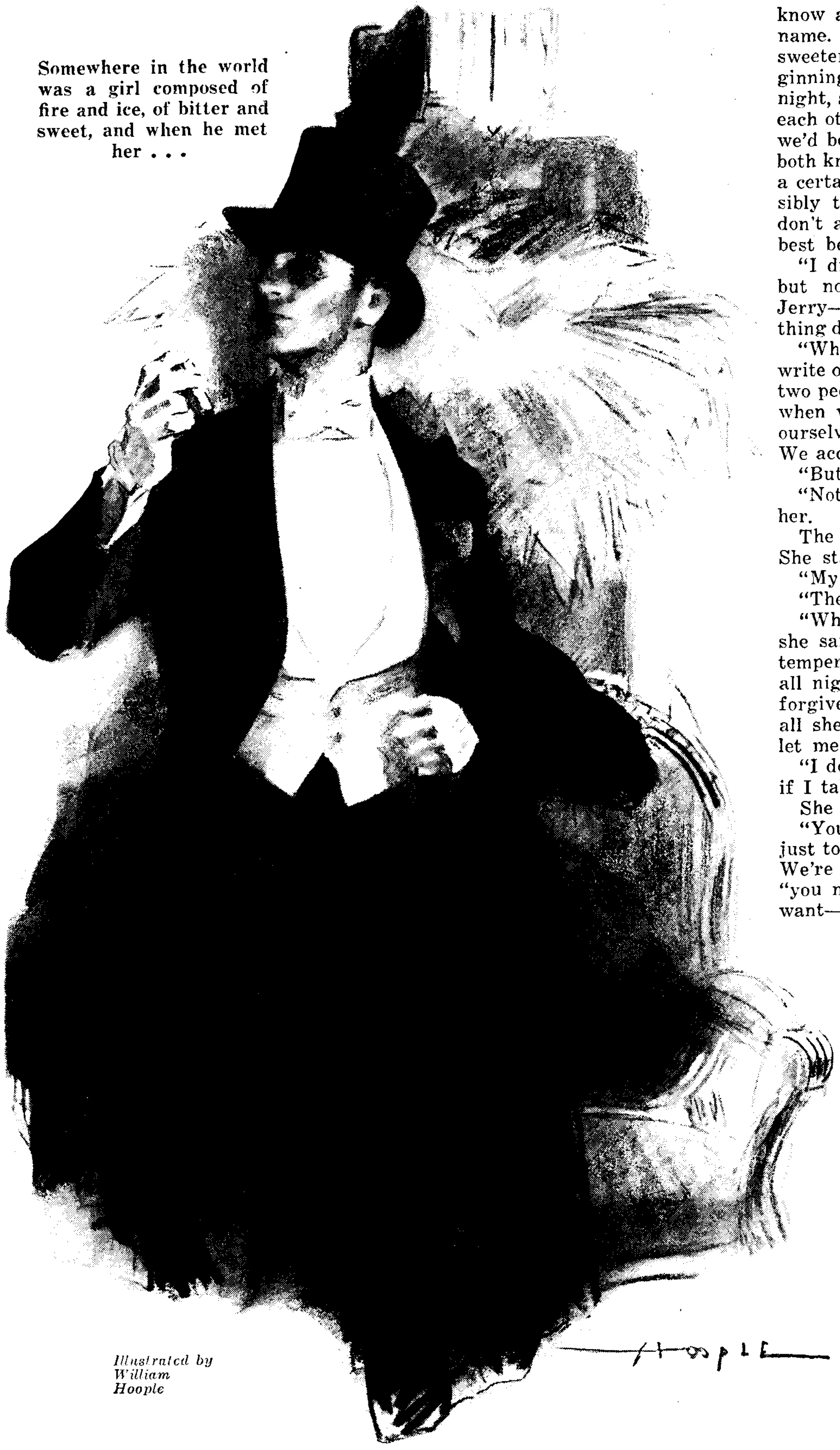
"I don't even know your name," he said later.

"Jane," she said. "Jane Saunders. And you are Jerry Dempster?"

The taximan stopped the car.

"Hey, this is the Regent," he cried.

"Take us"—Jerry looked at the girl. "You'll come to my apartment?"



Somewhere in the world was a girl composed of fire and ice, of bitter and sweet, and when he met her . . .

Illustrated by William Hoople

He knew that she was blushing.

"I've been so unconventional that one more thing hardly matters, does it?" she said.

"It's just—it's just that I want to talk—discover you—"

"If I didn't understand I'd not go with you," she interrupted him.

In his apartment he stared incredulously at her. Young, vital, sweetly formed, lovely. . . . The brief glimpse by the flame of the lighter had subdued him, but at this revelation he was utterly conquered. And she yielded herself to his wild embrace as unselfconsciously as if they had known and loved each other always.

HE SEATED her, finally, on a couch where a bridge lamp lighted her face; he touched a match to logs laid in the fireplace. He drew up a chair beside her. He twined his fingers with hers.

"I want to hear everything—and yet I don't want to talk. You'll marry me, of course?"

"Of course," she answered.

As simple and direct as a child. . . .

"I wonder," he said, "if I want to know anything about you beyond your name. I wonder if it wouldn't be—sweeter—to pretend we were at the beginning of things. To start from tonight, and to learn, little by little, about each other. To discover, perhaps, after we'd been married six months, that we both knew a certain person, had been in a certain place. . . . What can you possibly tell me that, in its essentials, I don't already know? I know *you*, my best beloved, and what else matters?"

"I didn't know that was how I felt, but now I know," she said. "Only, Jerry—are we—sane? This sort of thing doesn't happen—except in poems."

"Why doesn't it?" he argued. "Poets write of life, don't they? Why shouldn't two people love at sight? And, darling, when we dream we don't quarrel with ourselves and say that this is a dream. We accept it."

"But we wake," she reminded him.

"Not you and I—not ever," he assured her.

The clock on his mantel struck once. She started guiltily.

"My dear! I must go—Mother—"

"There is a mother?" he asked.

"Whom you must meet tomorrow," she said. "She will be tired and bad-tempered, because I'll have kept her up all night telling her of you, but you'll forgive her, won't you? You see, I'm all she has, and she won't be eager to let me go."

"I don't blame her," he smiled. "But if I take you to her now—"

She shook her head decisively.

"You're not to take me home. It's just to—isn't that funny?—the Regent. We're stopping there. No," as he arose, "you mustn't even see me to a cab. I want—Jerry—I want—to leave you this minute. I want to—think—"

"You won't change your mind?" he pleaded.

She shook her head again.

"I won't change my mind."

She clutched her velvet, ermine-trimmed wrap about her slim body. He reached out his arms, but she backed away.

"Please," she said, "I—Jerry, I've not kissed a man—like this, before. I—I've not been to a man's apartment. Jerry—I want to go."

"Tomorrow morning?" he said.

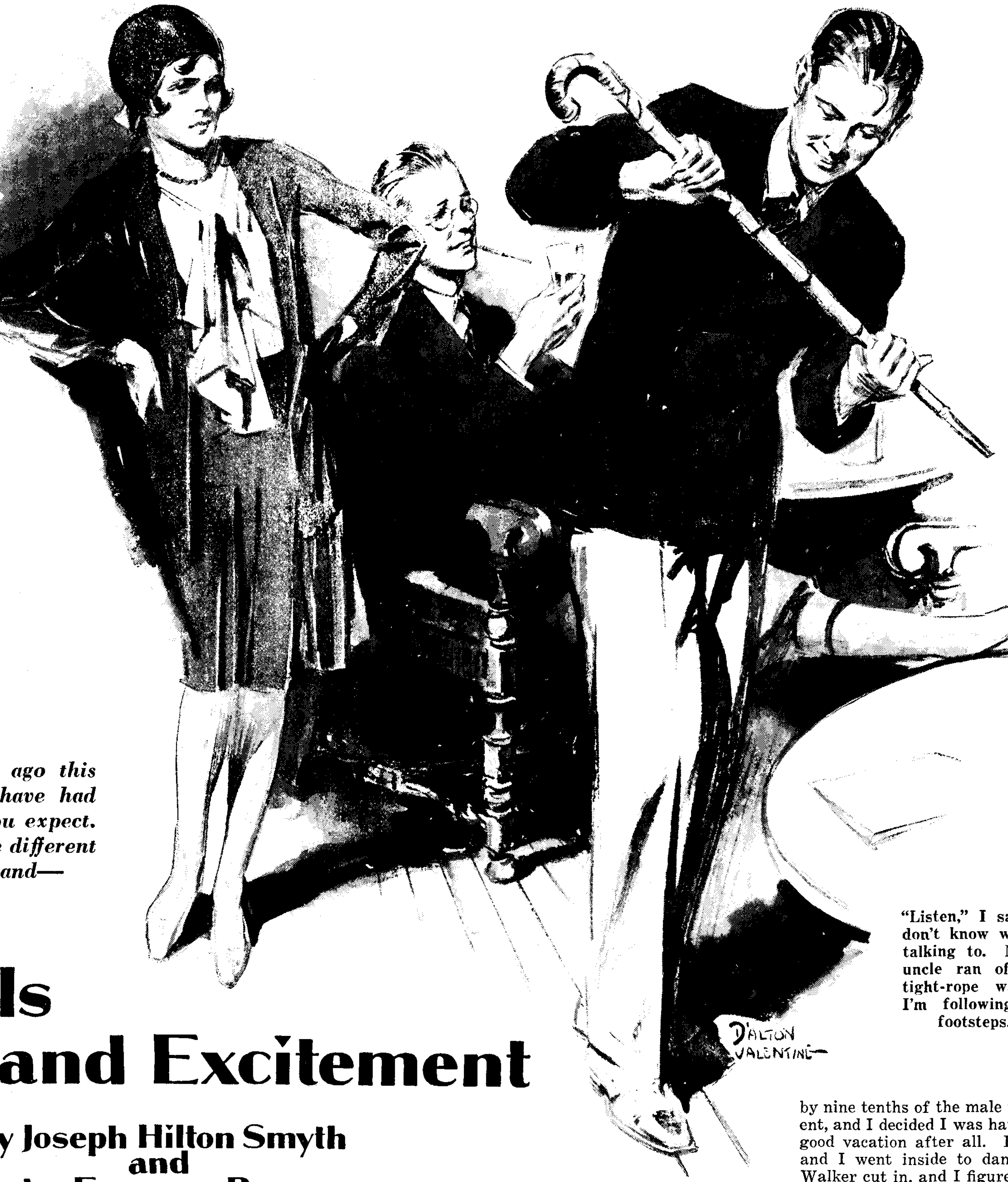
"Tomorrow morning," she replied.

The door closed behind her. Light and warmth and gayety departed with her.

He reached for a cigarette and the smile left his lips.

(*Continued on page 32*)

Illustrated by D'Alton Valentine



Twenty years ago this story would have had the ending you expect. But lovers are different nowadays, and—

"Listen," I said. "You don't know who you're talking to. My great-uncle ran off with a tight-rope walker an' I'm following in her footsteps. . . ."

Girls Demand Excitement

By Joseph Hilton Smyth and Porter Emerson Browne

THE fat girl with all the knees came up to me and said, "Do you know how to tango? I'm just dying to learn."

I said, "No, I don't. But Bill Jenkins does. He's swell at it. You wait here and I'll find him for you."

So I finished my drink and wandered into another room and sat down and cussed out vacations in general and country club dances in particular.

As vacations go, mine hadn't been so bad so far, only a little vacant in spots, and I'd played a lot of tennis and golf, and won some money playing contract, and Mimi Scott, whom I seemed now and then to be engaged to, was back from Europe and I knew I ought to feel a lot better than I did, but I didn't. I felt sunk.

So I just sat around a while, and thought how things never turn out the way you dream they will, and that didn't seem to get me anywhere, so I got up and started for the locker-rooms, where the stags at eve congregated to drink their fill. And in the library, which usually was deserted, I ran into Tod Walker and Mimi, only for a moment I couldn't tell which was which. I said, "Pardon me," and Mimi came up for air.

"Oh," she said. "It's you!"

I said, "Sure. But don't let that interfere."

Mimi tossed her head.

"Don't be dumb."

"I'll try not to be . . . any longer," I said, and turned and went out.

There wasn't anyone on the porch and I sat on a railing and looked up at the moon, which wasn't so hot, and then someone took hold of my arm and said, "What's the big idea of acting so shirty, Pell?"

"Oh," I said, "it's you!"

"Listen, Pell," said Mimi, "Tod and I were just fooling."

"Ye-ah?" I said. "Don't ever act serious then. Your family might not like it."

Mimi put her arms around my neck and lowered her head so that her hair interfered with my mouth and said, "I was just telling Tod that I'd be a sister to him."

"That's interesting," I said.

Mimi stamped her foot.

"If you're going to be difficult. . . ."

"I don't want to be difficult," I interrupted. "All I want to be right now is your husband. If I'm still engaged to you, that is."

After several minutes in which Mimi assured me without the use of words that maybe we were engaged after all, I said, "Then how about getting married?"

"Without any money, honey?" Mimi asked.

"Oh," I said, "money. . . . Well, I'm making two hundred a week now and I'm due for a raise."

"That's fine," Mimi murmured. "That's almost as much as Dad gives me for an allowance. Can't we keep on just being engaged for a while?"

So we spent the next half hour or so being just engaged, with interruptions by nine tenths of the male menace present, and I decided I was having a pretty good vacation after all. Finally Mimi and I went inside to dance, and Tod Walker cut in, and I figured I might as well go home and go to bed.

Heading for the cloakroom I ran into Barbara, Mimi's kid sister.

She said, "Why so glum? Been blackballed by the Book-of-the-Month Club, or something?"

"And the Temperance League," I told her. "Where have you been all the evening?"

"Around," she said. "Around and about. Aren't you going to dance with me?"

"Sure. But aren't you up late?"

BABS drew herself up.

"How old do you think I am, anyway?"

"Sixteen," I said. "But you don't look it."

"I'm nearly nineteen," she advised me coldly, "and you'd know it yourself if you ever stopped to think. Only they won't let me grow up until Mimi gets married."

"Oh," I said. "Well, I hope that will be soon."

"My growing up?"

"Mimi's marriage."

"Do you, now?" Babs looked at me

queerly. "Have you any idea whom she'll marry?"

"Sort of," I said. "Let's dance."

"I think I'd rather sit and talk," she said, and sat down on the stairs. "How's the gay romance coming along, Pell?"

"What romance?"

"You and Mimi."

"Like perpetual motion," I said. "On the move all the time and never getting anywhere."

"Perpetual emotion," Babs suggested, with what sounded like a giggle.

I said, "Don't be flip!"

"The trouble with you," Babs went on, looking at me out of the corners of her eyes, "is that you don't understand women."

"Thanks," I said. "You *are* a lot of help."

Babs readjusted her knees, which were a lot like Mimi's, and smiled serenely.

"I'm awfully fond of you, Pell. I'd like to help you, really. . . ."

I said, "Thanks."

"And I understand Mimi heaps better than you do."

"That's a help."

"But I do, honestly. I've watched her being engaged to simply loads of men."

I LOOKED at her sharply, and she smiled at me innocently. "I've learned a great deal, watching her," she said.

For a moment I didn't say anything, but just sat there, concentrating my attention on lighting a cigarette. Finally Babs seemed to get tired of waiting—anyhow she said, "How long have you known me, Pell?"

"About ten years, I guess. Ever since you were a little girl in long dresses. Why?"

"We've had some nice times together, haven't we?"

"Sure," I said. "When?"

"Always," Babs said. "All of the time you've been hanging around the house, waiting for Mimi. Have you any idea of how much time you've spent with me, waiting?"

"What?"

"Just sticking around," Babs elaborated, "waiting for Mimi. She's got a perfectly swell system. I think I'll use it . . . after she marries."

I looked at her without saying anything; just thinking.

"It's tricky," she continued. "Just a lovely, smooth way of getting a combination footman, secretary, chauffeur, riding master, valet, pilot and what would you, for nothing. Nothing but the informality of getting engaged."

I got up.

"If you want to dance, come on."

"But I don't," said Babs.

I said, "All right. Then I'll go dance with Mimi. . . . Good night."

I started toward the supper-room.

"You won't find Mimi there," Babs said sweetly. "I saw her heading out toward one of the porches just a few moments ago with Jerry Saunders."

I went out, and got in my car, and drove home. The house was dark, and I went out into the kitchen, and drank two glasses of milk and ate a sandwich, and then went up to bed and lay there for a long time, trying to go to sleep but not having much success. Most of the time I kept thinking of the way Babs had just acted and the way Mimi had been acting for some time. There wasn't much use thinking of Mimi, and the things she did; they didn't matter. I repeated it over and over to myself that they didn't matter. That was what everybody said. It wasn't the things you did that counted; it was the things you felt. And if Mimi felt about me as she said she did, then Tod Walker and Jerry and all the rest didn't count, didn't matter at all, and I was only making myself miserable thinking about it. That was the way Mimi always explained it.

Babs was different. I'd never seen her act before the way she had that night. When I stopped to think it over, I'd really seen more of her than I had of Mimi, lately anyway, but I'd always thought of her as Mimi's sister, I'd always taken her more or less for granted. I decided it wasn't so good taking women for granted. Then I went to sleep. The next thing I knew the maid was knocking on the door, and it was nearly noon.

All the while I was dressing I thought of the things I would say to Mimi when I saw her. I was going to drive out with her to the lakes for luncheon; we had arranged it the night before, and it seemed now that if I could be alone with her, away from interruptions, everything would clear up.

When I got downstairs my mother was coming out of the dining-room, and I said, "'Morning."

She said, "You slept well. Cook's fixing some coffee for you."

"I'm sorry," I said, "I'm afraid I haven't time."

I went to the telephone and called Mimi's house. After three wrong numbers the maid answered.

I said, "May I speak to Miss Mimi?"

She said, "She's not in."

I said, "Did she leave any message for me? This is Mr. Hargrave."

She said, "Just a minute," so I waited three and then she came back and said, "No, sir."

So I said, "Do you know when she'll be back?" and she said to wait again, so I waited, and then she said, "No, sir," again and there was a faint click.

I SAT there a minute, and then I noticed that my mother was still in the room, so I said, "I guess maybe I'll have time for some coffee, after all."

I had coffee, and then luncheon, and phoned four more times without any results at all except that the last time the Scotts' maid didn't sound so cordial, and then I took my bathing suit and drove out to the country club.

It was pretty much deserted, as it usually is in the early afternoon of a day following a heavy dance, and I decided it was too soon to go swimming in the pool and too hot to play tennis, even if there was anyone to play with, so I wandered out on the porch where all the tea tables were clustered for the people who never drank tea.

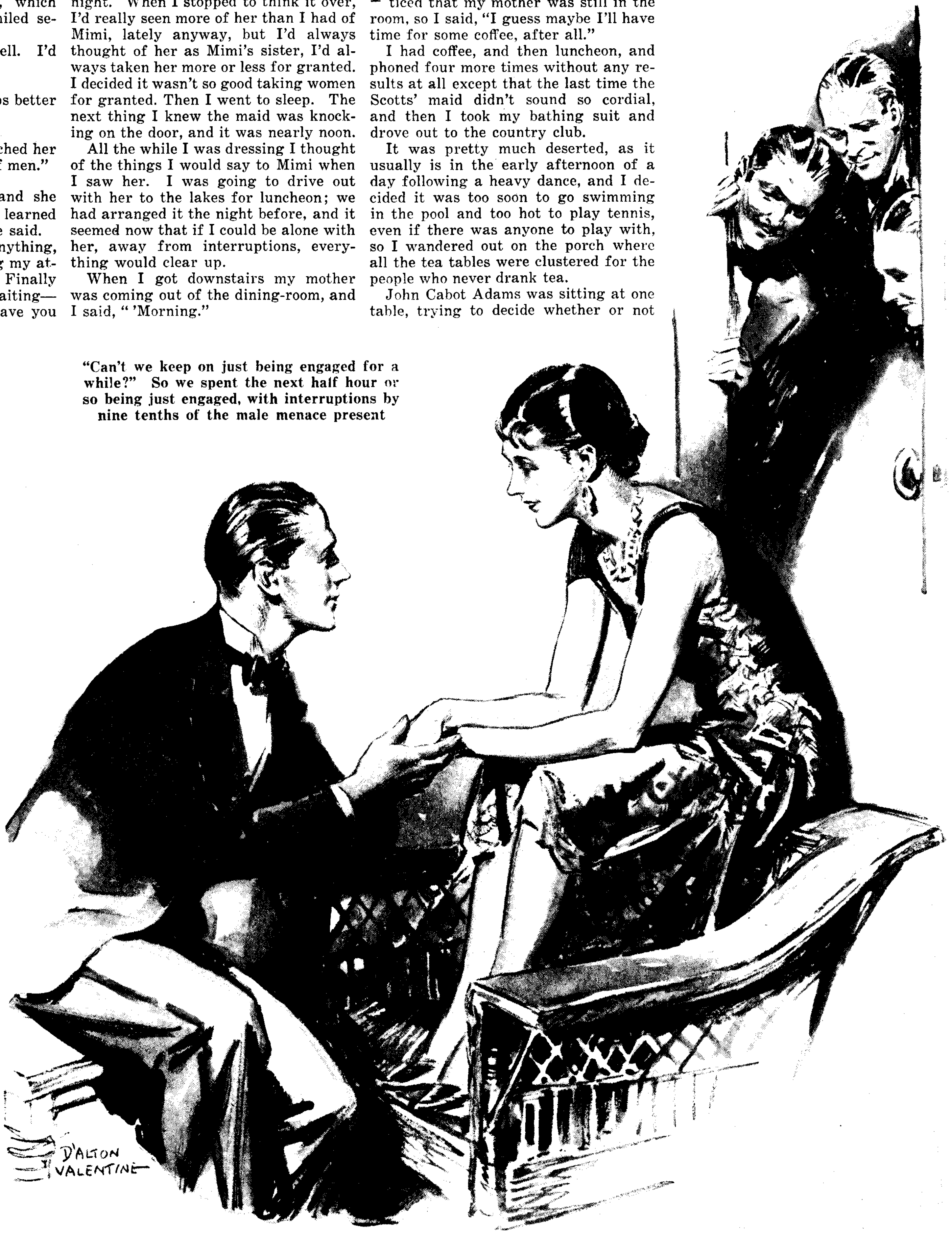
John Cabot Adams was sitting at one table, trying to decide whether or not mineral water would agree with him, and three tables away there was a blond girl named Neva-something, who evidently didn't, because they weren't speaking.

So I sat down between them and said, "Good afternoon," and John Cabot grunted, and the gentlemen's preference diverted her attention from a lemonade and said, "Didn't we have a lovely time last night?"

"Didn't we!" I said.

She smiled at me brightly and switched records: "This is the first time we've ever been alone, isn't it?"

(*Continued on page 46*)



"Can't we keep on just being engaged for a while?" So we spent the next half hour or so being just engaged, with interruptions by nine tenths of the male menace present

Life is Earnest

By Grantland Rice

She seldom smiles, not even for the camera, but in winning annual tennis championships Mrs. Helen Wills Moody certainly has the laugh on her more frivolous sisters

Not once in Miss Wills' tennis career can I recall seeing her smile, not even in the act of beating an opponent

NEARLY ten years ago a young California girl came east to start her tennis career in national competition. Her name was Helen Wills.

Even at the age of sixteen or seventeen she was intensely serious, unemotional, stoical—not only for a girl of that age but for a human being of any age.

It took only a short time to show that a new champion was on her way who would soon represent three of the essentials of competitive sport—power, concentration and determination. But few guessed to what a superlative degree this young Californian would carry these three qualities in later years.

Miss Wills from the start represented the power of youth, not youth's romance or its lighter and less serious sides. She was not interested in romance, even in the casual and unimportant forms of courtship. She had no interest in those affairs of the heart which most of the younger generation follow. She had set as her goal, first, the winning of the women's tennis championship of the world and, secondarily, developing her art with a mind also to its commercial value.

In the earlier days of her championship career Miss Wills was described as "Little Poker Face." The inference was that she masked her emotions in the stress of contest, curbing any tendency to show elation or nervousness or worry. The fact is that Miss Wills had no great emotions to mask. Her set, determined, unsmiling face was a natural part of her being. She was attempting to suppress nothing—nothing but the enemy in front of her.

It was noticed in one of her earlier contests that she never smiled as she passed her opponent in exchanging court positions. A friend commented upon this only to receive the astonishing answer: "I do not believe in encouraging my opponents in a tournament contest. I want it to be understood that we are in a battle, not at a social affair."

That is just the way Miss Wills felt about it, even at the start of her career. With her physical power, her increasing skill, her determination and concentration, it was evident from the start that she could not be stopped, in her own country at least. And by 1923, just seven years ago, when she was barely twenty, Helen Wills was the women's tennis champion of the United States. And she has held that title ever since, with the exception of one year when an appendicitis operation forced her out of tournament play for the greater part of the summer.

No Alibis Wanted

There have been two outstanding qualities linked to this California star. One has been the killer instinct, the feeling that no quarter shall ever be asked or given. The other has been an abhorrence of all alibis.

In one championship contest she was facing a veteran who was plainly outclassed. Someone remarked that Miss Wills would undoubtedly give her opponent a game or two in each set, only to hear just before the match started that it was Miss Wills' intention to win in love sets if she could accomplish this feat.

Here are two instances which show her detestation of all forms of alibi. In her famous match with Mlle. Lenglen on a Riviera court Miss Wills sprained her ankle, either just before or early in the contest. The story is told that when questioned she refused to confirm the injury and later requested that no mention be made of it. Yet those who saw the match recall how she apparently lost her speed after the first few minutes and had to depend almost entirely upon powerful stroking without her usual ability to step around. For, while she was never as fast as the French champion, Miss Wills had more foot speed than many gave her credit for having.

Only a year ago she was drawn against Betty Nuthall, the young English star, in one of the championship matches at Forest Hills. On the morning of this match Miss Wills was quite ill, and it was extremely doubtful whether she could play. It took raw courage and determination to last out the match and barely win without dropping on the court. Yet she insisted that no word of her illness be given to anyone and no comment about it should ever be made, even if she were beaten. And if she had been beaten that day there would never have been a suggestion from her camp that she was not in the best possible physical condition.

This is a quality that many other stars and champions might cultivate, although the art of the alibi is not often a championship quality, as the winner seldom needs excuses.

Before her marriage Miss Wills, now Mrs. Moody, had three main interests—tennis, art and business. She carried her tennis to the heights and held it there. It is still there today and will be there for some time to come.

As a young artist it could hardly be said that she bowled over the universe. But with a total lack of discouragement and through her work and determination she not only improved but also began to make her art pay.

Part of her art was strictly for her own pleasure. Another part was for financial gain, which was also for her pleasure. It might be said that she has done pretty well in a financial way, the tremendous advertising her tennis career gave her being no slight help.

Toeing the Mark

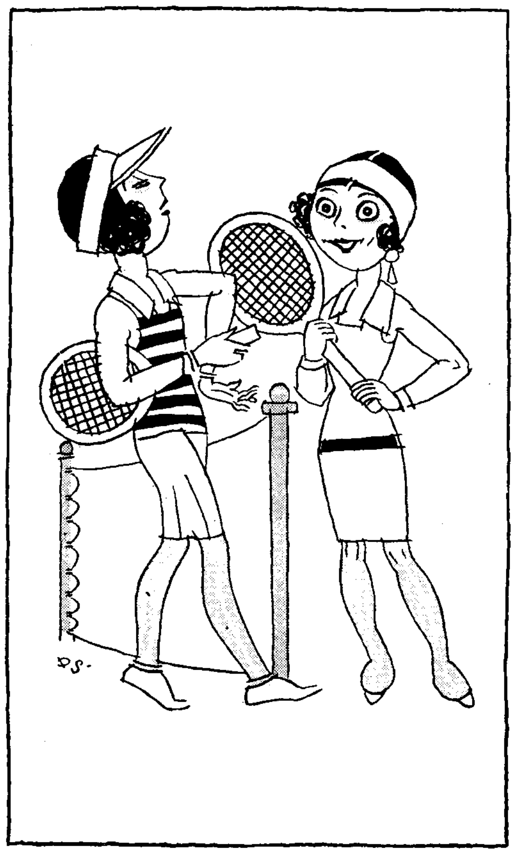
Not once in Miss Wills', or Mrs. Moody's, tennis career can I recall seeing her smile. Even in the act of beating an opponent 6–0 there was always the glint of annihilation in her look while on the court. Now and then something funny would happen that might draw a faint hint of a smile, but apparently the business of winning a match was entirely too serious a matter for any introduction of levity.

Off the court she seemed to have no great yearning for the social side of life, so far as parties, dancing and light chatter go. Mrs. Moody's sportsmanship has always been of the highest order. She has never won an unfair point in her career, nor has she missed even in the slightest degree the straight line of the playing code.

It is almost a certainty that being married is not going to interfere in any way with her tennis, her art or her other activities. The insistent desire to drive on along her chosen course will still dominate her life.

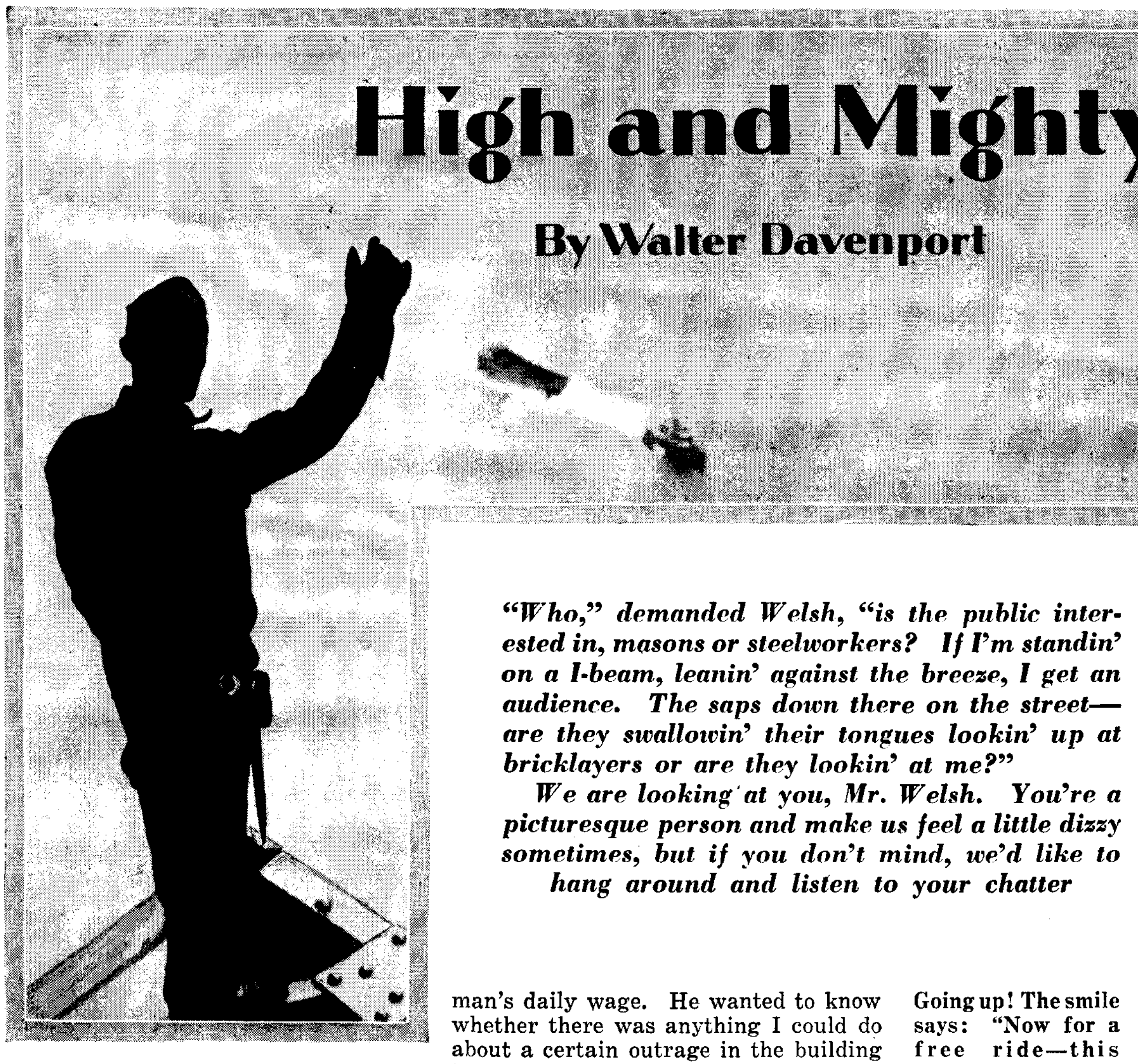
No one can say how long Mrs. Moody will be the women's tennis champion of the world, but certainly her championship career has many years to run.

There will be no change in her tournament temperament, her unemotional concentration and determination in the application of power, because these things are too much a part of her very nature. She will be a great tennis player five or six years from now and she will still have the qualities that have carried her with a rush and a sweep through one of the greatest competitive careers sport has ever known.



High and Mighty

By Walter Davenport



Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

A quiet place for a moment's relaxation. A workman atop the New York pier of the new Hudson River Bridge, waving to a passing tug

"Who," demanded Welsh, "is the public interested in, masons or steelworkers? If I'm standin' on a I-beam, leanin' against the breeze, I get an audience. The saps down there on the street—are they swallowin' their tongues lookin' up at bricklayers or are they lookin' at me?"

We are looking at you, Mr. Welsh. You're a picturesque person and make us feel a little dizzy sometimes, but if you don't mind, we'd like to hang around and listen to your chatter

Going up! The smile says: "Now for a free ride—this beats climbing the ladders any day!"

Lewis W. Hine

"DANGEROUS?" shouted Binzen. "I'll say it's dangerous. Why, one day I was takin' it easy while they was jumpin' a derrick two floors and I happened to think I owed a guy twenty-two dollars on a radio I bought for my wife.

"I was *standin' on the fortieth floor* with my back against an upright—like that guy up there, see? Eight-inch flange under my dogs and me leanin' with my back against a channel iron column. Anyway I'm takin' it easy a minute while they're jumpin' the derrick so's we could stick up the steel for the forty-first and forty-second floors, when I think of this twenty-two bucks I owe the guy.

"It's in the summer and there's about fifty mile of wind blowin' and I'm not in my undershirt, see, but wearin' a flannel shirt as well. Well, I slip my fingers into the breast pocket of the flannel shirt, where I keep my dough and cigarettes, and think I'll have a smoke and see if I got the dough for the radio.

"Our pusher [gang foreman] tells us that morning that smokin's out, on account of a fire, so it's by accident that I pull out my cigarettes. With the cigarettes comes my dough and at the same time a tag-line stiff lets go his rope, which swings my way, and not wantin' a tag-line wrapped around my neck I step back.

"Savin' myself from a dive, I throw up my right hand, which has the dough and the cigarettes in it—and bingo! The wind takes three bucks of my dough right out of my mitt—blooie, like that."

And Mr. Binzen, resting for lunch on the thirty-eighth floor of a skyscraper's skeleton which has twenty more to go, glared at me morosely.

"And," said he, "you're askin' me if it's a dangerous racket up here. I'll say it is. I gotta work hard for three bucks."

Before I could assure Mr. Binzen of my sympathy, Hendricksen, a stick-man, reminded me that three bucks was just about a fifth of a steel construction man's daily wage. He wanted to know whether there was anything I could do about a certain outrage in the building business, which was that masons employed in skyscraper work got sixteen dollars a day while steel men got only fifteen-fifty.

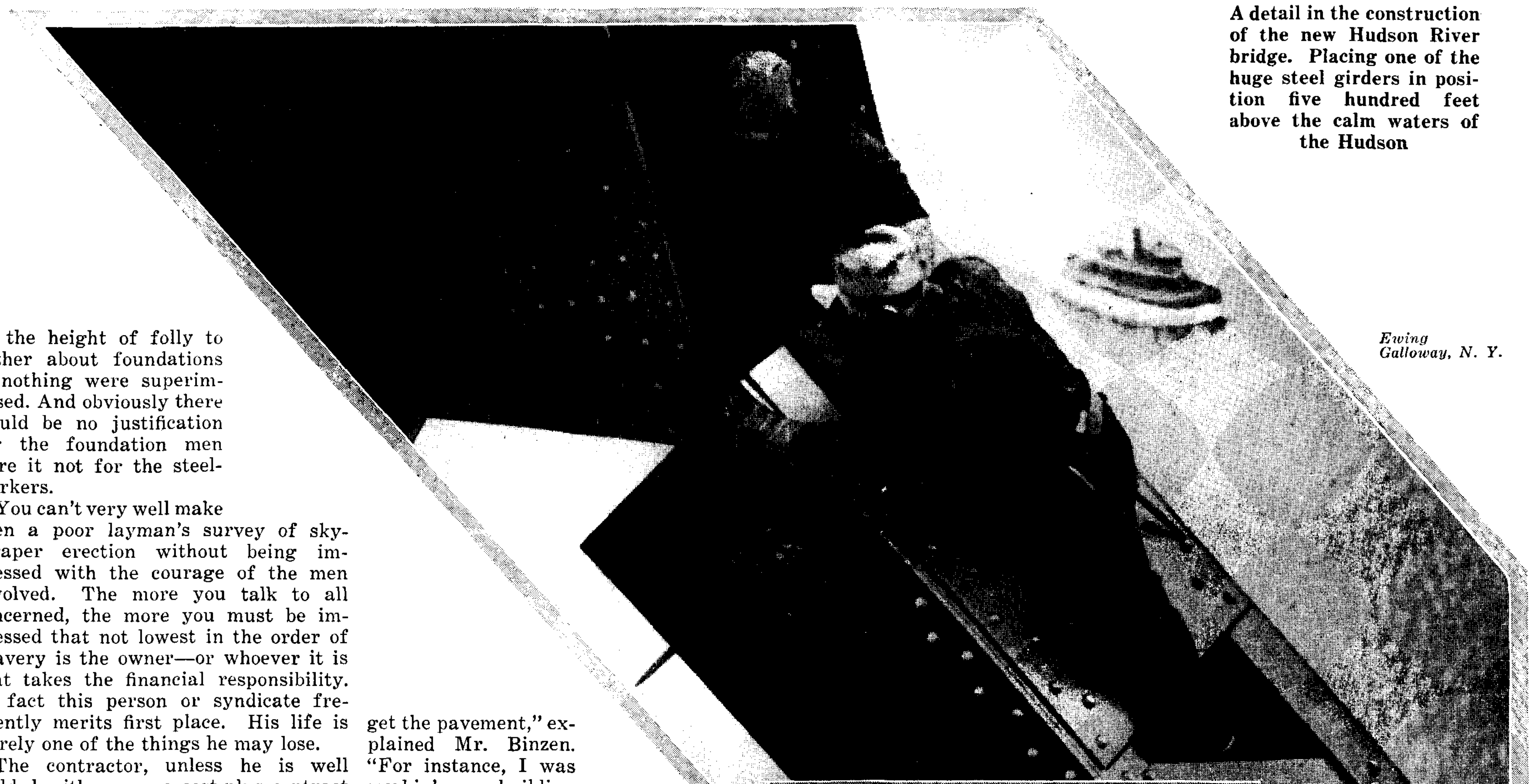
"Masons," he spat with vast scorn. "Masons my foot. Bricklayers. Sittin' on a scaffold as wide as your front porch layin' one brick on top of another. Cripes, you can't go wrong layin' brick. You lay one on top of another for a while and along comes a foreman with a level and he finds out if you're layin' them straight. Get that? You can't help layin' them straight as long as you got a pusher to come around with a level to tell you if you're layin' them straight. And they drag down sixteen bucks a day for that."

There was more to Mr. Hendricksen's grievance, having to do with the social side of skyscraper construction. The masons (stone and bricklayers) considered themselves the aristocracy of the sixty trades employed in the erection of the mammoth. Very sensitive in matters of precedence, too. And this, Mr. Hendricksen assured me, in spite of the known fact that most masons have fallen arches and don't speak English. I was unable to substantiate Mr. Hendricksen's charges against the feet of the aristocrats but it is true enough that the large majority of them are Italians.

Who's in the Limelight?

"Who," demanded Welsh, the tag-line man, "is the public interested in, masons or steelworkers? If I'm standin' on a I-beam, leanin' against the breeze with a rope in my hand steerin' a truss in place so's the connecter can stick the end of a wrench through the holes till the rivets begin to drift over, I get an audience. The saps down there on the street—are they swallowin' their tongues lookin' up at bricklayers or are they lookin' at me?"

Mr. Welsh, having let pride and prejudice destroy judgment, received unflattering replies based upon painful truths regarding his personal appearance and the mercy it was that the audience was so far away; but it was agreed that the public was not interested in bricklayers, whose hardest work, I was informed by Mr. Binzen, was to keep seats in their pants, being sedentary workers of the almost immovable variety. Not one steelworker present denied that his own was the most important, most hazardous, most spectacular and most unappreciated of the building trades. Mr. Binzen and Mr. Welsh admitted without enthusiasm that a certain importance attached itself to the foundation workers—the lads who sink the piers on which the great building rests—but made it clear that it would



A detail in the construction of the new Hudson River bridge. Placing one of the huge steel girders in position five hundred feet above the calm waters of the Hudson

Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

Wide World

Getting an eagle's-eye view from one of the upper stages of the new Chrysler Building in New York

be the height of folly to bother about foundations if nothing were superimposed. And obviously there would be no justification for the foundation men were it not for the steelworkers.

You can't very well make even a poor layman's survey of skyscraper erection without being impressed with the courage of the men involved. The more you talk to all concerned, the more you must be impressed that not lowest in the order of bravery is the owner—or whoever it is that takes the financial responsibility. In fact this person or syndicate frequently merits first place. His life is merely one of the things he may lose.

The contractor, unless he is well padded with a warm cost-plus contract and fortified with luck against strikes and fires (for both of which he is financially responsible), must also be regarded seriously when the hero awards are being assigned. And you meet a big-time gambler when you are introduced to the speculative builder who, acquiring a bit of land, erects his own towering apartment house or office building, investing money got by his own financing, hoping to people it with desirable tenants and sell it and them at a profit to somebody or other. And yet it must be an attractive business. It's crowded.

However, I met none of these background giants on the thirty-eighth floor or staging of what was to be just another reason why birds must fly higher over our big cities. I was completely surrounded by industrial athletes like Messrs. Binzen, Hendricksen and Welsh. I was beginning to understand why, at such sketchy altitudes, steelworkers regard the rest of us as a particularly inferior grade of street-walkers. I merely quote Mr. Binzen who, having finished his lunch (four three-ply beef sandwiches, two bananas, two apples, a quarter of a four-story cake, a pint of black, high-voltage coffee and a load of scrap eating tobacco), hooked his left arm around an upright channel iron and, swinging one foot free, leaned far out into space that he might see more of the pavement four hundred and fifty feet below and jeered:

"Blaaaah. Look at them. A million street-walkers wit' no lungs."

This instantly interested all except me. The whole gang scrambled to positions like Mr. Binzen's and gave voice to extremely unflattering estimates of the crowds below. Particularly was Mr. Welsh interested in the looks of the pale office workers in a building across the street, wondering, for example, how long guys like that lived.

"What's the average life of a steelworker?" I asked him. "I mean, how long can you guys stand the strain of walking beams?"

After the lads had finished arguing this, much picturesque profanity and many dire threats bespangling the debate, I gathered that, generally speaking, a man keeps his job as long as he can trot the top flange of an eight-inch I-beam.

"You never can tell when a guy will get the pavement," explained Mr. Binzen. "For instance, I was workin' on a building in Chicago with a Swede named Stromberg. Listen: this Stromberg can tap-dance on a six-inch angle iron up to six hundred feet anyway. See? I seen him. He's a stickman on that job with me—steers a truss or a I-beam into its seat with a len'th of three-by-four, leaning all his two hundred pounds agin the derrick boom or the steel itself while walkin' crossfoot along a six-inch girder.

"That's one day. The next morning, with nothin' in his hands, he takes two steps along a eight-inch beam and stops dead. See? Stops like somethin's stuck in his belly. Stiff. He sneaks back to the floor and tries again.

"But this time he don't walk the top flange but gets down and plants his dogs on the lower flange. See? Walking bow-leg with the beam between his legs. Gone. Bingo. Somethin's happened to this Swede. See? Moochin' along the lower flange."

Mr. Binzen sighed, shrugged his shoulders and gave the four winds a long, fierce injection of tobacco juice. He looked mournfully at his fellow workers. They were shaking their heads dolefully, contemplating the decay of Mr. Stromberg.

A Job for Sailors

"Our pusher sees him," said Mr. Binzen, "and gives him the pavement. The Swede is all through, washed up. Oh, he's O. K. But he's all through in the air. Workin' in a assembling plant for the Bethlehem now. Down on the ground. A guy's allowed to walk the lower flange, see; but when he changes quick like the Swede . . . well, that's the bells. He's shot. Nerve's licked. No accountin' for it. May happen any minute to a guy although personally I been walkin' 'em for ten years this spring. But that's what happened to the Swede and many's the guy before him."

"Looking them all over," I asked, "what would you call the maximum age of the active beam trotter?"

There was another lurid argument. No matter what was asked or who asked it, the lads fought the answer out. However, I gathered that forty is a common cracking point for an ironworker, although they cited a dozen veterans of fifty. Indeed the gang's pusher—Aleck Sorensen—looked forty-five, although I didn't ask him, having been warned that he was sensitive about his age.

"Where are the best steelworkers recruited from?" I asked. "From what trades or nationalities?"

No blood was shed in the ensuing brawl, a phenomenon I make no attempt to explain. But the question was scarcely out of my mouth when Mr. Sorensen, the pusher, made his first contribution to the conversation. Instantly, explosively, with terrific finality he roared:

"Swedes. What else do you want to know?"

Without going into details of the wordy riot except to cite Mr. Welsh's wonder that Swedes were able to maintain the perpendicular under any circumstances "on account of them all bein' top-heavy," I am able to report that the majority of the best of the steelworkers on skyscraper work, by common consent, are ex-sailors. Or sons of sailors.

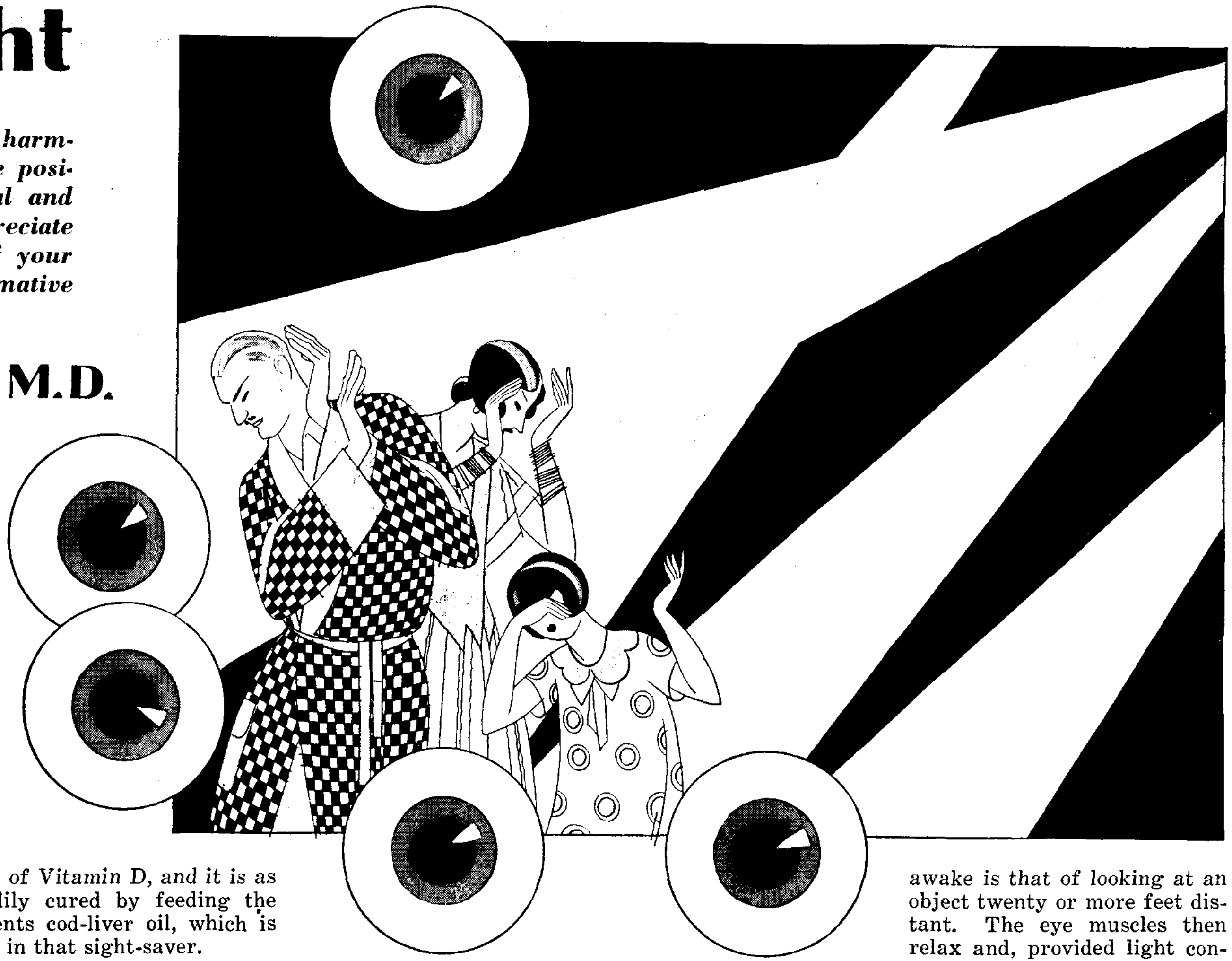
Particularly is a sailor fitted for the work if his sea experience has been on sailing ships. He has learned equilibrium, agility and sure-footedness in

(*Continued on page 63*)

Eyes Right

Reading in bed may or may not be harmful—it depends upon the relative positions of reader, reading material and reading light. If you would appreciate more fully the most valuable of your five senses focus it upon this informative sight-saving article

By Fassett Edwards, M.D.



IF YOUR eyes were bothering you this morning when you awoke from a supposedly restful eight-hour slumber possibly the lunch you had yesterday, or on preceding yesterdays, is to blame. Maybe your spinachless diet is slighting that invisible but necessary element raised to food fame during the past decade, the vitamin.

Diet, teeth and the elusive vitamin all blend into the background of ocular health. The eyes respond to errors of nutrition as quickly as any other part of the human body, and defective teeth, especially those which the X-ray shows to be dead, may be the underlying cause of a serious eye disease. It is not surprising then to learn that examination of the teeth is a routine function of an oculist's diagnosis.

Vitamins enter the picture in several ways. As one example, there is a definite eye disease bearing the fearsome name of "xerophthalmia" which is due to a lack of vitamins in the diet, probably Vitamin D. It attacks the cornea, that filmy, transparent coating of the eyeball, and will soon destroy sight unless promptly checked. The disease has been produced experimentally in white rats by placing them upon a ration devoid of Vitamin D, and it is as readily cured by feeding the rodents cod-liver oil, which is rich in that sight-saver.

Constipation is another sinister stepbrother in the family of eye enemies. When the body is suffering from this auto-intoxication the entire blood-stream becomes loaded with bacteria and poisons which quickly penetrate and attack the eye, one of the most sensitive parts of the human mechanism.

These inner disturbances may be pardonable, particularly when undetected by their victim. But the many careless little things we do to irritate and overwork our eyes place us in a class with naughty children unappreciative of nature's gifts. Taking a pair of tired eyes to a movie theater where they are subjected to the savage strain of watching long reels of film projected by a powerful light at the rate of about eighteen pictures a second is one of these deadly sins. Climax this with a prolonged session of reading in bed upon returning home from the show, a session in which the weary eyes are usually focused at an unnatural angle downward upon a black and white page. As a final punishment the reading light may be so placed overhead that its concentrated rays use the open book as a reflector to bounce back into the eyes of the recumbent reader.

Victims of Whoopee

The movies are not alone in their innocent efforts to keep tired eyes from feeling cool and comfortable. Other places of amusement are generally palaces of glare with bright lights exposing masses of lurid, irritant colors. The newest night club usually strives to outshine its rollicking rivals by several thousand watts and more maddening pigment products. To a pair of eyes already overstrained by the rigors of an average working day they offer little visual refreshment.

Nor is reading in bed objectionable in itself, provided the reader uses a little judgment in his choice of resting and lighting positions. The bed lamp should be so arranged that its rays cannot rebound to the face, and by propping one's self up in a half-sitting, half-reclining position the head will be kept high enough to prevent casting the eyes upon the book at an uncomfortable angle.

No one should read steadily in this position, however, for more than a half-hour. A rest period of about five minutes is then necessary during which the eyes should be kept closed or directed at some object several yards distant. This recuperative period, however brief, affords the tiny eye muscles some hard-earned rest—and they are probably the most overworked muscles in the entire body, certainly the most active.

Perfect rest for the eyes is found only in deep slumber, when the eyeballs roll up and out, each independent of the other. These eyeballs are restless objects, never still for more than a fraction of a second when one is awake, and even in light sleep they continue to roll. The most restful eye position when awake is that of looking at an object twenty or more feet distant. The eye muscles then relax and, provided light conditions are reasonably correct, there is little or no strain upon the visual apparatus. Powerful light, however, would be very irritating even with this ideal arrangement.

Reading in moving vehicles, especially at night, is certainly no picnic for the eyes. The usual street car or train moves in at least three directions, and when you add to this the frequent and marked variations in illumination as the lighting voltage fluctuates, the combination is bound to produce a nervous strain upon the eye muscles. These martyred muscles frantically try to follow the dancing type, and the resultant headache seldom is traced by its victim to the proper source.

Overhead lights, unless very soft, as in the indirect system, should never be used for reading, since they annoy and injure the eyes. The oculist's scientific explanation for this is that no matter at what angle the light strikes a visible object it is reflected from the surface of that object at exactly the same angle.

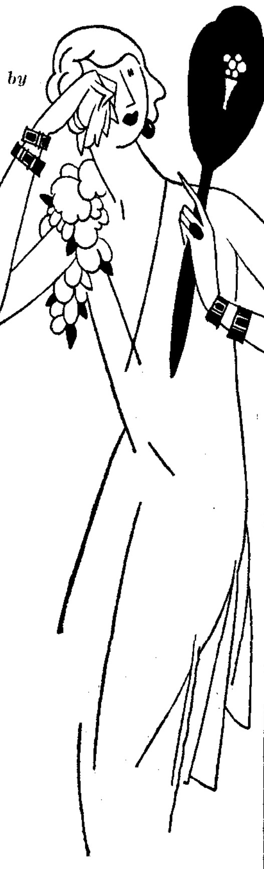
For example, if a ray of light strikes a china plate at a twenty-degree angle from the right side it will be reflected from the plate at a twenty-degree angle on the left side. As a further explanation, if the light from your reading lamp shines from a place on your left side down upon your book at an angle of forty-five degrees, the light will be reflected upward and at the same size angle on your right side. Naturally, overhead light which shines directly or almost directly down upon your book will return straight up into the sensitive eyes instead of going off to one side.

Too much light, especially artificial light, coupled with glare from reflecting surfaces, may slaughter the sight. Superfluous or poorly distributed light is a common defect in offices, reducing the working ability and impairing the general health of employees. Anti-glare glasses worn by office workers may spell the difference between active, effective work and forced drudgery or even complete cessation of such employment.

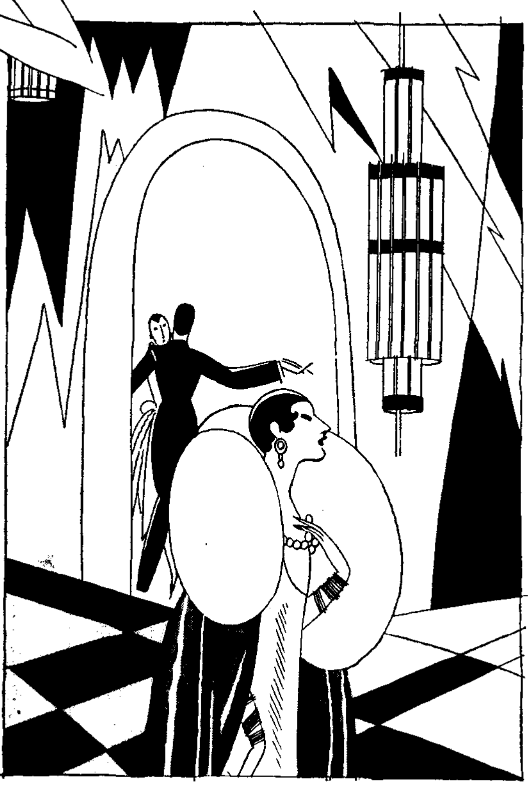
With a small box-like device, called a foot-candle meter, illuminating engineers can measure the light intensity of

(*Continued on page 37*)

Illustrated by Loren Stout



Exploring with a handkerchief corner irritates the eye and may lay it open to infection

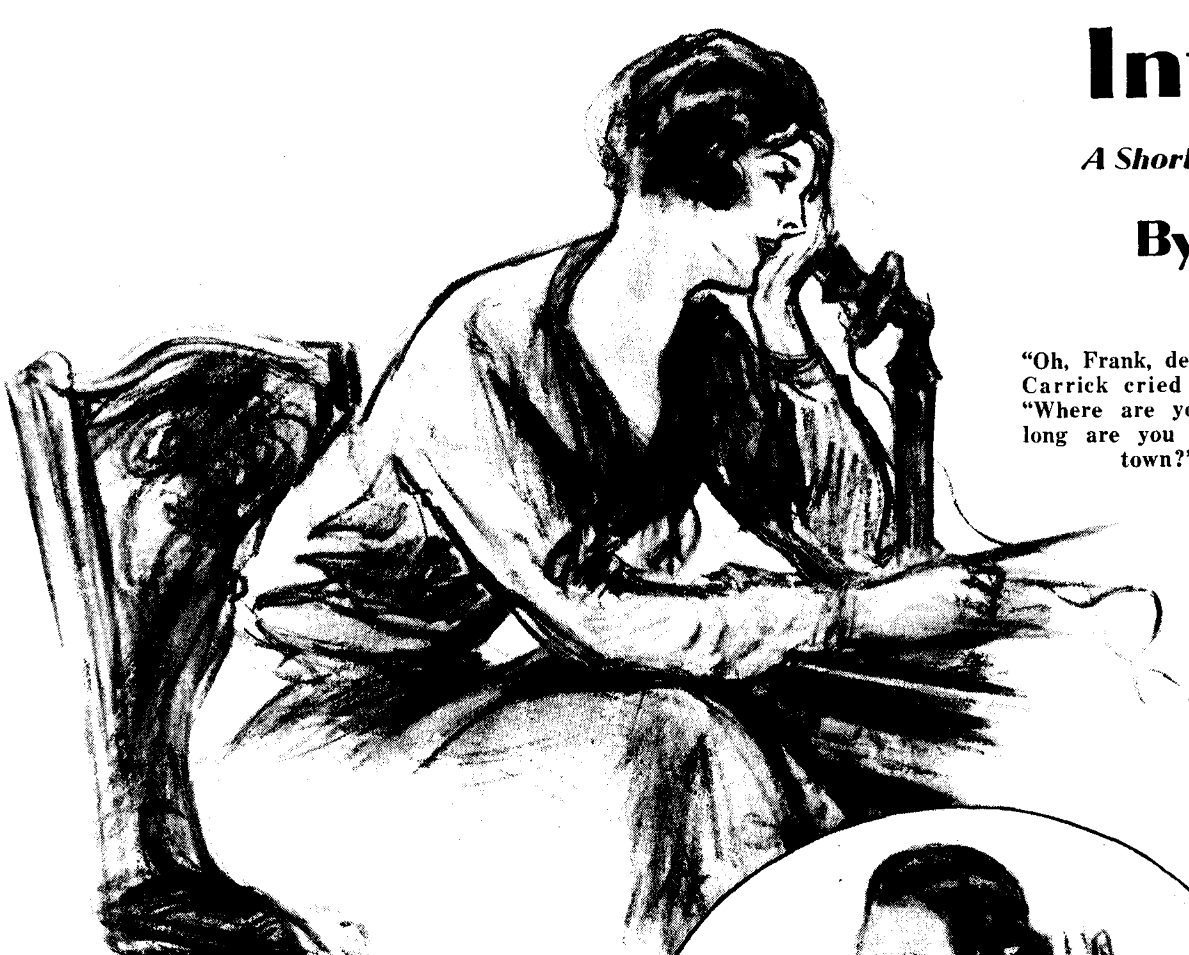


Palaces of glare offer little nocturnal refreshment to a pair of day-tired eyes

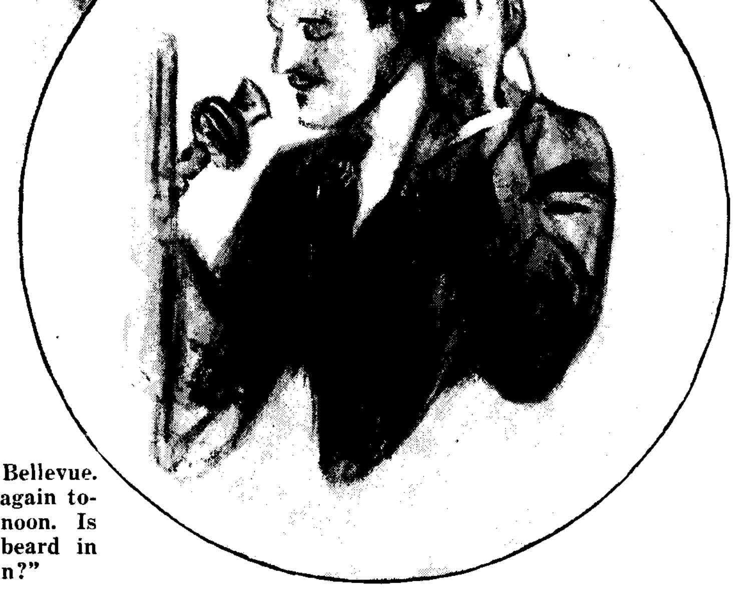
Interference

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Skerry



"Oh, Frank, dear!" Mrs. Carrick cried joyfully. "Where are you? How long are you to be in town?"



"At the Bellevue. Leaving again tomorrow noon. Is old Bluebeard in town?"

MRS. SMICK shared the two-party line with the Carricks. Neither bell was intended to ring when the other party had a call, but because of some mechanical fault Mrs. Smick's bell gave the faintest tinkle whenever the Carrick bell rang, and when that occurred Mrs. Smick rarely failed to lift off her receiver—oh, ever so quietly—and listen. In this way she heard a good deal. And, occupying a first-floor-front apartment in the same building with the Carricks, she managed to see a good deal.

With Mrs. Carrick she had only the slightest acquaintance and that was based upon a call she had made shortly after the Carricks moved into the house. Mrs. Carrick never returned the call. In fact, so far as Mrs. Carrick was concerned, all Mrs. Smick's attentions fell on stony ground. Mrs. Carrick simply could not be cultivated—at any rate, not by Mrs. Smick.

Yet Mrs. Smick knew more about Mrs. Carrick's business than any one of that lady's friends. The observations that had first stirred her ambition to know Mrs. Carrick now stirred only her envy and spite. Mrs. Carrick's good looks, her abundance of clothes, her fine friends, her evident popularity, were poison to Mrs. Smick. Since she was not permitted to enjoy this jewel, she must seek the flaw in it.

She recognized the opportunity one evening when she caught the little tinkle of her telephone bell and gently removed the receiver.

A man's voice said, "Hello, Snooks! How are you?"

"Oh, Frank, dear!" Mrs. Carrick cried joyfully. "When did you get in?"

"Just got off the train."

"Where are you? How long are you to be in town?"

"At the Bellevue. Leaving again tomorrow noon. Is old Bluebeard in town?"

"No. He went to Maine today. Back tomorrow."

"Good. Then you can join me here. Hope you haven't a date."

"No, dear. And if I had I'd break it."

"That's the girl! We have all the time there is. I'll wait for you in the lobby of the grill. And hurry, Snooks! I'm starved."

"Just as soon as I can dress, Frank."

MRS. SMICK knew a good bit about Mrs. Carrick's affairs, but there was a limit to her sources of information. Consequently, she had no way of knowing that the conversation to which she had listened so avidly was between Mrs. Carrick and her brother, who had as little use for his brother-in-law as his brother-in-law had for him. John H. Carrick had gone so far in his dislike as to threaten to leave his wife if her brother ever put foot in the house. A woman would not be likely to disown an only brother because he and her husband could not get along together, so Mrs. Carrick, for the sake of peace, was compelled to resort to subterfuge on occasion.

She hurried gaily to keep her appointment, while Mrs. Smick in triumph watched her going from the front window. Mrs. Smick, bursting with her discovery, now felt superior to her neighbor. Yet the knowledge was useless; she could not use it against Mrs. Carrick without confessing herself an eavesdropper. Then, while she sat by her window, glowing with conscious virtue and wondering how to revenge herself for Mrs. Carrick's slights, she saw Mr. Carrick, lugging a traveling bag, emerge from a taxicab that had pulled up at the curb. She started at the suddenness with which her knowledge became an edged tool.

With Mr. Carrick's advent, duty loomed large before her; duty toward virtuous womankind. Her way was pointed by the fate that sent Mr. Carrick unexpectedly home at a propitious moment. She gave him time enough to discover the emptiness of his home; then she donned hat and coat and started for the nearest shop that contained telephone booths—there are times when duty, even when spelled with a capital D, demands certain precautions. Besides, nobody thanks one for advice.

Now it happened that Mr. Carrick's peculiar temperament offered fertile ground for the seed that Mrs. Smick aimed to sow. Having told his wife in the morning that he would be away all night, he had no earthly reason for expecting to find her awaiting him. A fruitless day on trains, with a business disappointment in the middle, and an unpalatable railroad dinner at the end, had not improved his temper.

Though Mrs. Carrick managed to put in many a lonely evening at home, her husband could not even start one. He was out of sorts, out of patience, and—worst of all—out of gin. And he resented his wife's absence. Three times he tried to locate her by telephone, but the whole world was against him, especially the world of telephone operators. On them he vented his pent-up spleen. Impotently tramping the floor, he was putting his grievances against operators into six-cylinder language when the telephone rang.

"Hello! Hello!" he answered.

At the other end of the line Mrs. Smick purred softly:

"Speaking as a friend, Mr. Carrick, if I were you I'd find out what my wife does in her free time. No doubt she'd be glad to have you join her right now in the Bellevue grill. Just a little friendly advice, that's all."

Mrs. Smick ceased speaking. She expected a reply—questions; perhaps an angry outburst. None came. There was, instead, a dead silence. With a thin smile born of duty accomplished, Mrs. Smick listened for a moment, then hung up the receiver and went her way. She was very much pleased with herself.

Mr. Carrick, however, did not leave the telephone. Instead of rushing off to the Bellevue grill, he stood and shouted, "Hello! Hello!" again and again. Then he jiggled the hook madly. He was furious.

"Operator!" The impersonal singsong call only increased his ire.

"Say!" he bellowed. "What's the idea? Gimme that party again!"

Very sweetly, "What number were you calling, sir?"

"I wasn't calling any, stupid; they called me."

"Sorry, sir. If you'll hang up perhaps the party will call you again."

"And you call this service!" he raved. "Somebody calls me—"

"Sorry, sir!"

"Aw!" Mr. Carrick slammed on the receiver and sank fuming into a chair to wait.

AND, as he waited, a sleek blond head bent toward a sleek dark head before a mysterious structure full of little holes and winking lights and sinuous cords in a building ten blocks away.

"Say, Sue! You know that grouch at 0224?"

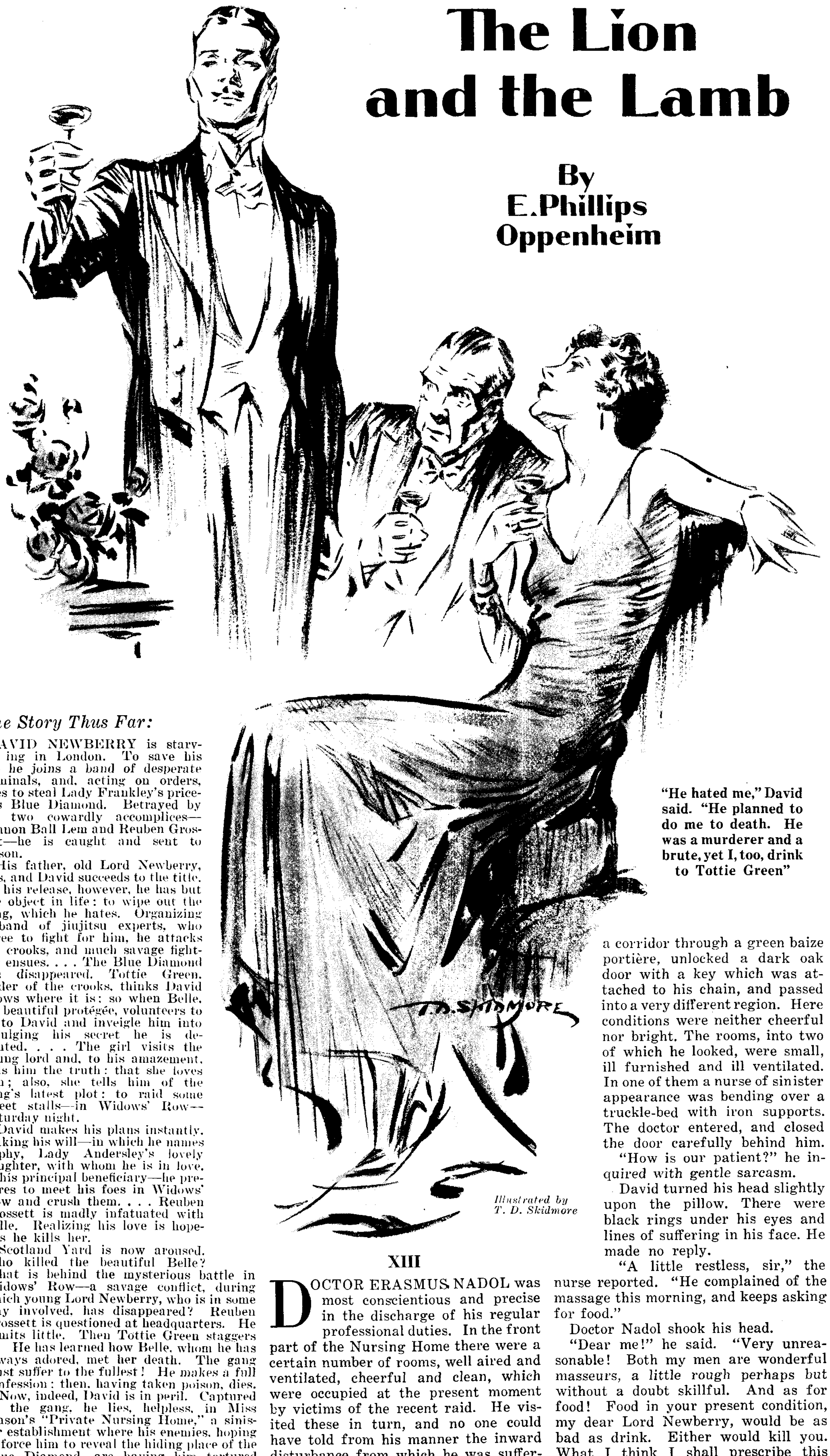
"*Do* I! Say, I'd hate to be hitched to *that* headache."

"Well, listen. I just got back at *him.* Some dame calls him up—I hope it was important—and I cut him off before he could hear a word she said."

Illustrated by W. L. Barnes

The Lion and the Lamb

By
E. Phillips
Oppenheim



"He hated me," David said. "He planned to do me to death. He was a murderer and a brute, yet I, too, drink to Tottie Green"

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

The Story Thus Far:

DAVID NEWBERRY is starving in London. To save his life he joins a band of desperate criminals, and, acting on orders, tries to steal Lady Frankley's priceless Blue Diamond. Betrayed by his two cowardly accomplices—Cannon Ball Lem and Reuben Grossett—he is caught and sent to prison.

His father, old Lord Newberry, dies, and David succeeds to the title. On his release, however, he has but one object in life: to wipe out the gang, which he hates. Organizing a band of jiujitsu experts, who agree to fight for him, he attacks the crooks, and much savage fighting ensues. . . . The Blue Diamond has disappeared. Tottie Green, leader of the crooks, thinks David knows where it is; so when Belle, his beautiful protégée, volunteers to go to David and inveigle him into divulging his secret he is delighted. . . . The girl visits the young lord and, to his amazement, tells him the truth: that she loves him; also, she tells him of the gang's latest plot: to raid some street stalls—in Widows' Row—Saturday night.

David makes his plans instantly. Making his will—in which he names Sophy, Lady Andersley's lovely daughter, with whom he is in love, as his principal beneficiary—he prepares to meet his foes in Widows' Row and crush them. . . . Reuben Grossett is madly infatuated with Belle. Realizing his love is hopeless he kills her.

Scotland Yard is now aroused. Who killed the beautiful Belle? What is behind the mysterious battle in Widows' Row—a savage conflict, during which young Lord Newberry, who is in some way involved, has disappeared? Reuben Grossett is questioned at headquarters. He admits little. Then Tottie Green staggers in. He has learned how Belle, whom he has always adored, met her death. The gang must suffer to the fullest! He makes a full confession: then, having taken poison, dies.

Now, indeed, David is in peril. Captured by the gang, he lies, helpless, in Miss Mason's "Private Nursing Home," a sinister establishment where his enemies, hoping to force him to reveal the hiding place of the Blue Diamond, are having him tortured by the horrible Dr. Nadol. "Mary Crawford," a young woman who has taken poison, faints on the doorstep of the "Home," and is reluctantly given a room.

XIII

DOCTOR ERASMUS NADOL was most conscientious and precise in the discharge of his regular professional duties. In the front part of the Nursing Home there were a certain number of rooms, well aired and ventilated, cheerful and clean, which were occupied at the present moment by victims of the recent raid. He visited these in turn, and no one could have told from his manner the inward disturbance from which he was suffering. He studied each case, and treated it with skill.

When he had finished, he passed down a corridor through a green baize portière, unlocked a dark oak door with a key which was attached to his chain, and passed into a very different region. Here conditions were neither cheerful nor bright. The rooms, into two of which he looked, were small, ill furnished and ill ventilated. In one of them a nurse of sinister appearance was bending over a truckle-bed with iron supports. The doctor entered, and closed the door carefully behind him.

"How is our patient?" he inquired with gentle sarcasm.

David turned his head slightly upon the pillow. There were black rings under his eyes and lines of suffering in his face. He made no reply.

"A little restless, sir," the nurse reported. "He complained of the massage this morning, and keeps asking for food."

Doctor Nadol shook his head.

"Dear me!" he said. "Very unreasonable! Both my men are wonderful masseurs, a little rough perhaps but without a doubt skillful. And as for food! Food in your present condition, my dear Lord Newberry, would be as bad as drink. Either would kill you. What I think I shall prescribe this morning is an hour in the theater instead of half an hour. Dear me, dear me, how distressing!"

From the other side of a door at the farther end of the room came a low cry of terror, followed by a broken sob and a shriek of pain, a torrent of hysterical prayer, moans, and finally a silence which seemed like the silence of death. David turned away that the doctor might not see his face. Even his limbs were twitching with horror.

"I was afraid," the doctor remarked, "that that young woman would give us trouble. I must let them know in the theater that we shall be requiring it for a session."

He crossed the floor, and opened a farther door. There was a brief view of what seemed like the operating-room in a small hospital. Two men were moving a table and dragging out a strange-looking instrument from the wall.

"WHEN you are ready, Smith," the doctor enjoined, "come and unfasten our patient. He complains that your massage has not been vigorous enough. You must do better tomorrow morning."

The man turned away with a grin.

"He got his all right this morning, sir," he said. "He don't want another."

The little doctor returned to David's bedside. He waved to the nurse.

"Leave us for a few minutes," he directed.

She left the room—a large woman, with a fat, cruel-looking face. The doctor sat on the edge of the bed.

"Lord Newberry," he began, "the time should have come by now when you must realize that you are utterly and completely in our hands. What you have been through already is nothing to what we can do. I have a needle in my pocket, for instance, with which if I were to give you one little jab you would develop a disease not talked about in European society, but which would make you pray for death every minute. You see, with us, it is not necessary to kill. We can deal with our patients so that we have simply to give them the chance and they are only too anxious to kill themselves."

David listened, motionless.

"I am now about to offer you," the doctor continued, "a great and wonderful chance. My position here is not without its scientific interest, but I should like a change. I have been offered a great post at Stamboul. If I could afford to, I should like to take it. With twenty thousand pounds more savings I could do so. Now you are an obstinate man, and you have sworn that you will not give up the Blue Diamond. You have gone through a great deal of suffering rather than give it up. We will speak no more of the Blue Diamond. Would you care to buy your liberty at this moment for twenty thousand pounds?"

DAVID moistened his lips with his tongue. This time he slightly turned his head toward the side of the bed.

"Just consider," the doctor went on, in his meek, quiet voice. "It is now, I believe, something like three o'clock. By early this evening you would be taking a warm bath in your own house, aided by your servants; could order such refreshments as appealed to you. You could dine amidst the luxuries to which you are accustomed. It's worth considering. Don't you think, perhaps, that it is better than what lies before you at the other side of that door?"

This time David did not turn his head. He lay quite still.

"It could all be made very simple," Doctor Erasmus Nadol proceeded. "I have check forms here of all the banks in London. I should type a private letter to your bank manager which you would sign, asking him to honor the check, in case your balance had not reached my figures. I should send letter and check by a special messenger. One hour after the messenger had returned, your clothes would be restored to you, a taxicab summoned, and, with the slight condition of silence which we should impose upon your honor, you would be a free man."

David broke his long silence. After all, the sound of his own voice was something.

"And you would be twenty thousand pounds richer," he said. "What about the gang?"

The doctor coughed.

"This," he admitted, "would be a private enterprise."

"WELL," David pronounced, trying in vain to raise himself a little in the bed, "my answer to you is exactly the same as when you bullied me for the Blue Diamond—which I haven't got. I may die in this place—I probably shall—but not one penny the better off shall one of you blackguards be for this foul business."

The doctor twirled his gold spectacles.

"I can remember," he confided, "only one other case of obstinacy such as yours. The patient then relented when he was dying in agony. He was too late. I trust that it may not be so with you."

He touched a bell. The two men who had been in the theater entered.

"Take him in," the doctor enjoined. "We are going to have a little longer today."

They advanced to the bed, standing one on each side of David, and drew off the bedclothes. One saw then why he had remained so motionless. Two pillars of iron came through the mattress with circles of steel at the top, in each of which one of his ankles was clamped. A similar arrangement held his arms. Movement of more than an inch or two was impossible. They unscrewed the clamps.

"Steady," the doctor advised. "Let the blood run for a minute. Move your legs about, Newberry, and your arms. That's right. Walk round the room if you like. You can do no harm."

"I might put my foot on you," David threatened.

The doctor shook his head.

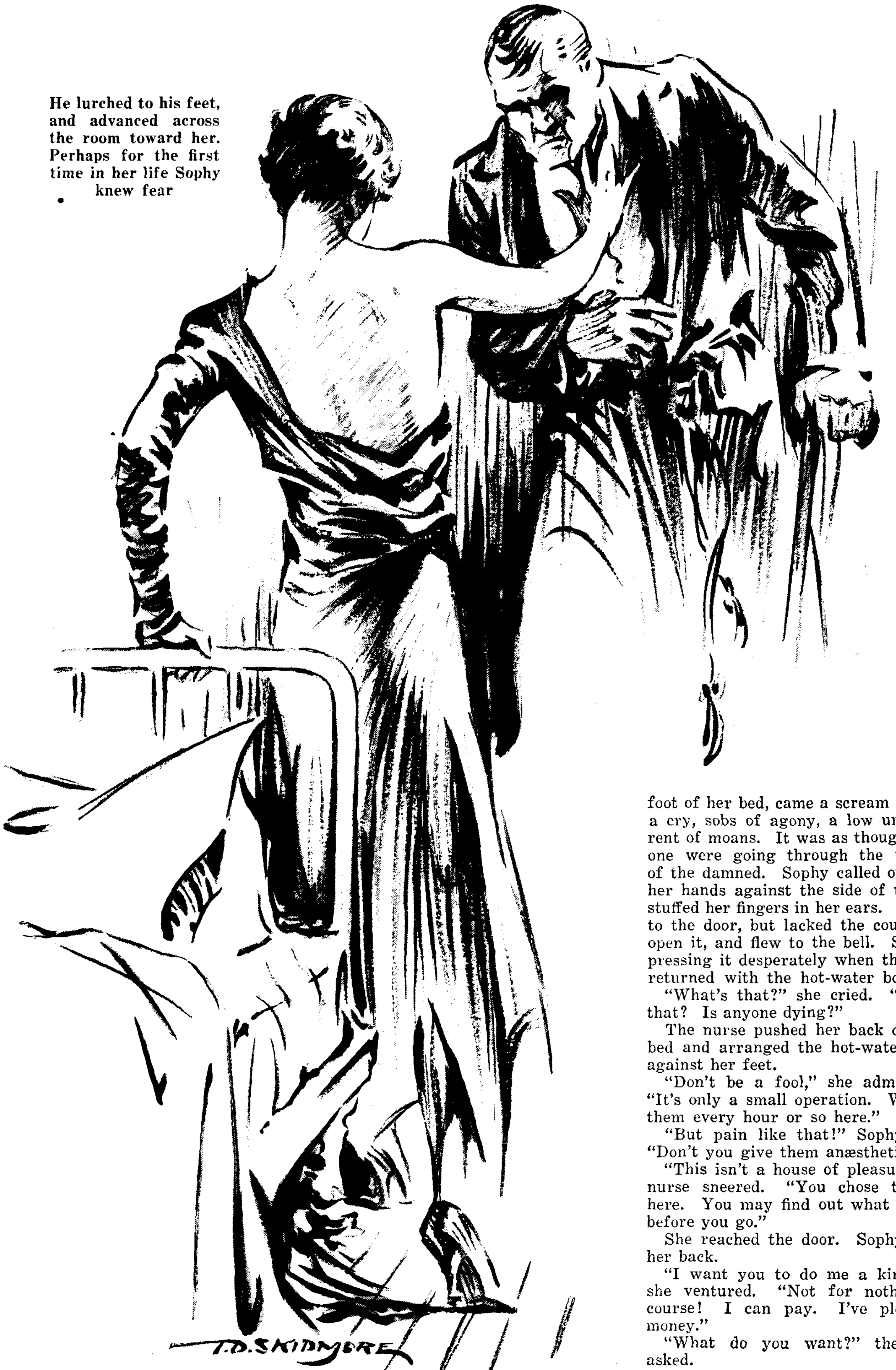
"I find it hard to believe in such obstinacy. This way now, please. Everything ready, Smith?"

"Everything, Doctor."

"This way, if—"

The doctor broke off in his suave speech. The male nurses stood as though they were rooted to the ground. Simultaneously two utterly different sounds, both of them close at hand, broke the chill silence of these ghostly rooms. The first was a girl's cry, a piercing cry of terror, the cry for help of one in pitiful straits. Sometimes triumphing over it, sometimes a thrilling background, pealed out the harsh summons of an electric alarm bell. . . .

Doctor Erasmus Nadol heard both, but he listened only to the latter, and he knew that all those vague fears of his, derived from that psychic sense of which he honestly believed himself possessed, were justified. He knew that that bell, used never before since its installation, was pealing out the end of those evil days of crime and foul doing.



He lurched to his feet, and advanced across the room toward her. Perhaps for the first time in her life Sophy knew fear

THE girl released herself from the encircling arm of the nurse who had aided her upstairs, sat down on the edge of the bed, and looked round the room into which she had been shown with a little grimace.

"I don't think I want to stay here very long," she confided. "If I could rest for half an hour, and see someone."

"Whom do you want to see?" the nurse asked.

"Perhaps I had better talk to the doctor when he comes round," she decided.

The nurse began to finger her clothes. The girl drew quickly away.

"Don't do that, please," she begged. "I don't wish to undress."

"You will take your shoes and stockings off," the nurse directed, "and also your frock. Then you can put that dressing-gown on, and lie still whilst I fetch you a hot-water bottle."

SOPHY wavered for a moment, but finally, with a little shrug of the shoulders, obeyed orders. She looked at the bed, however, with distaste.

"I don't think much of your linen," she remarked.

"It's good enough for those as sleep here as a rule," was the blunt response.

"That sounds rather rude," Sophy observed. "Are you a certified nurse?"

The woman laughed—a shrill, unpleasant laugh.

"Oh, we're all certified here," she declared, "but we don't let our patients get too forward. Lie down whilst I get your hot-water bottle."

Sophy lay down with every appearance of fatigue. As soon as the door was closed, however, she sat up. Suddenly, through the chinks of the door at the foot of her bed, came a scream of pain, a cry, sobs of agony, a low undercurrent of moans. It was as though someone were going through the tortures of the damned. Sophy called out, beat her hands against the side of the bed, stuffed her fingers in her ears. She ran to the door, but lacked the courage to open it, and flew to the bell. She was pressing it desperately when the nurse returned with the hot-water bottle.

"What's that?" she cried. "Who is that? Is anyone dying?"

The nurse pushed her back onto the bed and arranged the hot-water bottle against her feet.

"Don't be a fool," she admonished. "It's only a small operation. We have them every hour or so here."

"But pain like that!" Sophy cried. "Don't you give them anæsthetics?"

"This isn't a house of pleasure," the nurse sneered. "You chose to come here. You may find out what it's like before you go."

She reached the door. Sophy called her back.

"I want you to do me a kindness," she ventured. "Not for nothing, of course! I can pay. I've plenty of money."

"What do you want?" the nurse asked.

"I want to know if there's a patient here named Newberry—David Newberry?"

"And what if there is?"

"I want to speak to him. There's fifty pounds in my bag there. Anyone can have it if I can speak to David Newberry."

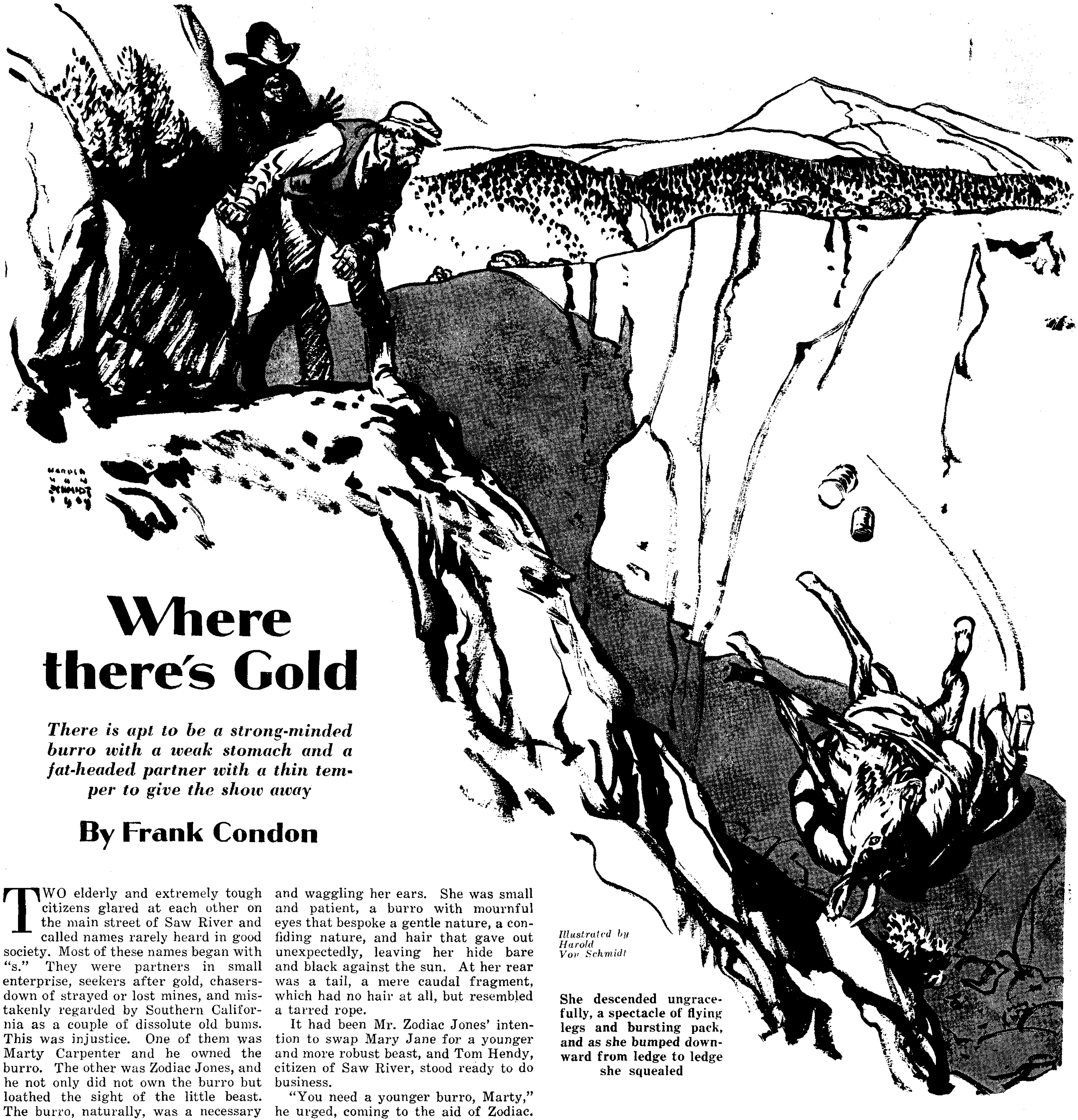
The nurse went calmly over to the bag, took out a roll of notes, and thrust them into her pocket.

"I'll see what I can do about it," she promised and departed.

Sophy flung the hot-water bottle away, and hurried on her shoes and stockings.

"They've got David," she kept on saying to herself. "They've got David

(*Continued on page 40*)



Where there's Gold

There is apt to be a strong-minded burro with a weak stomach and a fat-headed partner with a thin temper to give the show away

By Frank Condon

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

She descended ungracefully, a spectacle of flying legs and bursting pack, and as she bumped downward from ledge to ledge she squealed

TWO elderly and extremely tough citizens glared at each other on the main street of Saw River and called names rarely heard in good society. Most of these names began with "s." They were partners in small enterprise, seekers after gold, chasers-down of strayed or lost mines, and mistakenly regarded by Southern California as a couple of dissolute old bums. This was injustice. One of them was Marty Carpenter and he owned the burro. The other was Zodiac Jones, and he not only did not own the burro but loathed the sight of the little beast. The burro, naturally, was a necessary evil in their daily lives, for a man cannot tote his own beans and blankets.

Saw River is a last-chance town, without any distinction, except heat. It snoozes on the edge of the desert and is mainly a place of wooden shacks and tin garages, and at the entrance to one of these a group of loafers chewed tobacco and listened to Marty and Zodiac.

"You're just dumb," Zodiac Jones was remarking with amplifications. "The Lord made you dumb, and nothin' has ever changed it."

"And mebbe so," Mr. Carpenter replied, "but Mary Jane is my burro, not yours. We make no trades."

Mary Jane was in clear sight at the moment of controversy. She was a flea-bitten and elderly animal, and she stood sadly in the dust of Saw River, contemplating her human associates and waggling her ears. She was small and patient, a burro with mournful eyes that bespoke a gentle nature, a confiding nature, and hair that gave out unexpectedly, leaving her hide bare and black against the sun. At her rear was a tail, a mere caudal fragment, which had no hair at all, but resembled a tarred rope.

It had been Mr. Zodiac Jones' intention to swap Mary Jane for a younger and more robust beast, and Tom Hendy, citizen of Saw River, stood ready to do business.

"You need a younger burro, Marty," he urged, coming to the aid of Zodiac. "And I'll swap, if you give me ten dollars to boot."

"No," said Marty.

"It's a fair trade."

"In a pig's ear. Mary Jane's the best burro in this county."

"Leavin' out that she's got stomach trouble," put in Zodiac. "Leavin' that out, she's all right."

"You're a cock-eyed liar," Marty said mildly.

"Any day at all, she'll die on us," the soured partner complained. "I say swap for Tom's young burro."

"And I say *no*. You never liked Mary Jane, so you run around lyin' about her."

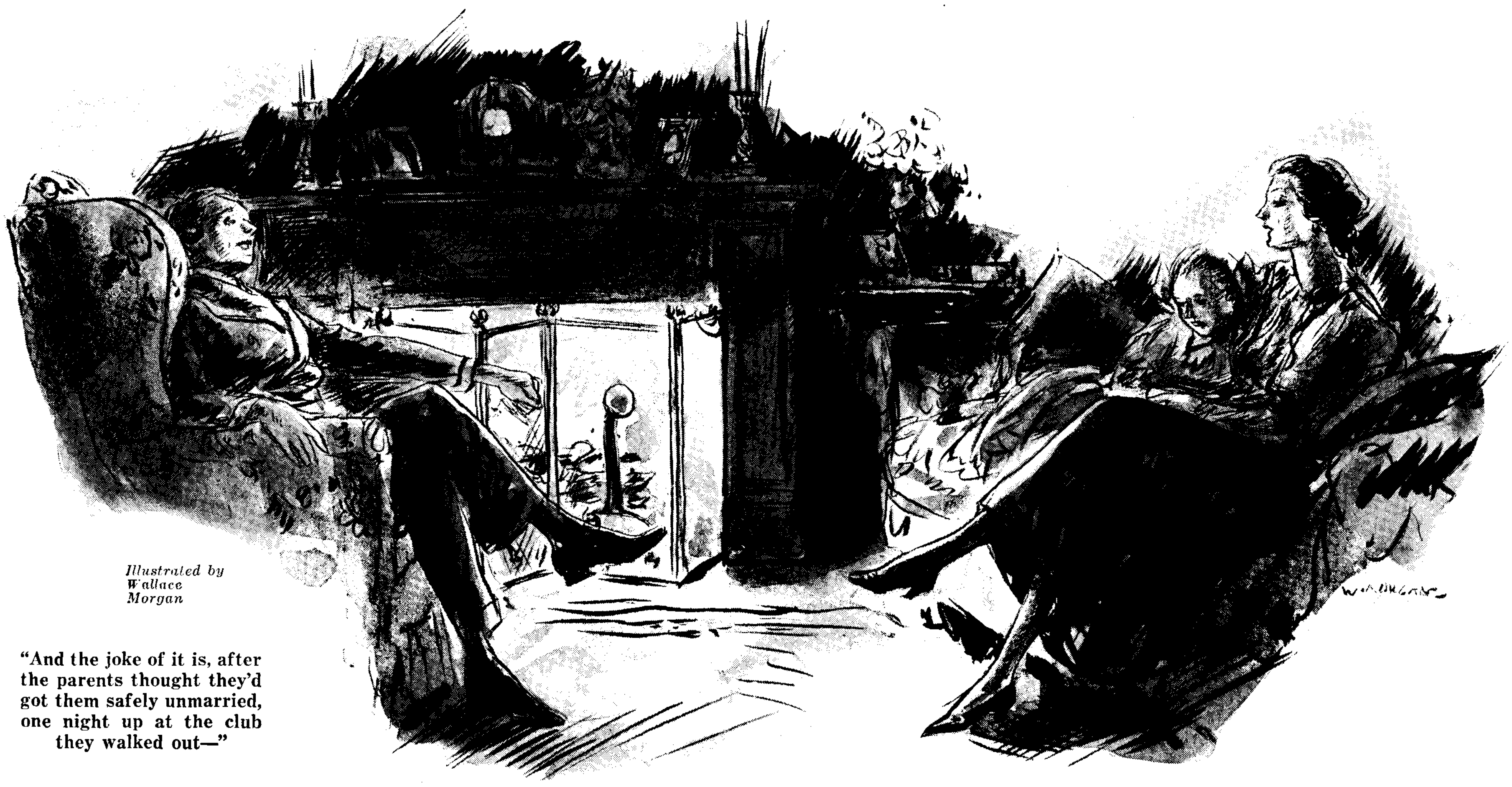
The subject of discourse switched her hairless tail and pretended to nibble at a mythical spear of grass, surveying her owners with a mournful eye. It was quite true that Zodiac bore for her no warmth of affection, for she had once stepped upon his foot and once upon his stomach. That was the commencement of feud.

"If you're through shootin' off your face," Marty commented, "we'll be movin' along. Half the mornin's gone."

"When she falls over dead out there in the mountains," Zodiac wound up, "don't say I didn't tell you."

MARTY scorned further disputation and busied himself with preparations for departure. Zodiac removed a used chew of fine cut, replaced it with a fresh charge, spat at a retreating lizard and was ready for the trail. His opinion was still unchanged. Mary Jane shook herself under her lop-sided pack, which contained beans, ammunition, bacon, flour, blankets and small truck, and presently the seekers after yellow metal said good-by to Saw River and straggled out of town. A sulky silence prevailed.

Morning passed without event and the sun blazed down upon the leathery trio. At eleven o'clock, or maybe a trifle before, Mary Jane had an accident. She fell off the trail. It was not her fault in any way, for Mary Jane was not given to falling off trails. It was the lop-sided pack that did it. The path was narrow, with jutting rocks on Mary's starboard bow and a ravine threatening her left, and the pack collided with a boulder, shoving Mary over the edge. She descended ungracefully, a spectacle of flying legs and bursting pack, and as she bumped downward from ledge to ledge she squealed.



Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

"And the joke of it is, after the parents thought they'd got them safely unmarried, one night up at the club they walked out—"

Uncle Sam

By John Erskine

The Story Thus Far:

THEIR marriage having proved childless, Sam and Priscilla, his extremely strait-laced wife, decide to adopt a lovely little girl. Irene, whom they have found in a foundling asylum in Bellevue, near which they have a small farm. The girl's mother is known as "Mrs. Gordon," although she is unmarried. She has resolutely refused to reveal the name of her daughter's father. Meeting her, to discuss the adoption, Sam receives a severe shock. "Mrs. Gordon" is Mary Stewart, an old sweetheart!

Another shock follows swiftly. Pledging Sam to secrecy, Mary confesses that the little girl's father is one of Sam's brothers, Orlando, who has recently married.

Irene is not adopted. She does, however, come to live with the young couple. Shortly thereafter Priscilla learns "Mrs. Gordon's" identity; and, because Sam keeps his promise to Mary and refuses to reveal what he knows, Priscilla suspects the worst—that Sam is Irene's father! . . . After that Sam's home is by no means a happy one. . . .

Ten years pass. Sam has sold the farm (on which oil has been found) and moved into Bellevue. He is rich. A bank, a taxi service, and various other ventures in which he is the leading spirit, all prove profitable. He is powerful, resourceful—no longer an idealistic young dreamer, but a broad-minded man of affairs. Only three persons, however, really love him: his charming sister, Antoinette, Irene, and Mary Stewart, who adores him.

It is shortly after Irene, despite Priscilla's protestations, becomes a professional dancer that Sam's troubles really begin. John, one of his brothers, owns a hardware factory, in a near-by town. Sam starts one in competition. John is almost ruined. He writes to Sam, entreating him to lend him a large sum of money. . . . Ugly rumors (unfounded, of course) concerning him and his relations with Mary Stewart are circulating. . . . Believing the rumors, Priscilla is miserable. "You've made your choice," she tells Sam. "Now I'll make mine." . . . Sam's enemies—notably Mr. Whitcomb—are fighting to oust him from his bank. Priscilla owns a large block of the stock. With her proxies Sam can outvote his opponents. But can he get those proxies? He is quite sure that Mr. Stockton, the minister, who is working with Whitcomb, has asked her for them.

VIII

TOM was shocked.

"Sam, Priscilla wouldn't vote against you!"

"No, I'm sure she wouldn't. The point is, I'd rather not discuss it with her. She believes in Stockton and his crowd, and I've never really found out how much confidence she has in me." He paused a moment, as though perplexed.

"Of course she'll back you up—you're foolish to doubt her!"

"I suppose I am."

They sat looking at each other.

"It's not a matter I enjoy talking about, but whether I'm foolish or wise, I'm worried. If her proxies come in as usual, the election's safe. If anything should go wrong with them, we might not keep control of the meeting. Anyway, Tom, I meant what I said about your taking my place. I should have spoken to you about that in a day or so, even if Jim hadn't forced my hand. You're willing, aren't you?"

Tom hesitated.

"If it came about in a natural sequence, I'd like it—there are things I'd enjoy trying, in such a post."

"For instance?"

"Oh, just small matters of efficient management. I couldn't improve on your general ideas."

"Well, we'll give you the chance to try them."

"But I don't want to if—"

"That's settled. I wanted to ask you now what you had found out about the new mining stock."

"Western Common?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's like everything else of that sort. If the ore is there, there's a fortune in it, but I wouldn't say they had really found enough to get excited over—small deposits so far."

Sam nodded his head.

"I have an idea it's going to be good. If I sell some of my bank holdings to Whitcomb, I guess I'll take a chance on Western Common."

Wiggins looked suddenly exasperated.

"Sam, for God's sake, don't be a fool! I told you not to go into the factory, and I thought you were crazy to back the club. You've thrown your money around like a drunken sailor. Now that you're getting to the limit, why risk anything?"

"Tom, you can let me know anything you find out about Western Common. And thanks for the warning! But I rather think I'll take a chance."

Wiggins stood up and looked down at him a moment, puzzled.

"What's happened to you?" he said. "You were always telling us that gambling was foolish. You know you have the best judgment around here, when it comes down to a plain matter of business. Your critics go so far as to say you are grasping. But this morning, with a real problem on your hands, you seem to be toying with visionary schemes, and you are dreaming of taking a chance in a wildcat stock."

Phil Berton opened the door.

"Beg your pardon, sir. Your brother has telephoned from your house."

"My brother?"

"That's what he said. Your brother—just arrived."

"That must be John."

"He didn't give his name, sir."

"Well, I'll be down there for lunch in a minute. Tell him to make himself comfortable."

Berton went out.

"I AM bothered about my growing responsibilities," Sam went on. "It isn't simply Priscilla and myself, nor Irene. She'll do well enough. But I don't think John can take care of his family indefinitely unless his affairs mend. And I have some other relatives."

Wiggins listened in surprise. These confidences were extraordinary. He wondered whether they threatened a breakdown of Sam's mind. He had never before spoken intimately of his wife nor of his family.

Sam gathered up the papers and shoved them into the top drawer of the desk.

"Well, I'd better go down and see what has brought John here. With him on my mind, I couldn't get through with much other business this morning. I'll go over to Norwood this afternoon, and learn what I can."

He walked down the street toward his home. Naturally he was puzzled by the telephone message. He would have thought that John would have written in advance. It would not have surprised him to receive a visit from one of George's brothers or sisters, but to have his own generation look him up had never been among his expectations. There might be an omen in the coincidence that one of them should have cared to see Bellevue just at the moment when he was considering a pilgrimage back to his own home.

HE WONDERED whether John had come because he needed help, or for some reason more subtle. When he reached his home, he mounted the steps, took out his key, and let himself in. Someone was talking in the library; it didn't sound like John's voice. He hung his hat and coat on the rack and walked down the hall. On the divan by the library table, sitting rather erect and formal, was Frederick—a quite different Frederick from the brother he remembered, not so dreamy, much better groomed. He had grown a little heavy, and—perhaps the clock-making had affected his eyesight—he wore glasses. Sam noticed that the glasses seemed a little small for the total area of the face, which stoutness had made round. And his wavy locks had disappeared; he was quite bald.

Opposite him, in the middle of a library chair much too large for her, sat a quaint child. Her round face echoed Frederick's. Her flaxen hair was drawn back in two tight braids, which gave the impression of widening her forehead to an unnatural expanse. Her dress was extremely neat. She sat with her feet planted close together, symmetrically, and her hands folded. It was to her that Frederick had been talking. Sam guessed she might be ten years old, perhaps not so much. At the first glance, he knew she was a delightful child. There was nothing like her in Bellevue, nor did he remember that type at school. A good deal of his sudden fondness was the pleasure you have in adding a unique specimen to your collection.

Frederick rose at once, and held out his hand in what seemed a spasm of cordiality.

"Well, Sam, how are you? Well, well! We decided to take you by surprise, Gretchen and I!"

Sam seized the hand in both of his, but managed to check himself before he had expressed a too-exuberant pleasure. It came over him that Frederick, in spite of his own spasm, would appreciate restraint.

"It's Gretchen, is it? Named after her mother, eh?"

"Yes, our latest. I thought I'd like to see what's happening to you, Sam, and brought her along to broaden her acquaintance with this part of the world."

Sam was still adjusting himself to Frederick instead of John, but his thoughts were alert enough to catch the implication in Frederick's tone.

"Nothing like the sight of primitive life to broaden one's education. Awfully glad to see you, Fritz. To think of your having such a young lady as this in your family!"

GRETCHEN smiled discreetly at the tall, thin uncle.

"I wish you had let me know you were coming. I could have met you and brought you up more comfortably. I'll see Maggie a moment, if you don't mind, about preparing some rooms for you."

"Don't put yourself out for me, Sam. I can only stay a short time."

"Nonsense! Now you're here you'll give me a real visit. I'll be back in a moment."

Frederick looked at his small daughter and smiled.

The child looked uncomfortable.

"Does Uncle Sam know I'm going to stay with him?"

"We'll tell him when he comes back. He'll be delighted. Your cousin George is here already, you know. You won't be lonely."

Sam came in. "Fritz, the spare room is yours, of course, and we're going to put a bed in Priscilla's sewing-room for Gretchen. It's not a bad room when you take the sewing-machine out. Maggie will have it put up in the attic."

"Too bad to disturb you!"

"Not at all. Priscilla's away most of the time. You didn't see her, did you?"

"Yes, she was with us a few days, but she's gone on to Antoinette's. She seems to have taken a fancy to Antoinette."

Sam made no comment. He had in his desk one or two letters from Priscilla which indicated that even Antoinette, to an observing eye, had faults. They indicated also, however, Antoinette's immense superiority in culture and general virtues over her youngest brother.

"Sam, since the house is empty at the moment, I thought you'd probably be glad to have Gretchen stay with you a while."

"Stay as long as you like, Gretchen."

"I don't suppose you've got a good school here!"

"Well, from some points of view it's not so bad. It's better than the one you and I went to."

"She's studying music," said her father. "If you had a piano here, she could keep up her practicing."

Sam, being a lover of a quiet house, hesitated for a moment. "I guess there's a piano in town where Gretchen can do her exercises."

Maggie appeared at the door. "Lunch is served, sir."

"I thought George was here," said Frederick.

"He is. He's as regular as clockwork. Ten minutes late for lunch every day."

"John told me he was in the store."

"Yes. A good boy, George! He'll get on. . . . What's the news of the family, Fritz?"

What Sam wanted to ask was what had happened to Frederick's affairs that he was lending out his family with this evident reluctance, but it was hard to get at the information with Gretchen there. Frederick's news of Antoinette and Orlando was superficial, but perhaps he too didn't wish to talk before the child. He was almost at the end of his bulletin when George appeared, redcheeked from his brisk walk.

"I'm awfully sorry, Uncle Sam. I was kept a little by a fellow who came in at twelve."

"Here's your uncle Frederick and your cousin Gretchen."

George paid his respects to his uncle and looked rather doubtfully at the child. She stood up and made a curtsy, holding out her skirt on each side. He seemed disgusted.

"George, Gretchen is to stay with us," said Sam. "She'll have Aunt Priscilla's sewing-room. You can introduce her to Bellevue society. Take her out to the club this afternoon."

"The club?" said Frederick, in a tone indicating doubt, if not alarm.

"Yes, we have a community house here where we all amuse ourselves in our leisure moments."

"You don't mean the children?"

"Well, we try to get the children there as much as we can. There's no prejudice against them."

"What do they do?"

"Play games—swim. Can you swim, Gretchen?"

Gretchen couldn't.

"TEACH her to swim, George. There's a fine pool."

"I'll go down with them and have a look at it," said Frederick.

"I rather hoped you'd come with me. I'm going to Norwood to call on Dick Marlet. You remember that fellow who was in school with me?"

"I don't remember him at all."

"Well, he remembers you, and he'll be rather disappointed if he doesn't see you. There's a car coming for me at two, and we can run over and see something of the country by the way."

"Perhaps it would be better if I went with George and helped Gretchen feel at home."

Sam, recognizing the old tone of his elders toward him, was amused and relieved to notice that it was no longer impressive.

"My idea," he said, "is that Gretchen had better feel at home with George as soon as possible, without outside help. I'd like to show you Norwood."

When French's car pulled up at two o'clock, they got in the back seat and wrapped the rug around them.

A few minutes later they were passing a broad, low edifice which covered a hundred feet or so along the road. In front was a gravel space for parking cars.

"What's that?" said Frederick.

Sam turned to see. "Oh, a roadhouse."

"Roadhouse?"

"Yes, we have them all through here—for the motorists."

"What do motorists do there?"

"Oh, get food—dance, if they like."

"You mean to say people in cars stop every now and then to dance?"

"They do."

"I can't understand that!"

"Well, it shows that we care for something besides money," said Sam. "I don't dance myself, but practically everyone else does. If you stay here long enough, you'll be practicing some steps yourself."

Frederick looked doubtful. "Do they stop here during the day and dance, or only at night?"

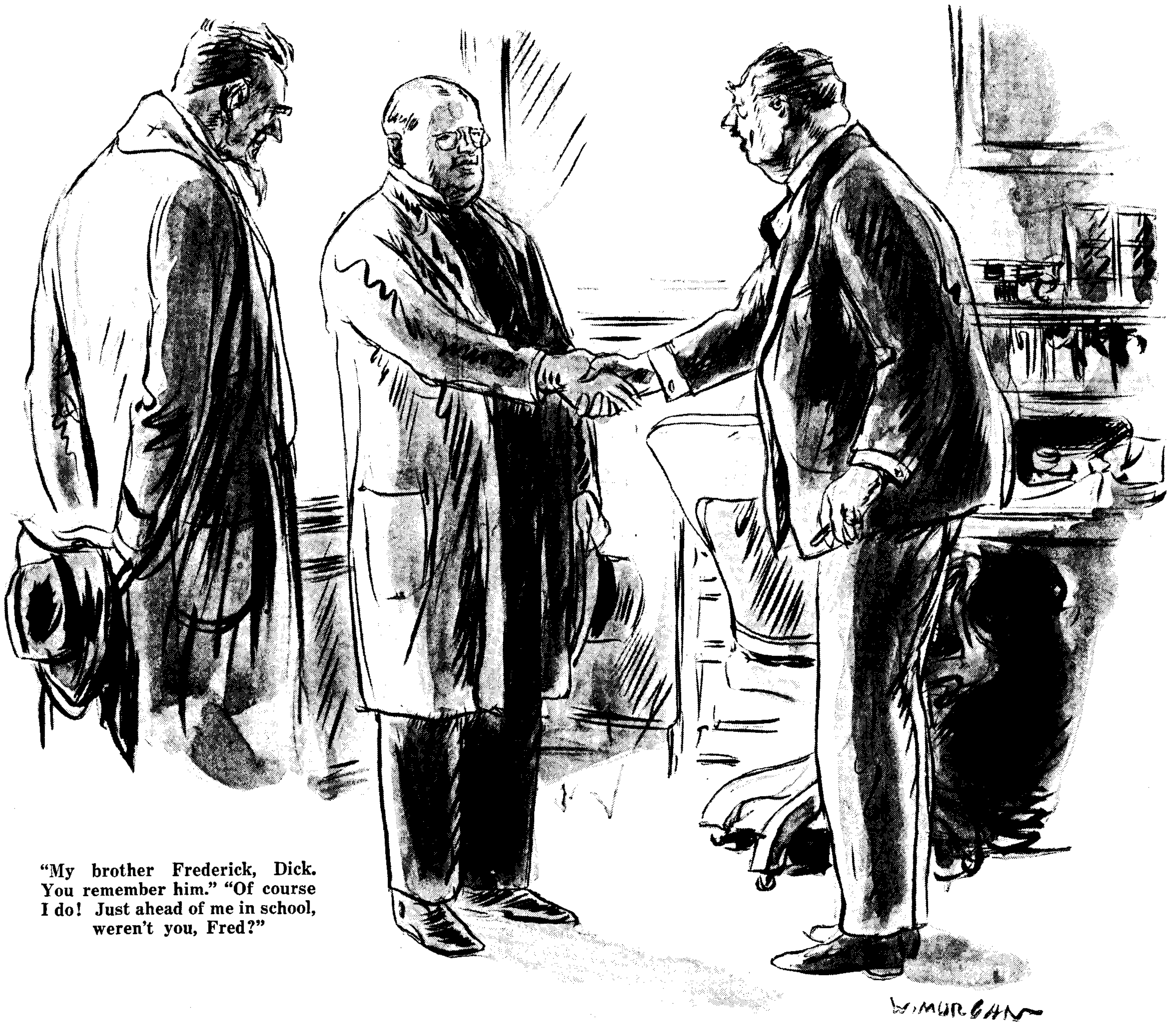
"I can't say—I don't make much use of roadhouses myself. I guess it's chiefly in the evening. Young folks out for a ride."

"Alone?"

"Well, they go together."

"I don't like that! I shouldn't like

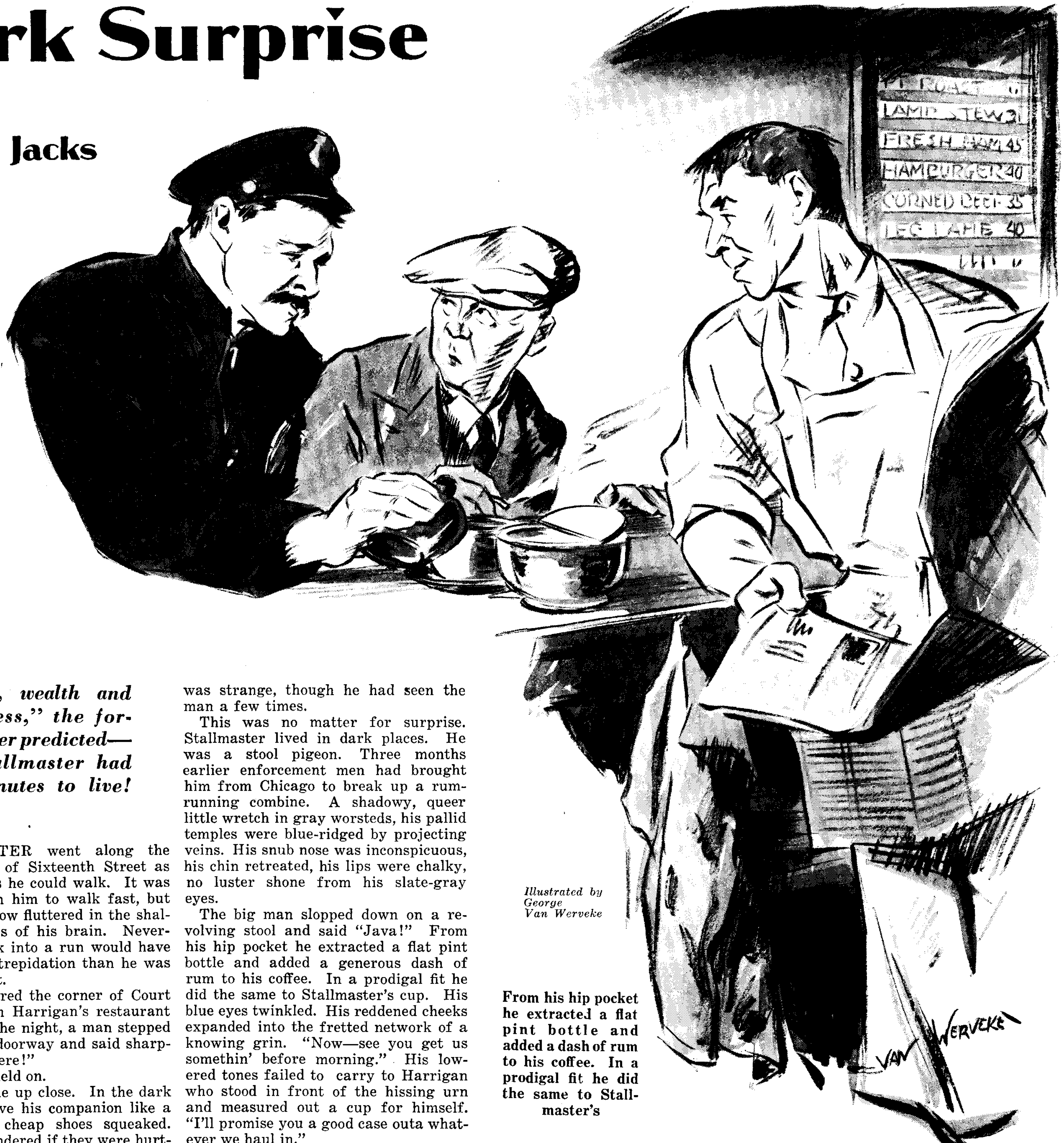
(*Continued on page 57*)



"My brother Frederick, Dick. You remember him." "Of course I do! Just ahead of me in school, weren't you, Fred?"

Dark Surprise

By L. V. Jacks



Illustrated by George Van Werveke

From his hip pocket he extracted a flat pint bottle and added a dash of rum to his coffee. In a prodigal fit he did the same to Stallmaster's

"Health, wealth and happiness," the fortune teller predicted—and Stallmaster had five minutes to live!

STALLMASTER went along the west side of Sixteenth Street as rapidly as he could walk. It was habit with him to walk fast, but other motives now fluttered in the shallow convolutions of his brain. Nevertheless, to break into a run would have betrayed more trepidation than he was willing to admit.

When he neared the corner of Court Street, at which Harrigan's restaurant projected into the night, a man stepped from a vacant doorway and said sharply, "Hold on, there!"

Stallmaster held on.

The man came up close. In the dark he towered above his companion like a colossus. His cheap shoes squeaked. Stallmaster wondered if they were hurting the big gorilla feet they enclosed. He was a burly creature, six feet, and well over two hundred pounds. His bulk, as much as his assurance, bespoke the law. "Whaddya got?"

"Nothin', chief. Not a thing."

"Where's that fleet of trucks Spinellis are bringin' to town?"

"I don't know, Kowalsky. 'Pon my word, I don't know."

"What you in such a hurry for?"

"I'm afraid. They ain't got enough lights on these here cross streets."

"What you afraid of?"

"Spinelli."

"Tony? He's as yella as you are."

"That's what you say."

"Come into Harrigan's, and have a drink on me."

They went into the restaurant to find themselves its only patrons. The proprietor sat at his one-arm counter and read a night paper. He looked up pleasantly, a tall man, gray-eyed and awkward. He knew the officer, Karl Kowalsky, very well, but Stallmaster was strange, though he had seen the man a few times.

This was no matter for surprise. Stallmaster lived in dark places. He was a stool pigeon. Three months earlier enforcement men had brought him from Chicago to break up a rum-running combine. A shadowy, queer little wretch in gray worsteds, his pallid temples were blue-ridged by projecting veins. His snub nose was inconspicuous, his chin retreated, his lips were chalky, no luster shone from his slate-gray eyes.

The big man slopped down on a revolving stool and said "Java!" From his hip pocket he extracted a flat pint bottle and added a generous dash of rum to his coffee. In a prodigal fit he did the same to Stallmaster's cup. His blue eyes twinkled. His reddened cheeks expanded into the fretted network of a knowing grin. "Now—see you get us somethin' before morning." His lowered tones failed to carry to Harrigan who stood in front of the hissing urn and measured out a cup for himself. "I'll promise you a good case outa whatever we haul in."

THE remark was not literal truth, as Stallmaster very well knew, for Kowalsky and his squad drank up the best of whatever they confiscated. But the sentence had a generous ring. Possibly, while he was speaking, Kowalsky believed what he was saying. The spy, too, liked good rum when he was under no necessity of paying for it.

To avoid scalding himself Stallmaster drank slowly. The Pole, who had a mouth and throat like an india-rubber hose, poured down his steaming drink, slapped Stallmaster on the back, and got up. He bent over the spy, and whispered in his ear: "Tonight's the night, and you're the fair-haired boy. We'll be waitin' for word from you." Then he went out.

Kowalsky wondered where Stallmaster made his contacts. That part of it the little man kept an inviolate secret. He had unearthed the Bernstorff fur robbers within a week after his first arrival. He had discovered Patrolman Jack Britton's murderer almost immediately upon going to work. He had solved a dozen problems that had stumped the central office. There was the case of State Street Sadie—Kowalsky heaved a sudden sigh. "That rat cert'nly has a good hole 'round here." He glanced speculatively about. He wondered who was tipping Stallmaster. He wondered who knew so much.

The wall clock ticked loudly. Stallmaster added sugar to his coffee. He stirred and laid down the spoon.

Harrigan looked askance at his guest. Harrigan sold liquor, and, though well protected, the restaurateur always disliked the presence of the police. As for the Spinellis, Harrigan knew simply that they had refused to pay toll to the arms of the law, and they were in trouble. That was all he wanted to know about it. That was more than enough.

Stallmaster resumed his drinking. While the sickly sweet coffee drained down his throat he tried to think of what he would do. The Spinellis regarded him distantly. Once friendly, they had of late grown exceedingly cautious. He knew they had a haul that night. But he had tried vainly to edge into details.

AFTER a quarter of an hour Harrigan heard a faint tapping. He looked up. No third person had entered the long narrow room. Apprehensively, he glanced at the floor. He was thinking of rats. He detected nothing to justify his suspicions.

His gaze strayed to the wide window that opened out onto Court Street, and he saw a face. It was white as a ghost's. Large and very black eyes started out of their dark sockets. The face, a long oval, seemed glued against the glass. The inky octopus eyes regarded Harrigan unblinkingly.

(*Continued on page 52*)

Stepdaughters

Overworked, underfed, harassed by her superior, tortured by her nerves, this girl ambulance driver nears the breaking point

III

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

THE convoy is late. We are all lined up waiting, even the five newcomers are at last toeing the line, but the long, crawling length of train does not round the bend. Little groups of stretcher-bearers stand about shivering and cursing the delay. Some of them warm their hands at our radiators. Two of them are in high spirits. They have been drinking. Commandant is eying them. She will report them before the night is much older.

It is seldom the stretcher-bearers take to drink but one can quite understand their giving way—there are times when I would drug myself with spirits if I could lay hands on any. Anything to shut out the horror of these convoys.

Some of the girls begin to tramp about the station yard. I am too numb to get down. I suppose I still possess feet, though I cannot feel them. The wind has dropped slightly but it seems to get colder and colder. Oh, this cold of France! I have never experienced anything remotely resembling it. It works through one's clothing, into one's flesh and bones, it is not satisfied till it is firmly ingrained in one's internal regions, whence it never moves.

Etta Potato and The Bug want me to come down. They are having a walking race with Tosh for cigarettes, the winner to collect one each from the losers. Won't I join in? I refuse, I am too numb to move. Off they start across the snow-covered yard. Tosh wins easily. Their laughter rings out as she extorts her winnings there and then.

All of a sudden their laughter ceases. They fly back to their posts. The convoy must be sighted. I crane my neck. Yes. The stretcher-bearers stop smoking and line up along the platform. Ambulance doors are opened in readiness. Everyone on the alert. I can hear the noise of the train distinctly now; sound travels a long way in the snow in these dead-still early morning hours before the dawn. Louder and louder—

If the war goes on and on and on, and I stay out here for the duration, I shall never be able to meet a train-load of casualties without the same ghastly nausea stealing over me as on my first never-to-be-forgotten night.

A Horrible Nightmare

Most of the drivers grow hardened after the first week. They fortify themselves with thoughts of how they are helping to alleviate the sufferings of wretched men, and find consolation in so thinking.

But I cannot. I am the kind that should have stayed at home, that shrinks from blood and filth and is completely devoid of pluck. In other words, I am a coward, a rank coward. I have no guts.

It takes every ounce of will-power I possess to stick to my post when I see the train rounding the curve. I choke my sickness back into my throat, and grip the wheel and tell myself it is all a horrible nightmare—soon I shall awaken in my satin-covered bed in Wimbledon Common—what I can picture with such awful vividness doesn't really exist—

I have schooled myself to stop fainting at the sight of blood, I have schooled myself not to vomit at the smell of wounds and stale blood, but I shall never be able to view these sad bodies with professional calm. I may be helping to alleviate the sufferings of wretched men, but common sense rises up and insists that the necessity should never have arisen. I become savage at the futility. It is all so hellishly senseless.

A war to end war, my mother writes. Never. In twenty years it will repeat itself. And twenty years after that. Again and again, as long as we breed women like my mother and Mrs. Evans-Mawnington. And we are breeding them. Etta Potato and The B. F. Two out of a roomful of six. Mother and Mrs. Evans-Mawnington all over again.

Oh, come with me, Mother and Mrs. Evans-Mawnington. Let me show you the exhibits straight from the battlefield. This will be something original to tell your committees while they knit their endless miles of khaki scarfs, something to spout from the platform at your recruiting meetings. Come with me. Stand just there.

Here we have the convoy gliding into the station now, slowly, so slowly. In a minute it will disgorge its sorry cargo. My ambulance doors are open waiting to receive. See, the train has stopped. Through the windows you will observe the trays slotted into the sides of the train. Look closely, Mother and Mrs. Evans-Mawnington. Those trays each contain something that was once a whole man—the heroes who have done their bit for king and country, the heroes who marched blithely through the streets of London Town singing Tipperary while you cheered and waved your flags hysterically. They are not singing now, you will observe. Shut your ears, Mother and Mrs. Evans-Mawnington, lest their groans and heart-rending cries linger as long in your memory as in the memory of the daughter you sent out to help win the war.

See the stretcher-bearers lifting the trays one by one, slotting them deftly into my ambulance. Out of the way, quickly, Mother and Mrs. Evans-Mawnington, lift your silken skirts aside, a man is spewing blood, the moving has upset him, finished him—he will die on the way to hospital if he doesn't die before the ambulance is loaded. I know. All this is old history to me.

A Tour for Flag-Wavers

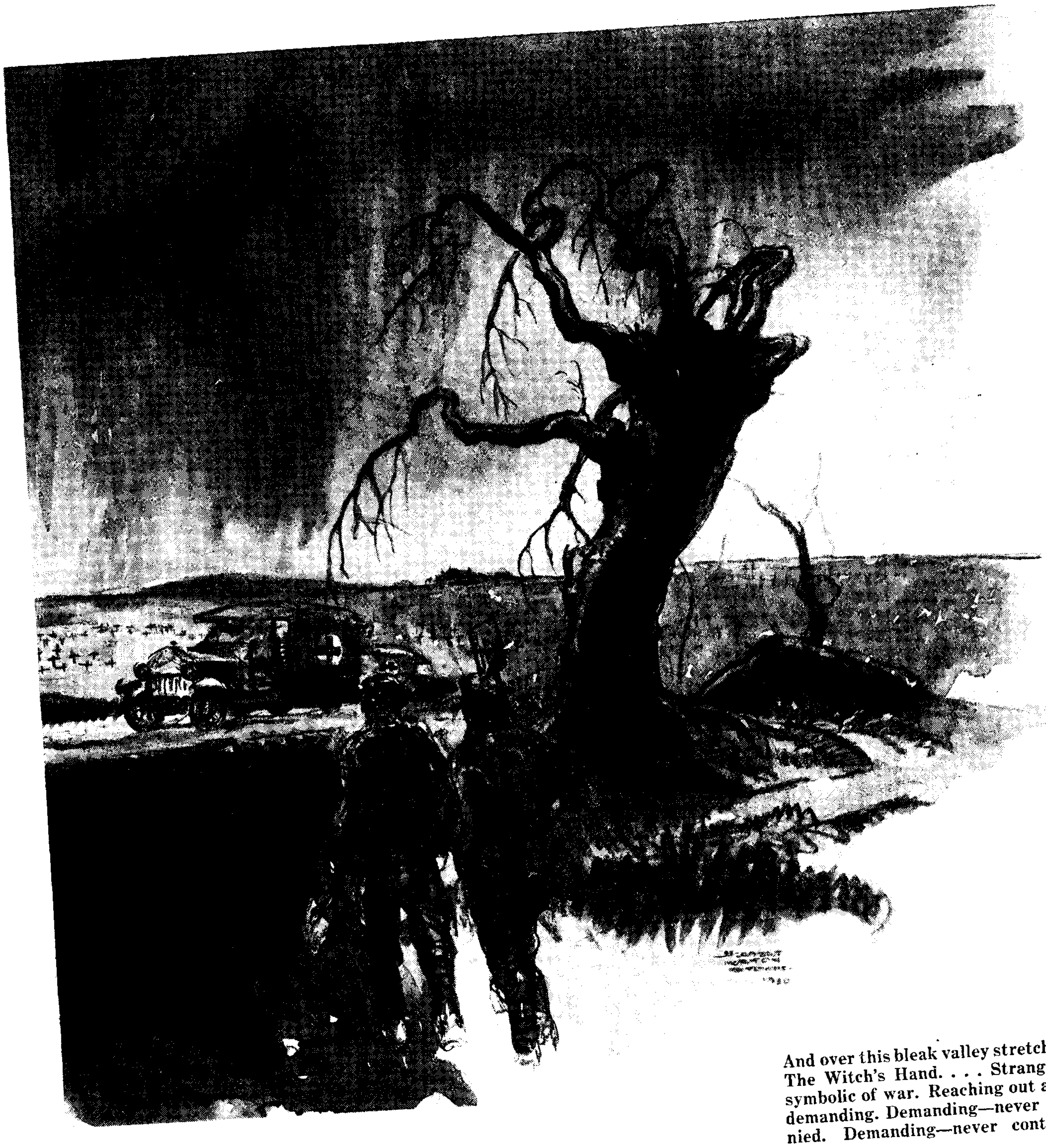
That man strapped down? That raving, blaspheming creature screaming filthy words you don't know the meaning of—words your daughter uses in everyday conversation, a habit she has contracted from vulgar contact of this kind —oh, merely gone mad, Mother and Mrs. Evans-Mawnington. He may have seen a headless body running on and on—the crackle of the frost-stiff, dead men packing the duckboards water-tight may have gradually undermined his reason —there are many things the sitters tell me on our long night rides that could have done this.

No, not shell shock. The shell-shock cases take it more quietly as a rule, unless they are suddenly startled. Let me find you an example. Ah, the man they are bringing out now, the one staring straight ahead at nothing—twitching, twitching, twitching, each limb working in a different direction, like a jumping jack worked by a jerking string—look at him, both of you; bloody awful, isn't it, Mother and Mrs. Evans-Mawnington? That's shell shock. If you dropped your handbag on the platform he would start to rave as madly as the other. What? You won't try the experiment? You can't watch him? Why not? *Why not?* I have to every night, why the hell can't you do it for once, damn your eyes?

"Loaded. Six stretchers and three sitters!"

I am away. I slow up at the station gate. The sergeant is waiting with his list and pencil.

I repeat, "Six stretchers and three sitters."



And over this bleak valley stretches The Witch's Hand. . . . Strangely symbolic of war. Reaching out and demanding. Demanding—never denied. Demanding—never content

# of War

By Helen Z. Smith

"Number Eight."

He ticks off my ambulance. I pass out of the yard.

Number Eight. A lucky number. A long way out but a good, level road, comparatively few potholes and stone heaps.

Crawl, crawl, crawl.

Along we creep at a snail's pace—a huge dark crawling blot on the dead-white road.

Crawl, crawl, crawl.

The sitter leans back, motionless. Exhausted or asleep after the long journey. His arm is in splints, his head bandaged, and his left foot swaddled in a clumsy trench slipper. He leans back in the darkness, his face as invisible as though a brick wall were separating us. The wind cuts like a knife. He must be numbed through, for he has no overcoat and his sleeve is ripped up. He has draped the army blanket, cloak-wise, over his shoulders, leaving his legs to the mercy of the freezing night.

Incidental Accompaniment

It is snowing again. Big snowflakes that hiss as they catch the radiator. I tell the sitter he will find a cigarette and matches in the pocket of my coat nearest him. I have placed them there purposely, my bait to make him talk. If I can get a sitter to talk it helps to drown the cries from inside. I discovered that some time ago. I repeat my offer, a trifle louder this time, but he makes no reply. He is done. Too done to smoke, even. No luck for me tonight.

Crawl, crawl, crawl.

How smoothly she runs, this great lumbering blot. How slowly. To look at her you'd never think it possible to run an ambulance of this size so slowly—

Crawl, crawl, crawl.

Did I hear a scream from inside?—I must fix my mind on something—what? —I know, my coming-out dance, my first grown-up dance frock, a shining frock of sequins and white georgette, high-waisted, down to my toes—*did I hear a scream?*—made over a petticoat—*don't let them start screaming*—a petticoat of satin, satin slippers to match, not tiny; my feet were always largish, so were my hands—*was that a scream from inside?*—such a trouble Mother had getting white gloves my size to go above the elbow—*was it a scream?*—my hair up for the first time—*oh, God, a scream that time*—my hair up in little rolls at the back—*another scream, the madman has started, I was afraid of him, he'll start them all screaming*—thirty-one little rolls like fat little sausages, a professional hairdresser came in and did them, took nearly two hours to do them while Trix and Mother watched and Sarah came in to peep—*don't let him start the others, don't let him start the others*—thirty-one little sausages of hair, piled one on top of the other and all the hair my own too, copied from a picture postcard of Phyllis Dare or Lily Elsie, now which one was it?—*the shell-shocked man has joined in, the madman has set the shell-shocked man howling like a mad dog*—Lily Elsie, I think it was—*what are they doing to one another in there?*

"Let me out, let me out."

The madman is calling that—Lily Elsie, I think it was Lily Elsie—

"Stop screaming, you're not the only one going through bloody hell."

A different voice that one, that must be one of the sitters—satin slippers with buckles on the toes, little pearl buckles shaped like a crescent, Aunt Helen or Trix gave me those—

"Shut up screaming or I'll knock it out of you with my crutch! Shut up!"

What was that crash? They're fighting inside, they're fighting inside—scream, scream, scream—

"I'm dying. Oh, Jesus, he's murdered me. I'm dying."

A Crawling Inferno

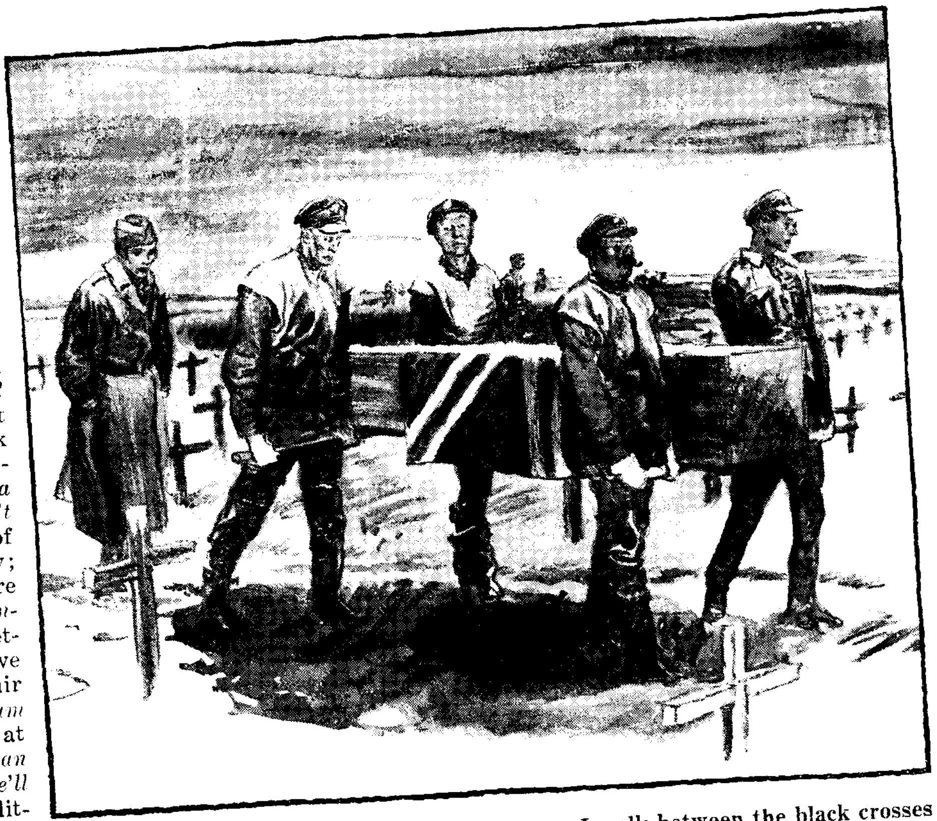
What are they doing? Are they murdering one another in there? I ought to stop the ambulance. I ought to get out and see. I ought to stop them. I ought. A driver the other night stopped her ambulance and a man had gone mad and was beating a helpless stretcher case on the head, but she overpowered him and strapped him down again. Tosh, that was. But Tosh is brave. I couldn't do it. I must go on—

They are all screaming now, moaning and shrieking and howling like wild animals—all alone with an ambulance of raving men miles from anywhere in the pitch blackness—raving madmen yelling and screaming—I shall go mad myself.

Go and see—go and see—go and see.

I will not—I cannot—my heart is pounding like a sledge-hammer—my feet and hands are frozen but the sweat is pouring down my back in rivulets. I have looked before and I dare not look

(*Continued on page 60*)

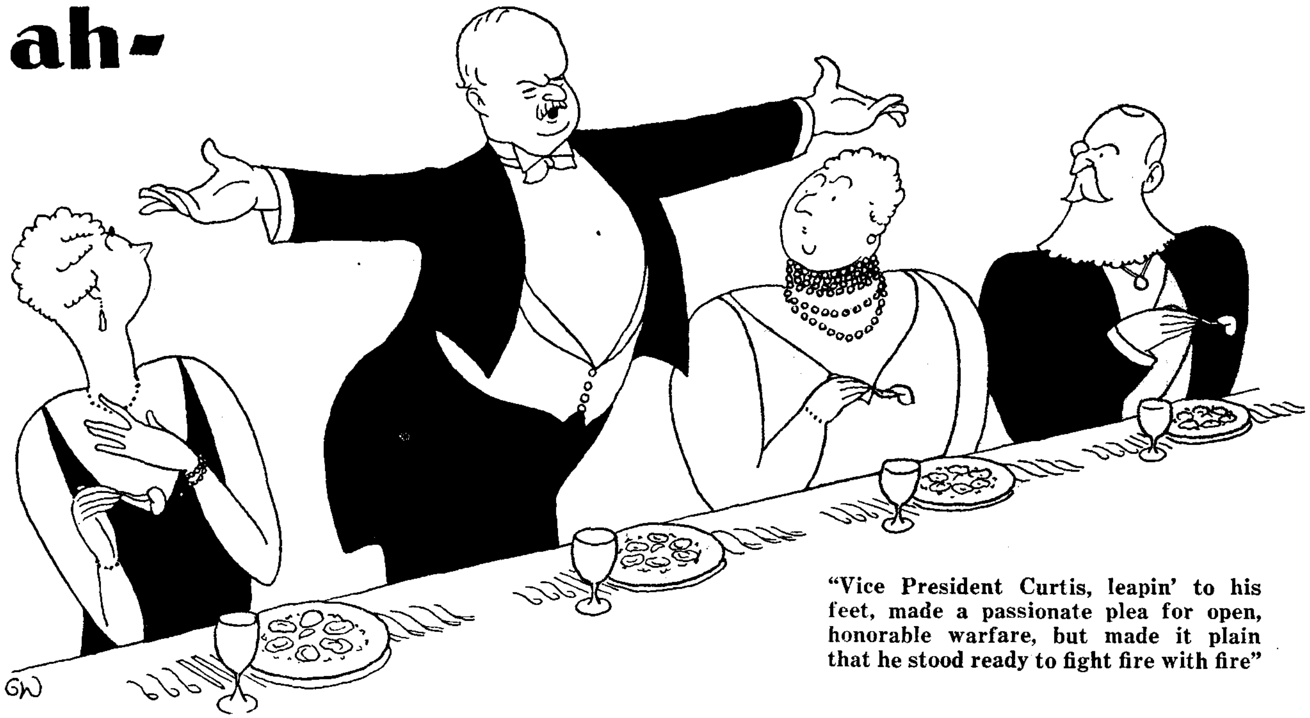


The mud is awful. Twice I go over my ankles as I walk between the black crosses

Won't you-ah-sit down?

"Why should any sane person want to sit up at the head table? It's down at the foot of the room, among the regular folks, that they have the shouts an' happy laughter"

Uncle Henry



"Vice President Curtis, leapin' to his feet, made a passionate plea for open, honorable warfare, but made it plain that he stood ready to fight fire with fire"

"ON a Gann, off a Gann, on a Gann." Uncle Henry hummed the words to a sort of tune.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Stubbs with some irritation.

"The latest unpopular song. Don't tell me, 'Lonzo, that you haven't been readin' about the Battle of the Century down in Washington. The wife an' death struggle between Miz' Dolly Gann an' Miz' Alice Longworth to decide which lady is entitled to take precedence at state dinners, diplomatic functions, ticket windows, baseball games, crossin' streets an' gettin' on an' off trolleys.

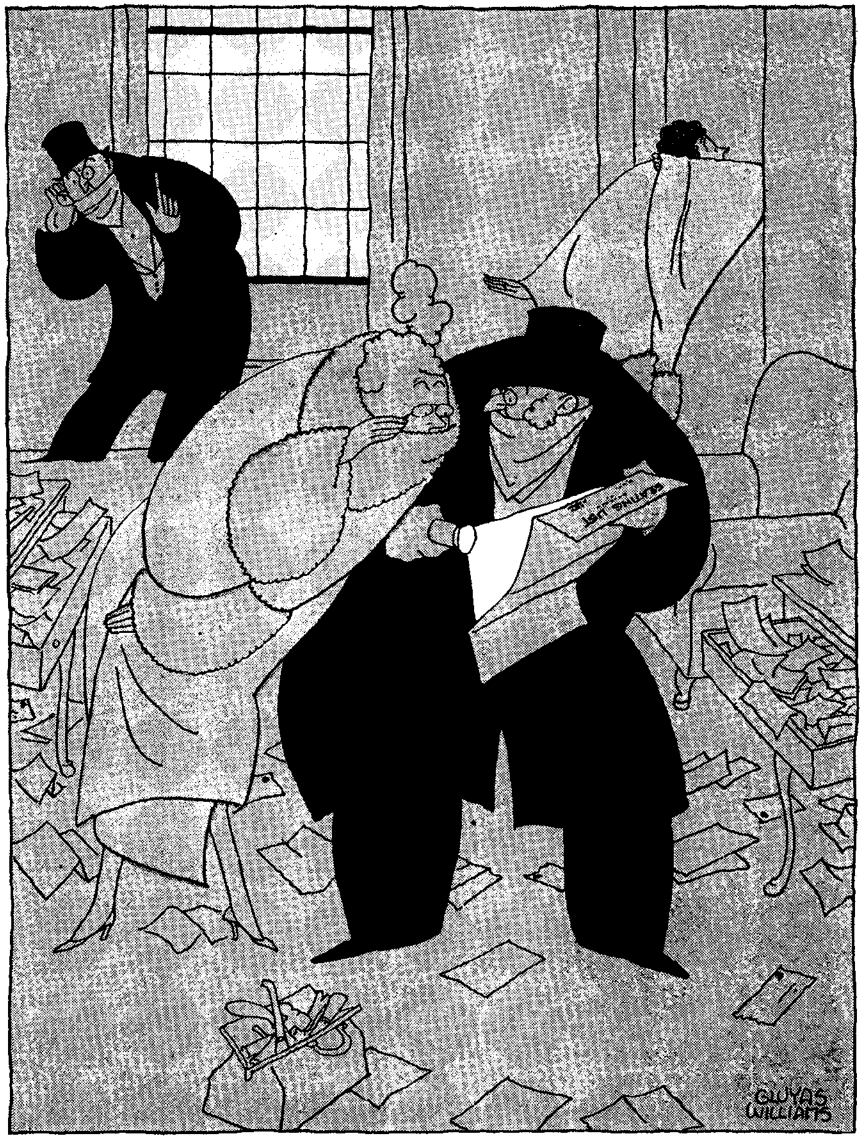
"All Washington is in a twitter or maybe it's a titter. Even the quick-lunch people are agitated, for there's no tellin' when Dolly an' Alice may enter a hot-dog wagon at the same time. An' consider the plight of a poor street-car conductor, utterly ignorant of official etiquette! Only the other day a delegation waited on the Secretary of State an' tried hard to get some authoritative instructions about seatin' the two belligerents.

"At one Presidential dinner they had to use the marines for ushers, an' even then there was trouble. When a butler pulled out the chair for Miz' Gann she thought it was a trick to dump her, an' accused him of bein' a vile minion in the Longworth employ. Vice President Curtis, leapin' to his feet, made a passionate plea for open, honorable warfare, but made it plain that if the opposition resorted to underhand methods, he stood ready to fight fire with fire.

"The various ambassadors have been forced to quit entertainin' almost entirely as a result of the Gann-Longworth feud. Like all wars, sufferin' isn't confined to the combatants. The slump in dinner givin' has bankrupted Washington tradesmen, an' falls with even more crushin' force on the diplomatic representatives from the smaller countries. Cut off from their base of supplies, as it were, the poor devils are already lookin' mighty gaunt an' peaked, an' I wouldn't be surprised if the Salvation Army didn't have to come to the front.

"Unofficial entertainers are no less involved. Since neither Dolly nor Alice will go out any more unless they know they're goin' to have the chair of honor, it behooves 'em to learn the seatin' arrangements. As a consequence, there's been a perfect epidemic of housebreakin', an' while Miz' Gann an' Miz' Longworth may have nothin' to do with it at all, prudent hostesses now put their table diagrams out on the front porch right under the electric light.

"Too bad this ain't Mexico. Down there they think so little of precedence that it takes all day for two people to get through a door, an' nobody with sense tries for a bathroom except in the dead hours of the night.



"As a consequence, there's been a perfect epidemic of housebreakin'"

"Each keeps fallin' back, waitin' for the other, murmurin' continuously, 'After you' or 'Before me.' Maybe, however, it isn't courtesy at all, but merely an intelligent unwillingness to take a chance on turnin' their backs.

High Time for a Peace Pact

"An' yet, 'Lonzo, absurd an' petty as the Gann-Longworth battle may seem, it has not been without historical significance. Why, they tell me that it was the big reason behind Secretary Kellogg's Peace Pact. Frank felt sure he'd fix the matter by gettin' both parties as signatories, but Alice refused because he didn't hand her the pen first, an' then Dolly ran out because her name came eighth on the list, followin' third-class powers like Ecuador an' Siam.

"An' why do you think Ramsay MacDonald got such a wonderful reception in Washington? A Socialist, mind you, an' head of the Labor Party in England, yet all the old standpatters, led by Senator Smoot, sat back an' belled like fox-hounds when he came before 'em.

"Why was it, I ask you? Because the great Prime Minister brought with him a program for world peace! Senate an' House leaped at it as a chance to get Alice an' Dolly to shake hands, an' when Hoover an' MacDonald issued their joint note, special messengers rushed copies to both of the belligerents, together with a pressin' invitation to join in on the disarmament conference at Geneva.

"Queer doin's, 'Lonzo. I never thought I'd live to see the day when a Speaker's wife an' a Vice President's half-sister would throw a monkey wrench in America's machinery. An' I use the word monkey wrench advisedly. Back in Uncle Joe Cannon's time the speakership amounted to somethin', but now it's a steam-roller job that calls for no particular intelligence. Anybody with a couple of good astigmatisms can make a satisfactory speaker, for all he's got to do is not to see any Democrats.

A Sad, Sad Change

"An' as for Vice Presidents, I can remember when they were so tame an' gentle that even little children could put their hands in the cages an' pet 'em. If a boy whistled on the street, Charlie Fairbanks would pop out from behind his whiskers, hopeful of bein' noticed, an' Cal Coolidge, while servin' his sentence as Vice President, almost got emotional whenever a country visitor asked him the way to the Union Station.

"The case of Charlie Curtis is downright inexplicable. No senator was ever more tractable—they even took the ring out of his nose at nights—but now he paws the ground so fierce an' frequent that water carts have to follow him around on dusty days. I can't understand it. Either the Vice President's health ain't what it ought to be or else somebody's been feedin' Charlie a mess of Hoot Gibson.

"But what's it all about, anyway? Why should any sane person want to sit up at the head table? That's not the place for a good time. It's down at the foot of the room, among the regular folks, that they have the shouts an' happy laughter, an' where they start suckin' the poison out of 'Sweet Adeline' every time the toastmaster gets up. Perhaps neither Dolly nor Alice is much on singin'.

"Fightin' over where you're goin' to sit, or squawkin' over the order in which you enter a room, seems mighty picayunish to me. Of course, both ladies insist that it ain't themselves they care about, but that they're concerned entirely with the dignity of their positions. Between you an' me, 'Lonzo, they needn't be concerned any longer, for as a result of the squabble, neither position has much dignity left."

"How do you think it's goin' to come out?" queried Mr. Stubbs.

"Well," said Uncle Henry, "if Dolly an' Alice are as tired of it as the public is, they'll soon be glad to sit anywhere."

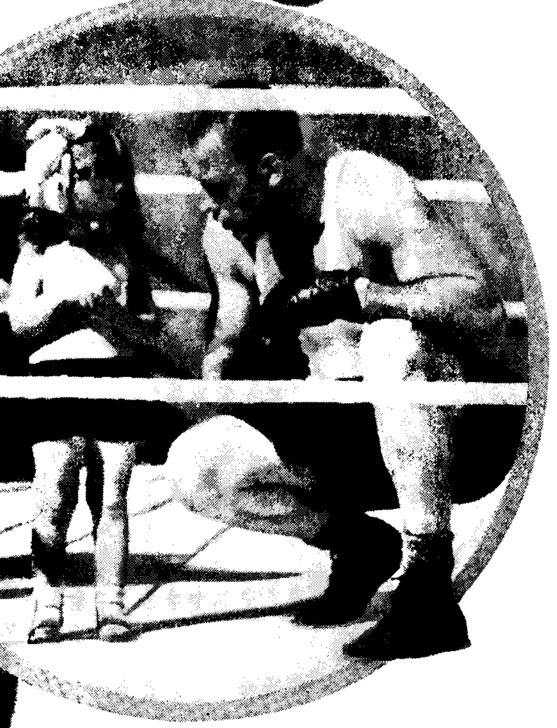
Loud Speaker

By John B. Kennedy

Here's a man who has talked himself into greater unpopularity than anyone else in the boxing game. But he knows what he's about. Unpopularity helps his career. And he'd rather fight than eat

International News Photos, Inc.

Jack Sharkey, at whose feet the sport public lays a continuous barrage of razzberries, is a good showman—he recognizes the box-office value of unpopularity



Starting them young—Jack Sharkey instructing his daughter in the art of self-defense

ICE cream is important in a sailor's life. Old salts of the yo-ho-ho era will deny this with a proper measure of indignation, stubbornly refusing to face the fact that the rum ration has gone the way of clipper ships and brigantines. For all that, ice cream is the sailor's relish, his solace on dark days, the delicacy for which he clamors at sea and on shore, the spice of life for which, if need be, he will fight.

It was ice cream that converted John Coccoskey, professionally and legally called Jack Sharkey, from a quiet, able-bodied seaman into the 1929 terror of the prize ring.

At the Newport naval station Jack Sharkey was headman of a company of gobs sandwiching shore duty between cruises on the U. S. S. South Carolina. Other companies from the same ship and other ships were there, each company housed in its own barracks and harboring contempt for every neighboring company. They pooled this contempt for whatever hapless marines strutted the reservation.

On a hot afternoon Headman Sharkey sent a young gob to the canteen for a consignment of brick ice cream. The gob bought the ice cream and started down the station street with it when he was waylaid by rough persons of another company and relieved of his load. His protests were squelched by clouts. He returned to the presence of Mr. Sharkey and his company colleagues minus ice cream, blouse torn and ripening with bruises.

The Battle of Ice Cream

Sharkey rallied his men. In close formation they marched down the reservation to another barracks. Within, hefty gobs gnawed at frozen bricks.

Sharkey strode through the open doorway, his gobs alert behind him.

"Who slugged the kid for the ice cream?" he demanded.

A thick-set sailor stood up and squared toward Sharkey.

"I did, and what of it?" he said.

Sharkey recalls a momentary conviction that he had let himself in for a debate. His gray gaze darkened—a trick it has when he is about to plunge into action. Retreat was unthinkable. He took a pace and slapped the thick-set sailor. In something less than a second he sprawled on his back, tossed by eager hands over a raised plank walk, and when he arose to see other gobs pouring from the barracks to meet his gobs, pressure of personal business distracted his attention from a lively riot. The thick-set sailor, standing on the plank walk, found Sharkey's head in easy range and made the most of the discovery. Sharkey grabbed his legs, dragged him to his own level—and the fun began.

Gobs battling in pairs or shifting into trios and quartets for more versatile combat punched one another to exhaustion. Whatever residue of energy they had was expended on the final, furious affray between Sharkey and the thick-set sailor, which terminated when a roundhouse punch by Sharkey smote the thick-set gob on the jaw so that his head struck against a street pole.

Recovering, he demanded that Sharkey repair with him to the grinder or drill ground. Sharkey snarled:

"This spot's good enough for me."

And at that moment the appearance of the station commander, summoned by alarmed canteen workers, ended the episode.

At chow, fate sorted the battlers in pairs. Sharkey found himself next in line to the thick-set sailor. They grinned, mouse-eyed.

"You got quite a wallop, feller," said the thick-set sailor.

"And yours ain't so bad," replied Sharkey.

"Well, I'm middleweight champeen of the fleet," quoth the other. And that gave Sharkey an idea to mull.

His father was a Lithuanian mechanic. On his mother's side a strain of blood runs back to one of the more pugnacious Irish counties.

A Bare Escape

He did his first breadwinning in Bridgeport, shoveling coal for a box factory. Tiring of this he found himself without visible means of support, and, needing shelter, chanced, when a night watchman was not looking, into the freight yards of Barnum and Bailey's circus. He crawled into a wagon and slept. The day watchman came on duty to be startled by snores issuing from a frontboard painted with the image of a grizzly bear. Ordinarily he was stout-hearted, but when he took the job it was with the understanding that all the animals were on tour. Summoning a cop, he cautiously approached the cage. As part of their strategy to distract the occupant, they tossed in a ham bone or something equally inviting. It struck Sharkey and he awoke with unpleasant sounds.

"They gave me a good licking," he records, "and sent me on my way."

The way led to New York, where he picked up a few dollars in odd jobs and, having no saner ideas regarding recreation, hung about a Bowery poolroom patronized by the more furtive type of pugilists. The poolroom manager took a dislike to him and manifested it by giving him what is technically known as the bum's rush on several occasions. Discouraged, he quit the poolroom, vowing that some day he would return to square accounts.

Taking with him a meager knowledge of the manly art of self-defense gleaned from thick-eared pool players who illustrated ring strategy in odd moments, he worked for a while as a stevedore in Jersey City. Then, attracted by sundry posters inviting young men to join the navy, he applied.

"I was pretty big for my age—eighteen," he says. "Weighed about 160 pounds and growing fast. As a youngster I'd never been the fighting kind. In Binghamton I used to run away from public school bullies. The navy, though, taught me that a fellow who can't take care of himself with his fists doesn't belong in hard-hitting company.

"Over in the Philadelphia Navy Yard the marines rode rough on us gobs. There was a continuous feud. I remember to this day several lickings they gave me, and I'm still looking for an opportunity to get revenge. Marines would lay for us younger gobs at night and, without any warning, pile in and give us all we could take.

"I wasn't quarrelsome. I preferred to go my way in peace. But finally I got next to the idea that a sailor had to be ready to fight at the drop of a hat or he'd be the one to drop, and when the mêlée that is known as the battle for the ice cream in Newport had passed into history, I stepped out to learn boxing.

"There was a physical director named

Mike Maher at Newport, a tough old boy who had been a prize fighter and thought his mission in life was to teach the gobs all the tricks he knew. Mike took me on as his pupil. He showed me how to hold my hands.

"After he'd drilled me in the rudiments of the game, he took me into the gymnasium one morning. 'Put 'em up, kid,' he said. 'Now, hit me on the jaw with all you've got.' I struck him, square on the jaw. 'With all you've got,' he growled. 'And watch out to stop me from hitting back.' I shot a jab to his chin and bobbed so that his answering blow whizzed over my shoulder. 'You've got a sting, kid,' said Mike, and from that moment he trained me in earnest.

Champion of the Atlantic Squadron

"Cruising on the South Carolina from Newport to Norwegian waters was relieved by boxing bouts on deck. I got into these. Whenever we reached port, shore leave was hung up as a reward to boxers who won by knockouts.

"I suppose I was in a score of these ship bouts when I worked up to the elimination round for the championship of the Atlantic squadron in 1922. I had to fight a husky colored fellow called Torpedo Blake. He scowled like a Russian field marshal and scared me stiff. I felt licked before the start, and when he commenced slugging toe to toe before a mob of yelling sailors, I wondered if I'd have any head left to lay on my pillow that night. He dropped me for a short count; but when I got up I played cagy, remembering the fade-away step old Mike Maher had taught me in the Newport gym. That's how I won.

"That victory put me in the next heat for the navy title. I survived, won my way through to a championship match. What a tough hombre that champion was! He licked me. The next year he wasn't around, which didn't distress me at all. I won the title."

That was in Boston. Sharkey felt that certain public honors appertained to the navy champion; but his dignity suffered as he strolled around Boston and discovered that nobody was much excited whether or not the navy had a champion; whether or not, indeed, there was a navy. Brisk practice in his newly acquired art was obtained in traditional Saturday-night scuffles on Boston Common with ubiquitous marines. And all this led to his visiting Jack Dempsey in Dempsey's dressing-room when the former heavyweight champion of the world was playing vaudeville in Boston.

"You look as if you can fight," Dempsey said to him. "But that name, Ku—how do you say it?—Kuchinsky. Better change it before Joe Humphreys or some other announcer murders it."

Whereupon, making research in back numbers of the Police Gazette, able-bodied seaman Coccoskey encountered the tattooed chest-spread of one Tom Sharkey, promptly adopted the *nom de guerre*, and by grace of the courts of Massachusetts legally acquired it.

Sharkey made his home in Boston. This was to cause him trouble and bring him profit later on, for the orbit of his fame crossed the path of James Maloney's rising star. This fishmonger of South Boston sought to monopolize the limelight as the beantown's new strong boy, successor to John L. Sullivan. But when Jimmy Maloney knocked over a third-rater, Jack Sharkey's shrewd manager, Johnny Buckley, selected another third-rater, who promptly took the count at Sharkey's feet. So it went, the two young men crowding each other for space in the sports sections with the logical result: rivalry that ripened into feud.

All was not easy sailing for the ex-sailor. There was an affair with Eddie Record, a light heavyweight of local fame. Sharkey, matched to meet him, took the engagement lightly, and indulged a weakness for club sandwiches, eating two barely an hour before the fight. Mr. Record found a logy opponent that night and made the most of it. Magnanimously he consented to a return engagement within a month. Mr. Record had reason to regret it.

The Growth of a Feud

Other fights were garnered in his harvest, all without causing a stir in the profession. Yet his continued victories, coinciding with Jimmy Maloney's progress, inspired excitement about Boston and its suburbs. The two men were the Hub's outstanding "pugilistic products," as Joe Humphreys never fails to observe, Joe being one attached to his p's and q's, especially the p's. That easily assumed appurtenance of the prize-ring—public demand—pointed a Sharkey-Maloney match as a "natural."

Came the first meeting with Jimmy Maloney.

"Funny how that guy," says Mr. Sharkey, referring to Mr. Maloney, "could make a heady fight when he met other boxers. But put me in the ring with him and he turned berserker, swinging like a longshoreman, trying to knock me dead with every punch."

Maloney won the first fight on decision. The return bout was another "natural." Mr. Sharkey's analysis of Mr. Maloney's lack of headiness seemed all wet in the second engagement as in the first, for this humble writer, being present at the ringside, observed Sharkey sit suddenly and certainly on the canvas six times at the instance of Mr. Maloney, who struck low as Jack Sharkey arose from the sixth fall. The referee gave it to Sharkey on a foul.

The feud between the two waxed stronger. They met again in Boston and Sharkey won on decision. Big time claimed both after that. Maloney went his way to bowl over Arthur de Kuh of the accordion chin, and to whip Deiner of Germany, Persson of Sweden and the Apolloesque Jack Delaney of Bridgeport. Sharkey was stopped momentarily, or rather for the official ten seconds, in his ascent by one Romero Rojas, who speaks Spanish in his sleep; made headlines by tackling Harry Wills, who always found Jack Dempsey's telephone wire extremely busy.

The "Weighing-in" Glare

Sharkey's audacity surprised the fancy.

"But I knew I could take Wills," says he. "When we weighed in at the offices of the New York Commission in Brooklyn, I started out to get his goat by watching his breathing under the heart. I looked him straight between the eyes and his gaze wandered. Then I knew I had him." It should be noted that Jack Sharkey's weighing-in glare has a disconcerting effect on opponents, that is—not on all opponents. Not on Mr. Dempsey.

Eliminating the black menace of the prize ring—if anything or anybody can be a menace to a business that in its own way is something of a menace—put Sharkey in the front rank of sluggerdom. He rested on his laurels, demonstrating to the boys that a self-trumpeting conqueror in public life could be an ideal husband and father out of his fighting trunks.

Buying himself a home in Chestnut Hill, Boston, he stuck close to it. So close, that, in a measure, his very love of home has interfered with his work. Sharkey remains at no scene of victory for the plaudits of the mob. Indeed, the mob rarely gives him plaudits. He hustles home by train or motor car as quickly as possible.

At the time he made his feeble showing against Tom Heeney—and lost his chance to box Tunney for the title—his home was on his mind. He wanted Rickard to postpone the fight and when Rickard wouldn't, Sharkey went through a listless exhibition. He didn't care. At that particular time he had a yearning to be home and Heeney didn't interest him.

Why a man within instant telephone reach and only five railroad hours from his hearthstone should let nostalgia attack him, demoralize him—nobody knows. Sharkey doesn't. Charge it to the temperament of a wandering tar who has found safe domestic harborage and holds to it more tenaciously than anything in life.

Uproar and Confusion

When the great moment of his career came—the fight with Dempsey to determine Tunney's next opponent, Sharkey half slaughtered Jack in the first round, to be knocked out by a questionable blow in the seventh. The next morning there was uproar—showing of films to prove fouls, ringing of charge and countercharge. Dempsey was about, beaming and bellowing. Sharkey vanished—home.

He avoids New York. He doesn't like New York. He regards it only as an inconvenient laboratory for cashing-in on big gates.

Yet he made a special trip there—once, after his first defeat by Jim Maloney and access to the limelight.

He appeared at the Bowery poolroom of his nondescript youth, there to find out his old tormentor, who knew him the moment he saw him, and was not to be intimidated.

"You licked Wills," said he, "and I guess you can do the same to me. When do you start?"

They shook hands and the feud was over.

But his feud with Maloney has been the comic relief of his life.

The bombastic preface to the final battle between the pair is an amusing episode in recent ring history, reminiscent of the days when prize fighters had to be held in leash before the day of a fight for fear they'd collide and destroy each other without benefit of gate receipts. Sharkey, speaking for publication, said he'd knock Jim Maloney bow-legged in five rounds. Jim Maloney remained tactfully mute, ghost-boosters notwithstanding. When they got into the ring at the Yankee Stadium, the

(*Continued on page 30*)

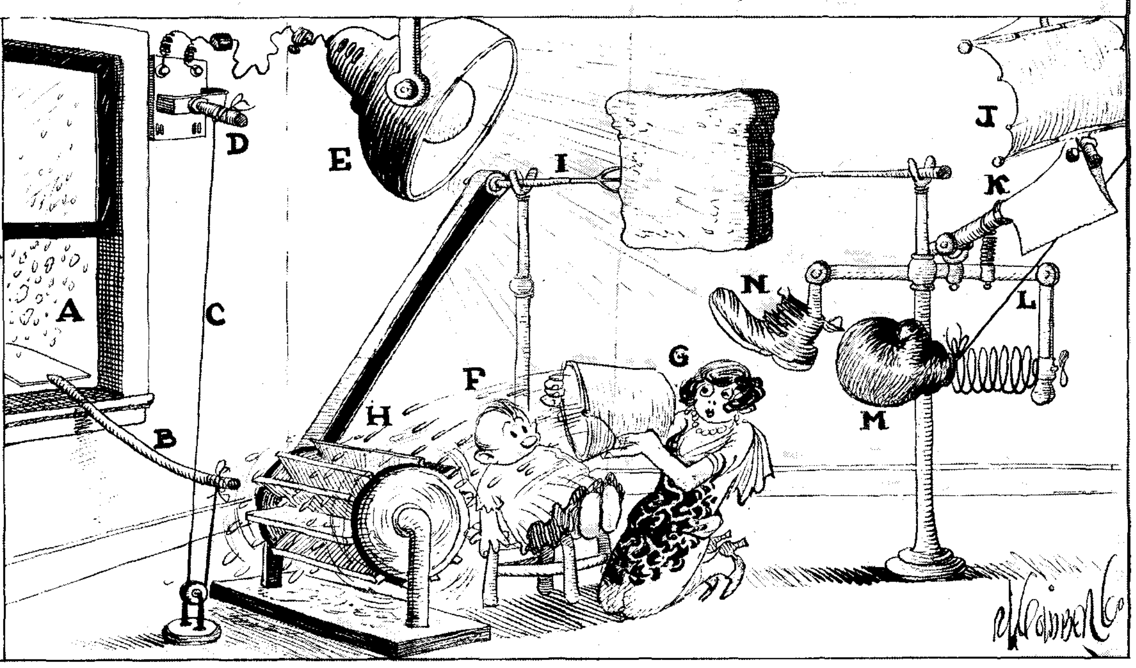
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

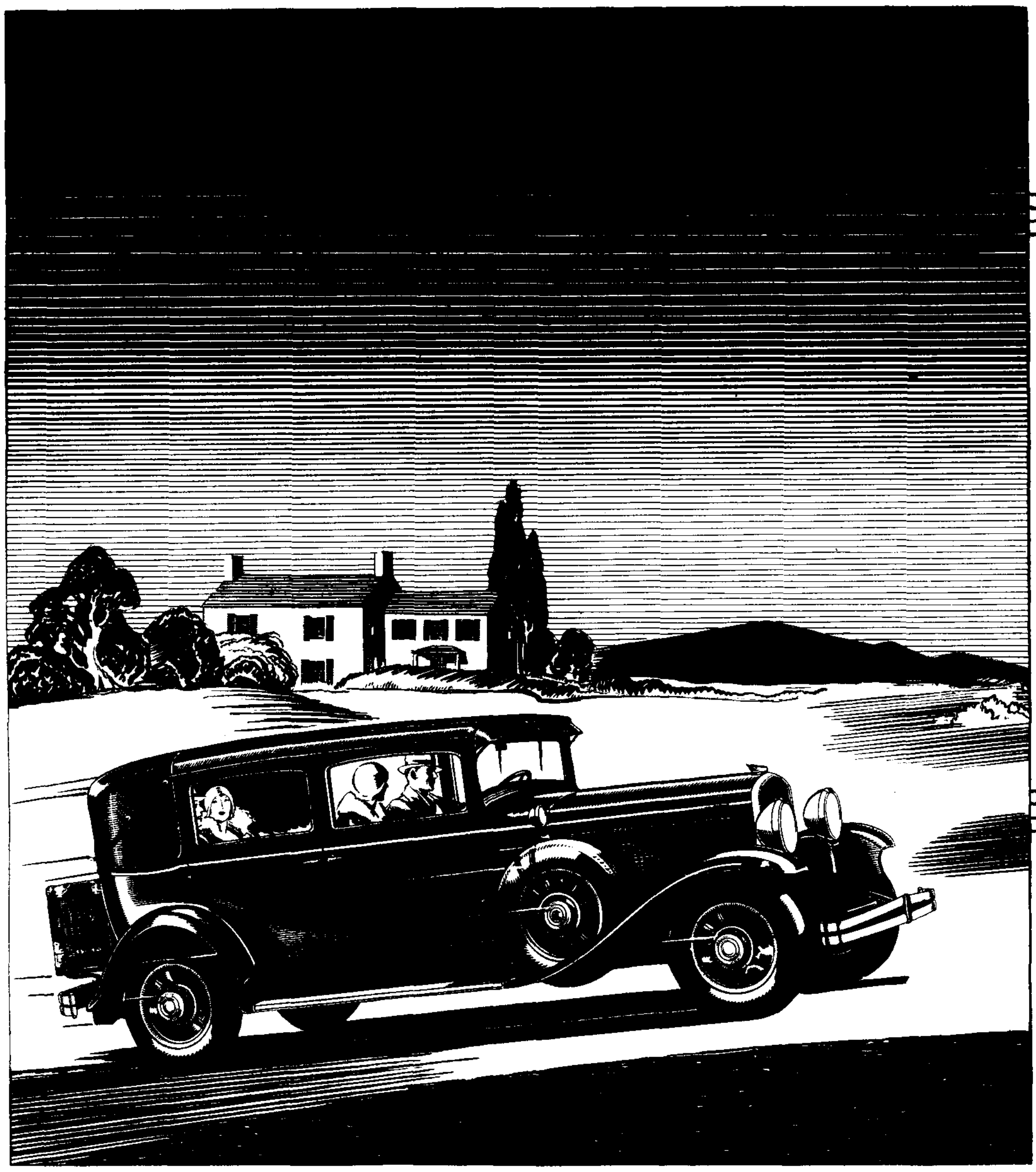
By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS, BEING A POOR OLD BACHELOR, IS FORCED TO DOPE OUT THIS SIMPLE WAY TO MAKE HIS OWN TOAST.

WAIT PATIENTLY FOR SNOWSTORM. AS SNOW(A) FALLS ON SHOVEL(B) IT CAUSES STRING(C) TO TURN ON ELECTRIC SWITCH(D) WHICH LIGHTS SUN RAY LAMP(E). HEAT RAYS START TOASTING SLICE OF BREAD AND ALSO COVER BABY(F) WITH COAT OF TAN. NEAR-SIGHTED MOTHER(G), MISTAKING TAN FOR DIRT, THROWS WATER OVER BABY. WATER, SPLASHING ON MILL-WHEEL(H), CAUSES IT TO REVOLVE AND ROTATE FORKS(I) WHICH KEEP TOASTED BREAD TURNING. WIND FROM REVOLVING TOAST BLOWS AGAINST SAIL(J), WHICH FORCES BUTCHER'S CLEAVER(K) DOWN AGAINST STRING(L), THEREBY CUTTING STRING AND CAUSING BOXING GLOVE(M) TO SHOOT OUT AND FORCE SHOE(N) TO KICK TOASTED BREAD INTO YOUR PLATE.

BEFORE TRYING THIS METHOD BE SURE YOU ARE IN A COUNTRY WHERE THEY HAVE SNOW. OTHERWISE, YOU WILL WAIT AROUND UNTIL YOU STARVE TO DEATH.





NEW CHRYSLER "77" TOWN SEDAN, $1795 (Special Equipment Extra)

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Today, as always, what Chrysler does—or proposes to do—becomes the basic standard of efficiency in the realm of automobiles

CHRYSLER INSPIRES a pride all its own

FEATURES:

LARGE, POWERFUL ENGINES ... SEVEN-BEARING COUNTER-WEIGHTED CRANKSHAFT ... MULTI-RANGE FOUR-SPEED TRANSMISSION AND GEAR SHIFT ... RUBBER SPRING SHACKLES ... CHRYSLER WEATHERPROOF FOUR-WHEEL HYDRAULIC BRAKES ... LARGER, ROOMIER BODIES OF DREADNOUGHT CONSTRUCTION ... ADJUSTABLE FRONT SEATS ... METALWARE BY CARTIER

Ownership of a Chrysler brings with it a deep-rooted satisfaction which springs *from the firm conviction that, regardless of* price, Chrysler is a car that knows no peer.

In all that Chrysler is ... in all that Chrysler does ... in pedigree and in prestige ... Chrysler offers something more.

Up to six years ago thousands of motorists could be satisfied only with highest-priced American-made cars or importations.

Today they are driving Chryslers, for they have been able to find more complete fulfilment of their motoring ideals in a Chrysler than in any other car.

At the same time, because of surprisingly low prices, Chrysler has enabled thousands upon thousands to enjoy this supremely fine motoring who never even dreamed of being able to possess cars of such outstanding excellence.

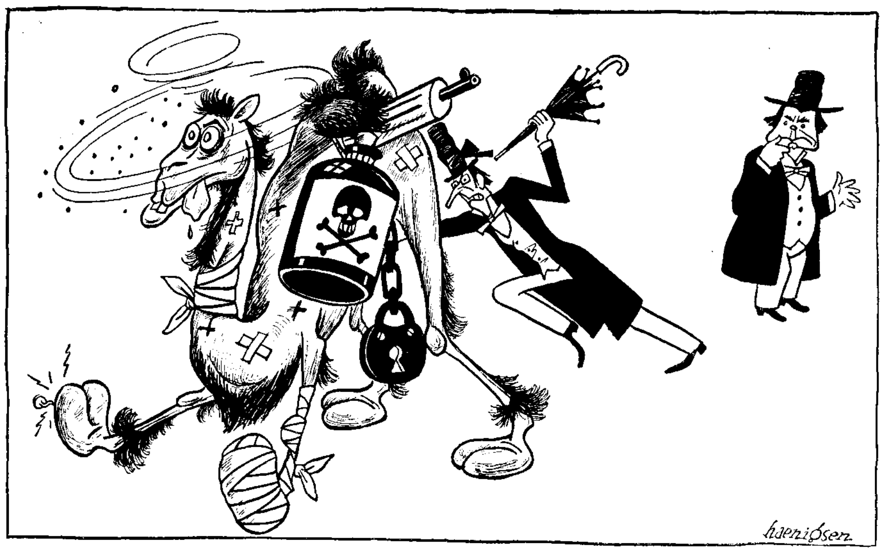
Comparisons of cars today invariably take Chrysler as their basis. A car either is or is not an approach to Chrysler.

Yes—Chrysler has set the pace ... and maintained it ... year in and year out.

And because of the knowledge that in a Chrysler one has the best that motoring affords, Chrysler ownership imparts a certain thrilling pride, the like of which cannot be claimed so universally by any other motor car.

MULTI-RANGE CHRYSLER

THE IMPERIAL	8 Body Styles, $2995 to $3575	THE 77	9 Body Styles, $1625 to $1825	THE 70	7 Body Styles, $1295 to $1545	THE 66	6 Body Styles, $995 to $1095	ALL PRICES F.O.B. DETROIT



Throwing the Party

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

SENATOR BORAH has split the drys precisely as he has split the Republican party. It has been the fashion of the drys to blink the fact that prohibition enforcement has so far been a failure, that there is pretty nearly everywhere a scandalous disregard of the law.

Mr. Borah, an unquestionable dry, comes out and calls attention to the facts. He says precisely what the wets have been saying about the actual condition. He differs from the wets only as to the cure for the existing evils.

The wets say that the only remedy for the present contempt of the law and for the corruption that it has brought in its trail is to recognize that prohibition is impossible. Mr. Borah says that the remedy lies in improving the personnel in charge of prohibition enforcement.

Well, suppose the personnel is improved and still the evils go on? What then? Mr. Borah is driven back to his often-stated alternative: either prohibition must be enforced or it must be abandoned. You can't go on improving the personnel forever.

The importance of what Mr. Borah is saying is that he is putting into words what a lot of honest drys are thinking privately; namely, that the noble experiment has reached a critical stage. In the next few years, probably in the Administration of Mr. Hoover, prohibition must be made successful or its failure must be frankly confessed.

Naturally Mr. Borah's name is not very popular around the White House. The Administration hoped that prohibition was settled forever as a political issue by the overwhelming vote by which Governor Smith, a wet, was defeated. But here it is again in a new and dangerous form. If Mr. Hoover devotes all the energies of the government to enforcing prohibition, if killings by the dozen become a daily occurrence, if no home is safe from invasion, he will alienate hosts of Republican voters.

The Only Logical Outcome

If liquor continues to be sold as now, there is Mr. Borah ready to say prohibition has failed and should be repealed, for that is the only logical outcome of his present stand.

And Mr. Borah, once he becomes convinced that prohibition can't be enforced and has caused an intolerable scandal, will be ten times as dangerous to prohibition as Governor Smith ever could be. It will take a dry, an honest dry, to destroy prohibition, if it is ever destroyed. And no one can rouse the conscience of the country as Mr. Borah can. No one speaks with the authority that he does.

What is Mr. Borah up to? One may compare him, perhaps, with Martin Van Buren, a Democrat, who by running as an anti-slavery candidate for President wrecked the Democratic party and laid the foundations of the Republican party. Washington generally thinks that Mr. Borah is a candidate for President.

He can hardly hope to be nominated for President by the Republicans in 1932. Mr. Hoover, whatever happens, will be able to get the nomination in that year.

Mr. Borah's Chance

The Democrats will certainly make one more try for the Presidency before their party disintegrates. The farm issue failed La Follette in 1924 and Smith in 1928. The issue that prohibition is a failure might be a tremendous one in Mr. Borah's hands in 1932.

Senator Grundy's "backward states" are doing pretty well. He perhaps would not list the rich state of Wisconsin as one, economically or in point of population. But it is so backward politically as to send a senator like young Bob La Follette to Washington. And here are the senators from the enlightened Eastern commonwealths agreeing to put young Bob as a Republican on the Senate Finance Committee, although young Bob in effect bolted Mr. Hoover's nomination for the Presidency in 1928 and Mr. Coolidge's nomination in 1924 and although the placing of young Bob on it throws the control of that all-important committee over to the coalition. And the Senate Finance Committee has been the corner stone of the Republican party for which Mr. Grundy has collected money!

The big contributors have paid for two things: to have a Republican in the White House and to have a Republican majority in the Senate Finance Committee.

What has caused the decay of the kind of Republicanism which Mr. Grundy has done so much to perpetuate is the decline of the Republican party in the big Eastern states: in New York, which has two Democratic senators and a Democratic governor; in Massachusetts, which has one Democratic senator and is likely to have another next year; and in New Jersey, where only the choice of so exceptional a candidate as Dwight Morrow may enable the Republicans to save the state next November.

Of the fifteen Republican senators with the longest terms, twelve come from the West. The oldest senators in point of service have the pick of places on the committees and so dominate the Senate.

Loud Speaker

Continued from page 28

mob roared greetings at the Irishman, boos at Sharkey. And Joe Humphreys accentuated the puniness of gloved gladiators by calling for prayer for Lindbergh, who was then charging across the Atlantic to fame that will endure long after the last cauliflower ear is dust.

Maloney rushed at Sharkey at the echo of the gong, eyes black with hate, fists swirling like trip-hammers. Sharkey weaved, bobbed and ducked. From a distance it looked as though he was sinking beneath a whirlwind attack. But in the fourth round, when a red-faced sport stood up and bawled an insult at him, he shouted back, "Here he goes in your lap!" Maloney obliged. Not quite by falling in the enthusiast's lap, but as near to it as the ropes permitted.

He's not Afraid to Take It

"And they said," Sharkey reflected in the aftermath, "that I couldn't dent butter."

He looked coldly intent. He has a mobile lower face that hardens at will into calculating ferocity.

"I can lick any mirror-fighter in the world," he said, and explained that Maloney, Loughran and the rest of the good-looking fighters spend more time before their looking-glasses than at the punching bag. "I'm not afraid of being marked," said he. "That's my business. But," he felt his unspread ears, "McTigue's the only bird who's left me anything to remember.

"I train hard and live quietly. Once I hired a chap who had served as second to Maloney when I fought Jimmy the third time. This chap put a bottle to my lips between rounds. It had whisky in it.

"'Take that stuff away,' I told him. 'I want to know where my punches are going.'

"Some fighters stand for that racket—trying to win on whisky, as though that can be done.

"I drink beer when I can get it. Good beer helped me put on enough weight to lick Wills. I smoke a cigar occasionally. But the rest of the so-called pleasures of the sporting crowd don't interest me a bit.

"I'm a one-woman man, and I can truthfully pull that stale old line that everything I've got I owe to my wife, because she stepped in at the right moment in my career to keep me home at nights when I thought the world was bounded by a poolroom at one corner and a gymnasium at the other, with a speakeasy between."

Hate him as they will—and the sport public lays at his feet a continuous barrage of razzberries—Sharkey must be wholesome deep under, or wholesomeness would not mark the surface of his private life.

When they matched him with young Stribling; the somewhat shopworn Georgia peach, the headlines instantly hailed Sharkey again as a braggart. He said Stribling would be a practice bout. It was—and very bad practice.

"Why," I asked Sharkey, "do you say indiscreet things that give you the reputation of a blowhard?"

"I am a blowhard," he said with a smiling frankness that has its charm—for a prize fighter. "Part of my business is bluster—and as long as I'm in this business I'll have all the fixings."

A showman—and a good one, recognizing that unpopularity has as much box-office value as popularity. When he fought the idolized Loughran he said he'd send him back to Philadelphia on a stretcher. It was almost as bad as that. The victory did not convert any of Loughran's enemies, and it made Sharkey no friends whatever.

So, it seems, he'll go banging and bragging his way to the championship. But he doesn't brag when he sits in close conference with the bankers and lawyers and other business men who have the handling of his affairs. They will tell you that Sharkey is canny and soft-spoken.

With all the returns in, it must be written that this one-man amplifier is a decent sort—even professionally—in a racket that abounds with the indecent.

Poor old Bud Greene, Negro punching bag, knows this. Sharkey took Greene as a sparring partner after thrashing George Godfrey, the giant Negro. Other pugilists, Maloney included, hardly relished Greene; he sparred with too much vim. Sharkey made him wear wrappers of inner-tubing about his tummy and so was enabled to practice murderous stomach attack without harming Greene. The pace told, however, and Greene retired. When he left Sharkey's camp he expected about sixty dollars for three days' work. Sharkey gave him $300. Greene protested that something was wrong, but Jack told him to keep the change. "For an extra fifty," said Greene, "yo' can kill me if yo' want to."

The story traveled through the sediment of cauliflowerdom where battered old-timers who can still give and take it search for sparring partner jobs. Now Sharkey gets the toughest of the crew, which is one reason why he steps between the ropes thoroughly tuned for a fight.

He combines stoicism with showmanship. It was not known before his last battle with Maloney that on the day before the fight he had been taken to Dr. Fralick's operating table to have twisted back ligaments realigned. His loins were tightly tape-bound when he went into action, but not an eye-flutter betrayed the pain.

The referee saw the bulge in his trunks and examined it. Sharkey, the showman, accommodated the crowd with a full view of a bound back.

The Meeting was a Flop

He's superstitious or devout, according to view. No fight day comes to Sharkey without his visiting church early in the morning.

"I've seen them all, big and little," Tex Rickard once told me. "But Sharkey stands out as the best I ever saw, because he's the fastest heavy man in the ring, with a left like a piston and a right straight and hard as a ramrod. He'll be the next champion."

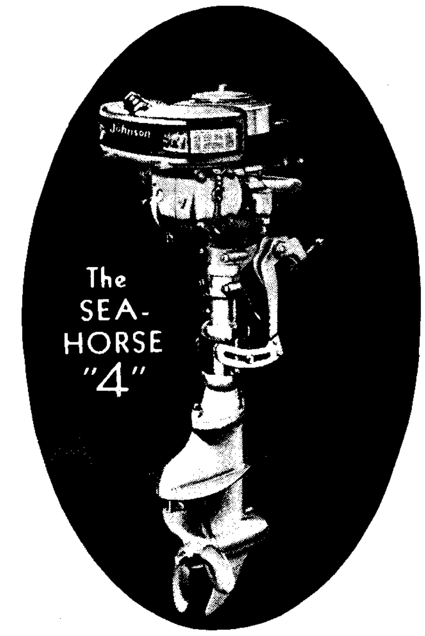
This prediction of a young man who has had but thirty-five contests in his professional career is without precedent in pugilism. But so, I think, is the conduct of a boxer who, approached by "fixers" with an offer of $150,000 to throw a scrap—as Sharkey was on the eve of the Maloney go—calmly told the crooks that as a business deal it was cheap, for he'd make twice that sum in his first fight as champion. He added that as a social call the meeting was a flop, and threw the would-be bribers out of the hotel on two pairs of surprised ears.

"I'm a pugilist, that's all," says Sharkey. "I'd sooner fight than eat—that is, unless the dish is ice cream."

Electrically Started
Outboard Motor Boats

Powered by these swift, silent Sea-Horses

Bear you gaily and safely apart from the crowded highways to fresh air, freedom and adventure



Sit luxuriously at the driving wheel of the new Johnson Aquaflyer, where all controls are located. Then touch the electric starting switch. Instantly the motor answers with a soft purr and a surge of power. You're off in a second, cutting the waves at motor car speed—breathing exhilarating air—color mounting in your cheeks!

Never before has a craft like the Aquaflyer been seen—with electrically started outboard motor, concealed in a hatch-covered recess in the stern.

Tilting Propeller Navigates Shallow Waters Safely

Due to its automatically tilting propeller, the Aquaflyer navigates shoal and shallow waters inaccessible to inboard motor boats. In deep waters, likewise, it avoids the hazards of logs, rocks and other obstructions so liable to disable a stationary propeller.

Although less expensive to own and operate than inboard motor boats, Aquaflyers and other Johnson Matched Units are lighter, more portable, stronger, and more seaworthy, yet fully as speedy and luxurious.

Electrically Started or Rope-cranked Speed Motors

Because the motor is outside, sport clothes are not exposed to grease, and the usable space inside a 20-ft. Aquaflyer equals that in a 26-ft. inboard boat.

The Sea-Horses motors, world speed champions, hold 28 out of 42 records including the fastest time ever — 49.34 m. p. h. Having the Water-cooled Underwater Exhaust originated by Johnson, they discharge both fumes and noise below the water.

Sea-Horses "16," "24" and "32" have both electric starter and auxiliary rope starter, or rope starter only—all are equipped with Johnson Release Charger which makes starting twice as easy.

Like starting-ease is achieved in Sea-Horses "4" and "12" by Johnson's new Alternate Firing. These motors are full pivot steered—hence the driver can back the boat anywhere.

New-day Sealite Hulls — Seamless and Waterproof

Johnson Boats—matched to Sea-Horses—introduce revolutionary construction—seamless Sealite. They are faster and capable of larger loads because in water service they weigh only half as much as comparable wood boats.

Yet Sealite is guaranteed to outlast them and requires no care in storage or in use. Breaking tests by W. M. Sawdon, professor of experimental engineering, Cornell University, showed Sealite to be 35% stronger. Even when shattered it remains water-tight because of its waterproof sheathing.

Trim, rakish boat lines are emphasized by streamline fittings and color effects as smart as fine cars. Deep cushions and upholstery make them quite as comfortable and luxurious.

Write for Color-illustrated Catalog de Luxe containing all Matched Unit specifications and prices.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY, 587 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois
In Canada: Canadian Johnson Motor Company, Ltd., Peterboro, Ontario
World's Only Manufacturer of Outboard Matched Units, and Largest Maker of Outboard Motors. Originator of Water-cooled Underwater Exhaust and Release Charger.

Sea-Horse Prices:

"Single," $125; "3," $150; "4," $160; "10," $185; "12," $195; "16," $250; "24," $285; "32," $325.

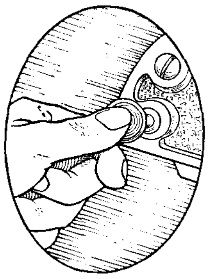
Electric-Starting Motors

"16," $315; "24," $350; "32," $395.

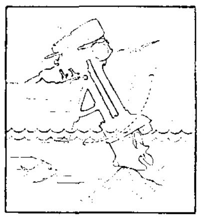
All prices f. o. b. factory.
Partial payment terms

All dealers carry first-aid service parts. Stations for complete service in all parts of the country

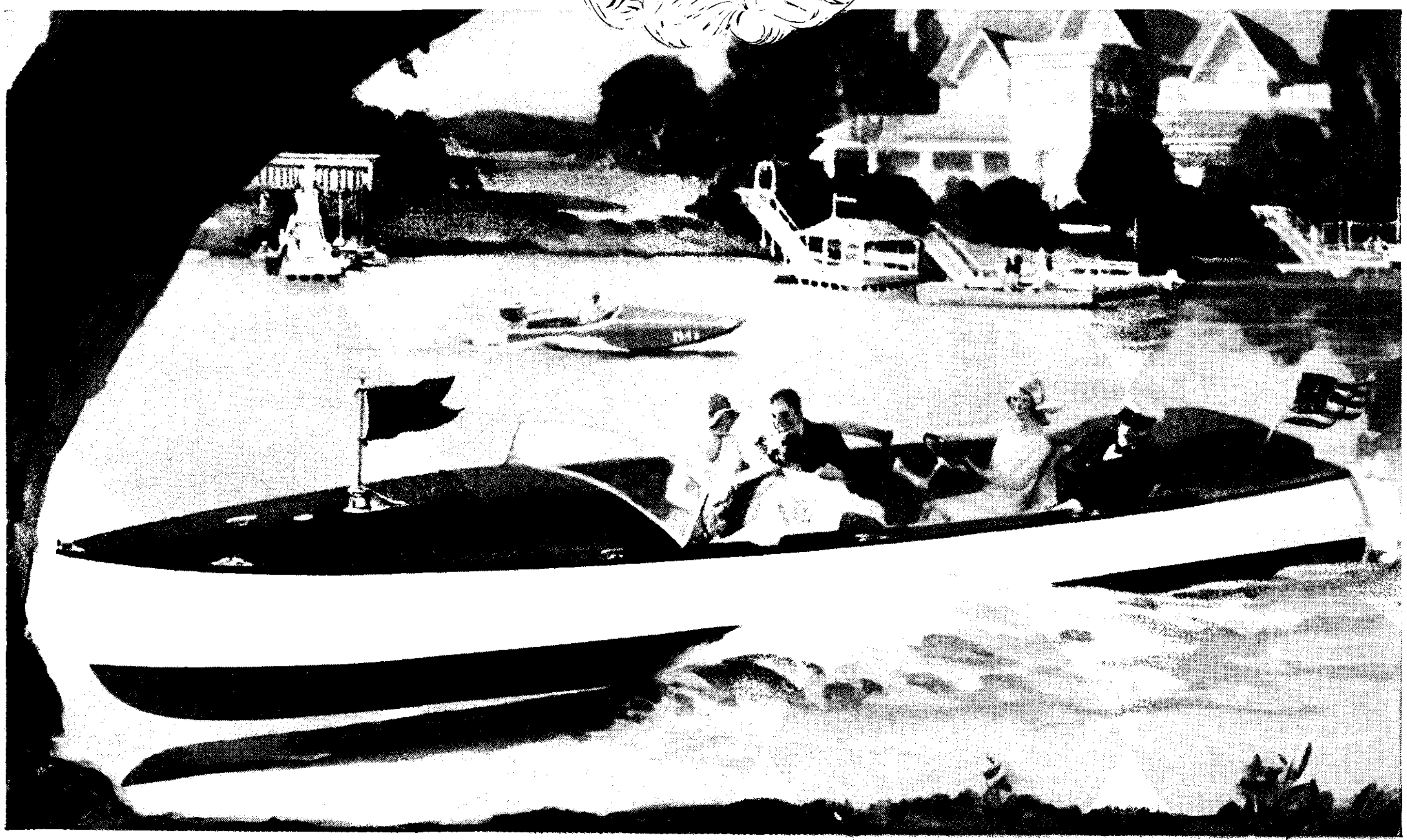
JOHNSON MATCHED UNITS
SEA-HORSES & BOATS

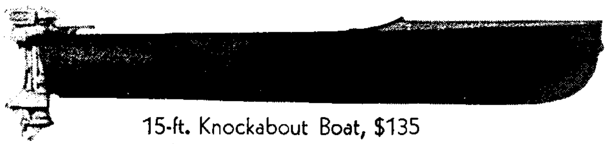


Non-stall Electric Starter requires no engaging clutch or gears—it is mounted on the end of the crankshaft and serves as a flywheel. No magneto is necessary.



Automatically Tilting Propeller avoids obstructions in deep water or in shallow water where ordinary motor boats dare not venture.



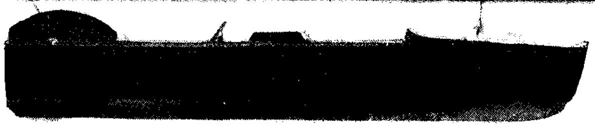


15-ft. Knockabout Boat, $135

Strong, lightweight, ½-in. cedar planking, hollow and round construction; strong, bent white oak ribs sheer to sheer, round bilge bottom, 4½-ft. beam.

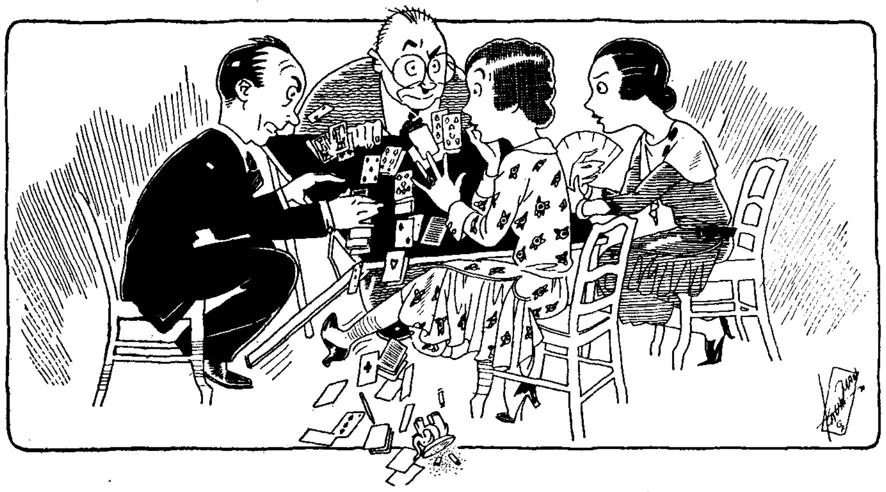
14-ft. Utility A Boat, $165

Sealite construction, cedar deck, only 175 lbs.; round bilge bottom, 52-in. beam, 3 cross seats, ideal for yacht tender, camping, children.



17½-ft. Aquaflyer De Luxe Runabout

Sealite construction, V-bottom, 5-ft. beam; double cockpit arrangement, with two upholstered cross seats with lazy-backs; weighs 450 lbs.; true speed up to 19 m. p. h. with Sea-Horse "16," complete with motor, $925 — up to 25 m. p. h. with Sea-Horse "32," complete with motor, $995.



The quick collapsible bridge table for messing up the play when your four Spade bid starts going bad

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. A-Q-10-8
H. 8-6-3
D. 7-3-2
C. 9-5-3

West
S. 5-2
H. K-J-5
D. K-9-6
C. Q-J-10-8-7

East
S. 7-6-4-3
H. 9-7-4-2
D. J-10-8-5
C. 4

South
S. K-J-9
H. A-Q-10
D. A-Q-4
C. A-K-6-2

THE above hand, given in last week's Collier's, is one in which the bidding is so obvious that there could be no difference of opinion concerning it. At Auction South would bid one No Trump, at Contract three No Trumps; in both games the initial bid would be followed by three passes. The South hand meets the most exacting requirements for a three No Trump bid, as it has every suit stopped twice and is sufficiently strong to comply with the demands of the most conservative.

The Play

The hand was played in a Duplicate Auction game at a number of tables and it was remarkable that there was little or no variation in the play, especially as there had not been any variation in the bidding. The various Wests selected the Queen of Clubs as their opening lead, and the various Souths won the first trick.

After that the play at all tables proceeded as follows:

To trick 2, Declarer led a Spade, overtaking in dummy, his plan being to lead three times from dummy for the three finesses in closed hand (two in Hearts and one in Diamonds). To trick 3 the finesses selected by the various Declarers was the Heart. As it happened, it did not matter in the least whether the Heart or Diamond was chosen.

Dummy led a small Heart and closed hand finessed with the Ten; West won with the Jack and led a second Club. There was no point in a hold-up, so South won that trick and a second Spade was led for a second overtake in dummy. When dummy came to lead for the second finesse, the majority continued with the Hearts instead of trying Diamonds; but once again it was immaterial which was chosen, as West won again and ran his three good Clubs, saving game. On the last Club South discarded his losing Diamond; and even when West led up to South's singleton Heart Ace, South was able to discard his Diamond Queen on dummy's fourth Spade and so was not obliged to risk a third finesse.

Whichever finesse was taken at trick 6, South regretted that he had not tried the other one, until he examined the West hand and saw that one was as futile as the other; and there was plenty of talk about the hard luck of holding a hand with three possible finesses, all of which were destined to fail. One South called it the "champion hard-luck hand of the decade"; but was it? Let us see.

The Correct Play

If South had stopped to ask himself whether there was any safer play than using three sure entries in dummy to take three attractive finesses in the closed hand, his problem would have been solved.

Declarer could count as assured four Spades, one Heart, one Diamond and two Clubs; consequently but one trick was lacking. If he tried two finesses and both lost, and if West was leading a five-card suit, the game was gone; but the game was in Declarer's grasp if he grasped with discretion. The difference between scoring 50 for five tricks and 30 for three would be relatively immaterial, but the difference between making game and failing to make it would be vital; and the Declarer should have realized that his job was to render all finesses unnecessary by forcing West to lead up to one of South's Ace-Queens in the closed hand and consequently produce the extra trick needed for game.

What could be easier than to start by cashing the four good Spades, discarding closed hand's small Diamond, which was clearly a loser, on dummy's fourth Spade; then to lead a Club, winning in closed hand; and then another Club, which must put West in the lead? Of course West would take three Club tricks if, as was the case and was to be expected, his lead had been from a five-card suit; but after that, his Spades and Clubs being exhausted, he would have to lead either a Heart or a Diamond and either must be up to an Ace-Queen.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 8-4
H. 9-8-6
D. A-J-4-2
C. Q-7-4-3

East
S. 9-6-2
H. 10-4-3-2
D. 8-7-6
C. K-6-2

West
S. 7-5-3
H. Q-7-5
D. 9-5
C. J-10-9-8-5

South
S. A-K-Q-J-10
H. A-K-J
D. K-Q-10-3
C. A

Renunciation

Continued from page 8

Rather, its whimsicality vanished, to be replaced by cynicism. And as his brows drew together in a frown his doorbell rang.

He walked to the door and opened it. Jane stood there.

She walked by him, watched him as he closed the door.

"Jerry!" she cried. In the gray eyes was agony. "You know?"

"I just discovered," he said gently.

"And you hate me, despise me?" she said.

"My dear, I love you," he told her.

"You love a thief? A girl who bribes a taximan to let her sit in his car, who waits for any man who may come along, who picks that man's pocket, who goes to his apartment in order that she may steal something else. . . ."

She covered her face with her hands.

"You didn't steal anything else," he said quietly. "And you came to my apartment. Weren't you afraid I'd find out while you were here?"

Her eyes were bewildered.

"Jerry, when you said you loved me, when I said I loved you—I forgot. I mean—I knew I'd stolen, but—Jerry, I went mad, mad for you. I—didn't care whether you found out or not. Then, suddenly, I became sane. I left you, afraid you'd find out, follow—"

"I'd never have followed, my dear," he said.

"I know that, but—Jerry, I'm not Jane Saunders. I'm a thief, a professional thief. Waiting downstairs for me is another professional thief, the taximan who drives me, who asks no questions provided I pay him well. But Jerry—I didn't lie. I hadn't kissed men before as I kissed you. I haven't loved any man. And, Jerry, I love you. I'll love you until I die. I'll never steal again." Her bosom rose, in the violence of her emotion. "Jerry, do you hate me?"

"My child, I love you," he said.

Her eyes met his bravely. Over her cheeks spread the crimson of shame.

"Jerry, you couldn't marry a girl like me. I wouldn't let you if you were mad enough to want to. An honorable man can't marry a girl who steals. But, Jerry, if you want to take me—"

THE bravest offer ever made, and behind it elemental decency which he was decent enough to recognize.

"My sweet," he said, "if I offered you less than marriage, I would deserve no less than death."

"And I won't let you offer me marriage," she cried. "Not now. Jerry, I want it so—you'll never know how much I love you. Until I die, I'll love you."

"Until I die, my child, I'll love you," he assured her.

Again she looked into his eyes.

"That I believe, and always will believe. Even if I never hear from you again. And, Jerry, whether you see me again or not, believe—*please*—the things I've done I'll never do again."

"I believe," he said.

"My name isn't Jane Saunders," she said. "I have no mother waiting up for me. I live in an apartment on the West Side. People there think I'm a student. Jerry, I'm mad to think that you can still mean the things you said tonight. You meant those things when you thought I was something other than I really am. But from now on I'll be the person you thought I was. If—if you can forget—if you love me—tomorrow you may telephone—the number is —but you might forget. Jerry, give me a pencil and paper."

She didn't wait for his response. From a table she snatched the articles she wanted. She scribbled a second, then put them down.

"I'll be there, Jerry, until noon. If you have to think longer than that, then I'll know it's hopeless."

"I've decided now," he said. "I love you; I want to marry you."

She stepped backward, away from his arms.

"No. It isn't fair—to you. I—I *am* lovely. I know it. And a man could forget—character—looking at me. Jerry, I want you to think. Not too long, because a decision arrived at after too much thought might mean that doubts still existed. But if, by noon tomorrow, you think you cannot merely forgive, but *forget*, Jerry, I'll be waiting for your call. Then I'll be gone, if you haven't called. But if you don't, my best beloved, know that because I love you, because, though perhaps only for a moment, you loved me, I'll be decent, straight, honorable, forever."

SHE was at the door now; as he made a move to detain her, her eyes were piteous; he stood still as she went through the door. He walked to the table on which she had placed the money she had taken from his pocket. Beside it was the scrap of paper on which she had written her telephone number. He picked it up, then swiftly, without looking at it, put it down again.

He lighted a cigarette and sat down in the great easy-chair before the fireplace.

A thief, eh? Not in a million years could he have suspected this, from anything save actual evidence. What on earth had driven a girl like her to such a career? Was it some taint of character rather than mere weakness which had yielded to need?

If it were the former, could she reform? He remembered the candid gray eyes. Yes, for love she could reform. Provided that love were for a worthy object. But suppose she loved someone unworthy? Would her promise to reform hold good then? He shook his head slowly. Of course it wouldn't. Love changes character only when the love is combined with a great respect, and this girl could not respect unworthiness.

God, how he wanted her. And she would be happy with him. Yes, and he would be happy with her. Only, she would lose her soul. For, finding out what he was, she would divest herself of the mantle of reform. . . . Even as he loved her, so she loved him. Misery, heartache, lay ahead of both of them, if they remained apart.

Whereas, if they married, if these two great loves were united, joy incomparable lay ahead of both of them. But how could she stay reformed if the object of her love remained what she had been?

"God forgive me," said Jerry Dempster to the dancing flames in the fireplace. "I *can't* change. God, if I wanted to, I'd starve. And she'd starve. I might pretend, but she'd find out what I really am. . . ."

He reached over to the table, and his fingers crumpled the scrap of paper into a ball, then tossed it into the flames. There was an unfolding of the paper, a puff, and it was blackened ashes fluttering up the chimney.

She would wait until noon tomorrow and then. . . . She would never telephone, never call. He knew that. His action was final and irrevocable.

"God help me," he prayed.

For Jerry Dempster was a thief, too.

The best testimonial a pipe tobacco ever had : three generations of pipe smokers saying

Dill's Best is America's Best

DILL'S BEST
SMOKING TOBACCO
RUBBED
J.G. DILL CO. RICHMOND VA.
NO STEMS IN DILL'S—ONLY THE FLAVOR-FULL BLADES OF THE LEAF ARE USED

No other pipe tobacco has been smoked as many years as Dill's Best—made, sold, and smoked *every day since 1848.* When pipe smokers find a smoke they can depend on morning, noon and night, they spread the good news among their friends. So, *through three generations,* the word has been passed along: Dill's Best is America's Best.

Throughout all these years there have been "no stems in Dill's," a basic principle of Dill's Best that has had much to do with its continuing popularity. Nature stores real tobacco taste and fragrance in the tender blade of the leaf—not in the stem.

That is why there are no stems—disguised or otherwise—in Dill's Best Tobacco. Only the tender blades of the leaf are used in making this natural-tasting, clean, dust-free tobacco that doesn't "bite"—or clog the pipe.

If you have never tried this favorite of 82 years—if you don't know the complete comfort and satisfaction that go with "no stems in Dill's"—let 15c introduce you, today. That's all it costs to smoke Dill's Best, and almost all dealers sell it. J. G. Dill Company, Richmond, Va.

15¢

SINCE 1848

Dill's Best

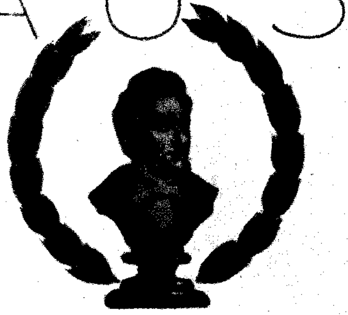
TOBACCO

Dill's Best—rubbed or sliced—is now sold almost everywhere in 15c pocket tins; comes also in half-pound and full-pound sizes.

AMERICA'S OLDEST BRAND—ESTABLISHED 1848

THE STORY OF GOODYEAR CHAPTER 12

CAUSE



It is characteristic of the forward-looking organization to seek to excel not only others but itself.

Thus, contemplating two years ago a proper celebration of Goodyear's Thirtieth Anniversary, Goodyear men set out to build the finest tire the world had ever seen.

Upon this task they focused the abilities of the largest and most experienced production and development departments in the rubber industry, striving regardless of cost for the tire that undeniably should be the masterpiece.

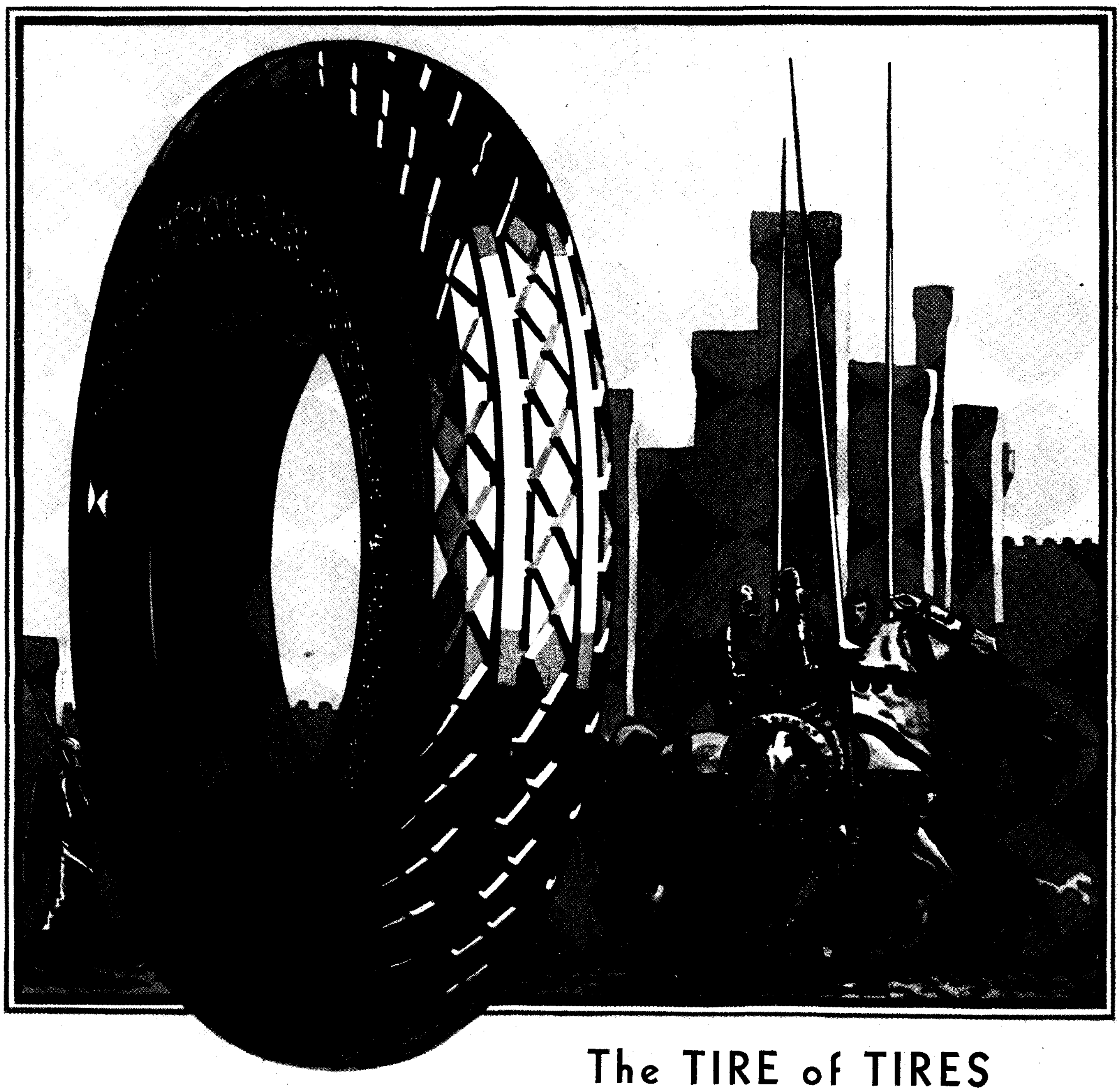
How well they succeeded has been revealed since in the Goodyear Double Eagle, which is, and always will be, our highest expression of that quality which protects our good name.

P. W. Litchfield
President

GOOD

THE STORY OF GOODYEAR CHAPTER 12

RESULT



The TIRE of TIRES

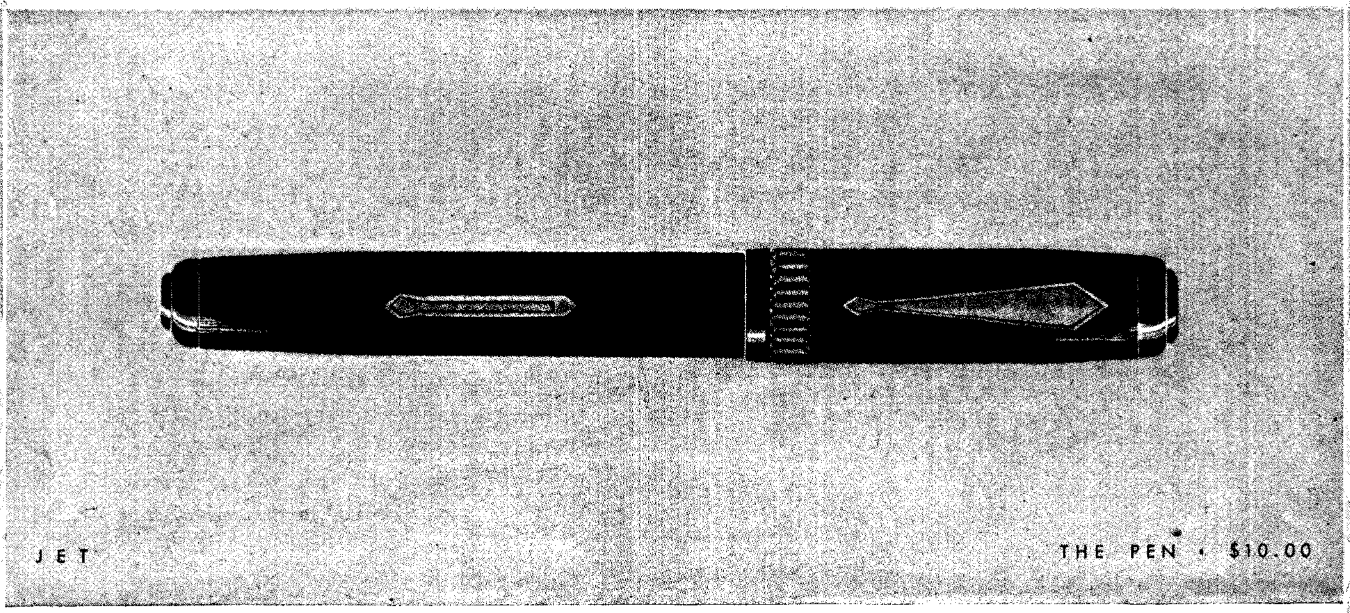
Since the introduction and wide acceptance of the Goodyear Double Eagle, many others have brought out copies of this outstanding tire, which, as copies always do, have served only to emphasize the unique value of the original.

YEAR

Copyright 1930, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

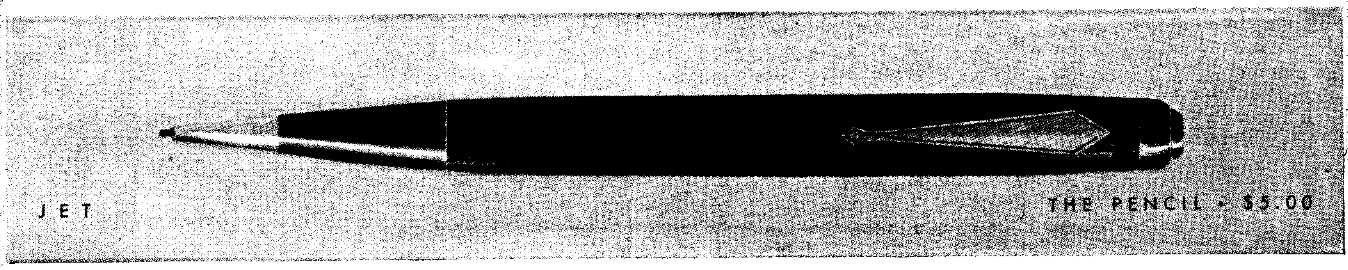
Waterman's new patrician pen—the modern beauty of a long line of distinguished Waterman's ancestors—is offered in five jewel colors; Jet, shown below, and Nacre, Emerald, Onyx, and Turquoise.

Styled to the minute, it is modeled as exactly to a man's grasp as to his modern taste. Beautiful to look at—and how smoothly it glides across the paper! This new pen is priced at $10, and the matching automatic pencils are $5.



If you wish a pen at a slightly lower price, there's Waterman's famous No. 7, the pen that offers you a choice of seven pen points. Try all seven—you'll find that *one* of them was just made for you. At $7.

Or, if five dollars is the price you have in mind, Waterman's No. 5, with five selected points to choose from, is just the pen you want. And remember, *every* fountain pen writes better if you use Waterman's ink.



Every Waterman's *is guaranteed forever against defects* • Service Stations are maintained at the addresses below for the purpose of making good our guarantee and for servicing our pens as required.

L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, New York • 129 South State St., Chicago • 40 School St., Boston • 609 Market St., San Francisco

Waterman's

Eyes Right

Continued from page 14

any room or even exteriors. They also prescribe the correct intensity for each. You may not consider your lighting problem serious enough to call in an illuminating engineer, but some effort should be made to hold your candlepower extravagance down to a minimum. Incidentally, it will probably reduce your lighting bills.

Most glare is caused by unintelligent use of, and is not a necessary product of, artificial lighting. It is quite a simple matter to reduce it and attain real lighting efficiency by installing only frosted bulbs in your sockets and, better still, in indirect lighting fixtures. Clear glass bulbs, which diffuse light poorly, should never be used, except in a totally enclosed globe of frosted glass.

Another familiar condition of excessive light action is snow blindness or the eye irritation caused by gazing at an electric welding flame. Such exposure of the eye, even briefly, to intense illumination or winter's glare brings about a chemical change in the ocular contents. When we foolishly subject our eyes to the dangers of improper lighting for long periods the same disagreeable reaction follows, and we wonder why!

"Visual Purple"

The eyes contain a peculiar substance called visual purple which has so far baffled the curiosity of scientists. Its chemical make-up is a mystery and its purpose rather vague, but it seems to have some functional and protective rôle in the ocular drama. Visual purple is constantly being produced and consumed, and under reasonable eye use a normal balance is maintained just as a storage battery in an automobile is kept charged by the car's generator.

Every motorist who drives at night should realize the blinding effect of glaring headlights on an approaching car. The present mode of using strong colors in great profusion in certain decorative schemes produces a similar strain upon your eyes, even though the menace is not as great.

Red is irritating to many people and when viewed overlong will induce a nervous irritation affecting the whole body. Its effect upon other than human beings is not definitely known, but at least one animal in the bovine family finds it highly offensive.

Blue is calming, as is green. Some of the neutral tones, such as gray, mauve, mixed blues and greens, are likewise soothing to the eye. Certain color combinations also have a definite reaction upon the sight, red and blue combining to set up a shimmering effect and a vibrating play of alternating colors in the eyes of susceptible persons, the sensation being quite painful.

In decorating your home the selection of colors kindest to the health is important. Savage red rays should be neutralized by associated calmer colors: blues, yellows, greens, and their blends.

Blue has been used with delightful effect in rooms occupied by persons ill of nervous maladies and its sedative effect has been proved more than a theory. That synthetic sunlight, yellow, is cheerful to the eyes, and is particularly adapted to rooms dark by day.

Eyeglasses are by no means cure-alls; some extreme cases of poor sight require surgical attention or may be hopeless. But we sight specialists recognize their curative value. It has been estimated on good authority that ninety per cent of the people we meet on the street every day are cheating their eyes by their failure to wear what modern youth calls "cheaters."

Properly fitted by capable persons, the wearing of glasses may relieve you of eye strain, headaches, dizziness, or the other physical and mental squalls traced to neglected or defective eyes. They are even capable of improving your disposition, chasing away that nervousness and irritation born in the eye-sockets. Far more important, they may save you from the void of sightlessness.

What Not to Do

Don't be alarmed by the rumors you may have heard about "eye drops" harming your eyes. The use of this mydriatic by the oculist in measuring eyes for glasses is merely to stop normal eye-focusing for a few hours. Great error in fitting glasses might occur if the eyes were left free to adjust themselves during the tests.

Another important "don't"—never select a pair of glasses for steady use without first consulting your eye specialist. Lenses of improper color, full of tiny streaks or imperceptible distortions in the glass texture may damage the eyes in time.

Those who do wear glasses may be led astray by sensitiveness to style in their selection of rims. Many oculists claim that the shell frame, which has swept the country during recent years, is a sad substitute for the sturdier metal type. Shell material may soften from the heat of the body and consequently glasses so constructed require careful attention to keep them in wearable condition. A frame distorted by heat-softening means that the lenses will be correspondingly decentered; that is, not properly focused for the wearer's eyes. The result is a disagreeable pulling sensation upon the sight. Perhaps it is fortunate that the shell mode is passing and metal frames steadily coming back.

Avoid wearing dark colored lenses constantly even if they do seem to relieve your eye troubles. The eyes need a certain amount of light stimulation—it's a sort of optical nourishment in which starvation is to be avoided as well as overeating. The lighter shades of anti-glare glasses are harmless, but the real black variety is suited only to those rare cases of eyes which are always inflamed or hypersensitive.

What is a cataract? People in general have a very hazy idea of this storm cloud which often precedes the black night of blindness. Many believe it to be a growth over the *outside* of the eyeball which may be removed by a surgeon as easily as peeling the skin from a banana.

Not so simple as that! Cataract is a clouding of the lens *inside* the eyeball, this lens being suspended just back of the black pupil. When the lens becomes clouded, light rays are prevented from reaching the optic nerve; the more clouding, the greater interference to the rays' passage, and consequently the greater impairment of the sight.

The causes of this malady are varied. It often follows diabetes; and some medical authorities even blame reading in bed for a considerable number of cataract cases seen. Despite the various remedies, honest and otherwise, exploited for the cure of cataract, it is strictly a surgical condition requiring expert attention.

External eye wounds are often caused by dirt, tiny cinders or other foreign objects. Those which do not penetrate the eyeball but are only on the surface are not dangerous since they usually receive prompt attention. The kindly tears—without which our eyes would promptly cease to function at all—will generally attend to the removal of small particles of dirt or cinders provided they do not become embedded in the eyeball. A few seconds' rapid flow of tears will suffice. The eye should never be rubbed, since this only serves to bury the foreign body more deeply in the eye tissue and may cause real trouble. The instinctive use of a handkerchief corner or an exploring finger in one of those minor operations we seem to enjoy performing is unsafe, for the eye may be abraded and laid open to infection from a bacteria-laden atmosphere, which is almost any atmosphere.

Boric acid is greatly overrated as an eye remedy; any doctor will tell you that it is of little medicinal value and practically useless in clearing the eye of obnoxious visitors. Other home remedies may be as futile, even harmful, unless prescribed by your oculist, who will tell you the purpose and limitations of each.

At least once every two years an examination is essential, for during that period your eyes will have undergone a change normal to all of us, and your glasses, if you wear them, will no longer be correct. By this time the lenses may be covered with tiny scratches almost invisible but decidedly detrimental to the orbs they are supposed to protect.

Danger Signs

Here are some of the common symptoms of eye strain which might be corrected by wearing of properly fitted glasses. Discovery of one or more of these danger signs should send you posthaste to your eye specialist:

Headache over the region of the eyebrows, often accompanied by a feeling of pressure in the back of the head.

Inability to read for more than a few minutes at a time without a sense of eye irritation and a desire to close the eyes or to sleep for a short time. A feeling as of sand or grit inside the lids, twitching of the lids, often accompanied by dark circles beneath the eyes.

Sore lids with tiny scales on the lid margins, and loss of lashes.

Lids found stuck together upon awakening in the morning.

A dull pain in and about the eyeballs, reaching its peak (especially in office workers' eyes) about four or five o'clock in the afternoon. (Morning pain is more likely due to a nasal cause, except in acute eye disease.)

Undue sensitiveness to ordinary lighting conditions.

Nervous and irritable disposition.

A final word to parents: If your child's eyes cross now and then, even slightly and momentarily, hustle him off to the oculist immediately and have them examined under "drops." At this stage your child's sight demands expert care, otherwise you may have to face an ever-recurring accusation of your own neglect.

Cross-eyed people do not have to be so, but the proper time to correct this deficiency is when it is first observed. Then it is generally not difficult to prevent or to cure. If neglected until after the child has passed its fourth year, however, the situation is more serious. The wearing of correcting glasses may not be of any use at this advanced stage, and it may prove to be a case for surgical intervention.

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100 Horsepower
125″ Wheelbase
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Straight EIGHT
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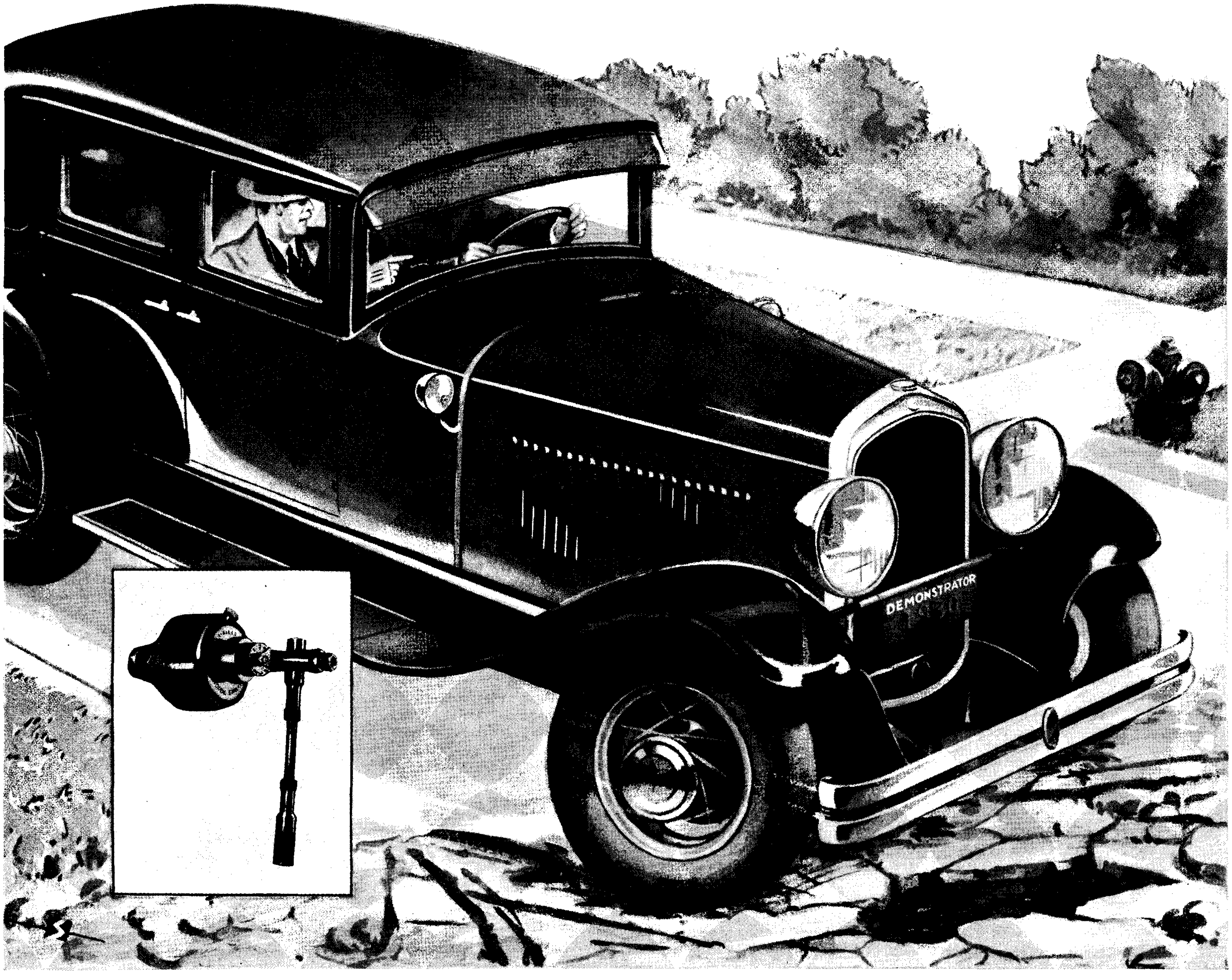
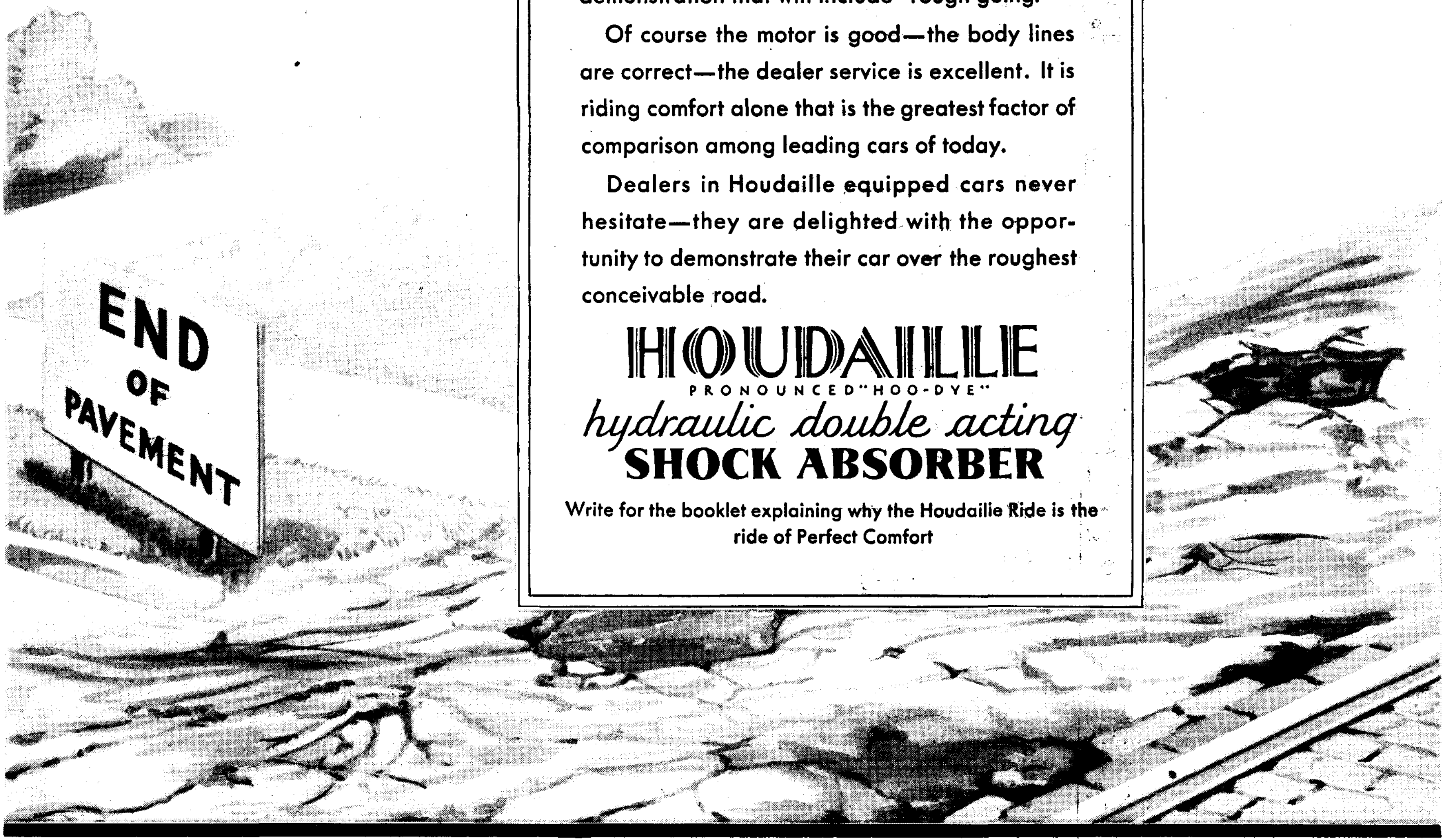
EVEN A

WHEELBARROW

When you buy a new car—insist on a rough road ride! A demonstration on smooth concrete means nothing!



RIDES *"EASY"* ON A BOULEVARD



How about the cobblestones—railroad crossings—defective pavements—and rough detours? That's the only true test of riding comfort. After you own the car you will encounter such conditions every day—hence you must insist on a demonstration that will include "rough going."

Of course the motor is good—the body lines are correct—the dealer service is excellent. It is riding comfort alone that is the greatest factor of comparison among leading cars of today.

Dealers in Houdaille equipped cars never hesitate—they are delighted with the opportunity to demonstrate their car over the roughest conceivable road.

HOUDAILLE
PRONOUNCED "HOO-DYE"
hydraulic double acting
SHOCK ABSORBER

Write for the booklet explaining why the Houdaille Ride is the ride of Perfect Comfort

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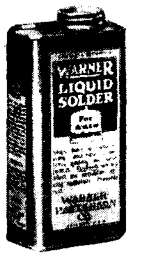

Especially if you have had anti-freeze in your cooling system, you should be sure to do this; drain the radiator completely; then flush it thoroughly until all the waste matter is cleaned out; finally put in clean water and add a can of Warner Liquid Solder, to repair any leaks which have developed during the Winter. This also prevents water seeping past cylinder head gaskets, into motor. Guaranteed Safe, and absolutely will not clog circulation. On sale everywhere.

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if your car is equipped with a Warner Penetreen Valve Lubricator. Works Automatically from engine vacuum. Control is by accelerator. Film of oil sent to each valve, every time you "step on the gas." Dissolves gum on valve stems; eliminates sticking; stops valve noises; softens carbon on cylinder heads; loosens gummed piston rings; improves engine performance. Get a Warner-Penetreen Valve Lubricator today from garage, accessory, hardware store; installed on your car in 20 minutes.

$2.50
Complete with can of oil

Sent post-paid if dealer cannot supply you.

Send for interesting engineering report.
Warner-Patterson Co., 913 So. Mich. Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Lion and the Lamb

Continued from page 17

here. It's a bad place. I'm sure it's bad. If only I can get away. . . ."

Her dress was half on when the door opened. Lem presented himself—Lem almost at his worst, brutal-looking, still unshaved, reeking with the fumes of the whisky he drank hour by hour. He looked across at Sophy, and he grinned. Then he closed the door behind him.

"This looks like a bit of all right," he remarked. "Come and sit down and chat a little with me, young lady. We're fellow patients, eh?"

He lurched across the room toward her. Perhaps for the first time in her life Sophy knew fear. Everything that was ugly and vicious there, coming nearer every minute—the red light in the eyes, the sensuous parting of the lips. She laid her finger upon the bell and screamed. Somewhere there seemed to be another bell ringing. She screamed louder still.

"Blast you! Drop that!" Lem muttered savagely. "Not that it will do you any good. I'm boss here. They'll do what I say. I'm going to lock the door, and teach you to behave yourself."

He bent over the key, and turned it. Then he staggered toward her with a grin of triumph.

Once more her cry of agony rang through the place. The door leading into the theater was suddenly thrown open. One of the strangest figures imaginable reeled into the room—to Sophy, a heaven-sent, amazing figure.

"David," she cried, "thank God you're alive! This man, he's locked the door! Oh, how ill you look! What have they done to you, dear!"

LEM made unsteady but triumphant progress toward them. The vicious light of hate blazed in his eyes. There was bestiality in his grin. David, for one moment, swayed upon his feet. He half closed his eyes as though in prayer. He drew a long breath. Very gently he pushed Sophy to one side. Lem's leer of anticipation became more marked. The disturbing sound of that other bell was forgotten. Here was the man he hated, at his mercy. He half rolled, half sprang toward him. . . .

David himself never really knew how it happened, what opening he used, what feint he made, what he did with his feet. He only knew that for one moment, as though he had breathed Samson's immortal prayer to some listening deity, strength seemed to flow back into his body—a wild, strange moment, with a singing in his ears, and throbbing at his heart. He felt Lem's whisky breath almost in his nostrils, the actual pain to his knuckles as they crashed into the other man's face. A moment's sickness! A moment's triumph! A moment's brutality! Then he found Sophy pulling at his rude, brown dressing-gown.

"You've killed him, David! Let him be! Oh, David!"

She was sobbing in his arms—for the first time in her life hysterical. David was leaning against the foot of the bed, looking at the senseless heap upon the floor. The bell was ringing louder and louder. Suddenly it stopped. There were voices now in the distance. David felt his knees crumpling.

"Sophy," he faltered, "you've come here—for me—to this ghastly hell."

"I found the diamond," she cried. "I have brought it with me."

"What do you mean?"

"I made myself very nice to Lady Frankley," she went on. "She asked me down for the day. Whilst she was asleep in the afternoon I went through those rooms again. I can't tell you what made me think of it, David, but at the first corner you passed, on the top of the bookcases, there is a big china bowl filled with dried rose leaves."

A curious wave of reminiscence flashed into his face.

"Child," he exclaimed, "that's where I put it. I caught up a great handful of the leaves, dropped it in, and put them back again."

She nodded.

"They looked as though they hadn't been disturbed for centuries," she said. "It was there, almost at the bottom."

He held his forehead for a minute.

"You found the diamond, yes," he muttered, "but how did you find out this poisonous place, Sophy?"

"I had a strange note," she confided. "A waiter from the Milan brought it. It wasn't signed, but I know whom it was from. It was from that beautiful woman who was murdered there. Just a few words scrawled across the paper, giving me this address, and saying that if I offered them the diamond here they'd give you up."

"But to bring it yourself! This place!"

"I didn't dare give it to the police," she interrupted. "You wouldn't go yourself, and I was afraid you'd be angry if I did. I came here, and pretended to faint. What a fool I was! David, shall we ever get away?"

There was a thundering knock at the door. Neither of them had the strength to get up and turn the key.

"It's that terrible doctor!" she sobbed. "David, what a fool I've been!"

"Open the door," someone called.

"Who are you?" David demanded.

"The police. Open in the name of the law."

They looked at each other.

"Milsom's found us," David cried. "Can you open the door, Sophy? I can't stand up."

She turned the key, and stood away just in time, for the lower panels were shattered by a terrific blow, and the lock and everything parted. Through the débris plunged two large, kind-looking men, and after them a sandy-haired, freckled little person who almost tumbled over Lem's prostrate body.

"Thank God, we're in time!" he exclaimed, holding out his hands.

Revolver shots rang out from below. They heard them unmoved. David half rose.

"I'd get down," he faltered, "but I'm done. I'm through with fighting for today. I think I've killed that carrion."

Milsom produced a flask, and forced it between his lips.

"Don't you worry," he begged. "You've only saved him from the gallows if you have. They need no help downstairs. We've relays of men in reserve. . . . Oh, David, Lord Newberry, why wouldn't you open your mouth to us!"

"I was a fool," David groaned. "Tell me, who did give them away in the end?"

The detective came as near a smile as the conditions permitted.

"Tottie Green," he confided.

Six o'clock chimed. Sophy, with a great sigh of relief, leaned forward and pressed the bell. Dowson, whose entrance was almost unexpectedly prompt, required no orders. He entered, carrying a cocktail shaker, and followed by a footman with glasses and many bottles upon a tray.

"I took the liberty, my lord, of bringing the larger shaker," he said, "it being your first evening down."

"After the story I've been listening to," the Marquis remarked, "I could drink cocktails out of a bucket."

Dowson threw himself into his task as he had never done before. Even the glasses, when he brought them round, were of a larger size than usual. His bow as he handed the tray to Sophy was almost reverential. The latter was leaning back in her accustomed chair. The excitement of their joint narration had brought a new light into her eyes. David, notwithstanding his illness, seemed younger. The lines had gone from his face. He took Sophy's hand as he raised his glass to his lips.

"God bless you both!" Glendower invoked fervently. "After all you've gone through, I'm bringing the shaker round the next time. I'm only a lad of sixty-six, and never yet has anything happened to me like that. Now for a few more questions, if you don't mind."

"The period of strain is past," David confided. "I can piece the whole thing together now. I think I can answer anything you want to know."

"THAT fellow, Cannon Ball Lem," the Marquis inquired, "he never recovered from your blow?"

"He was pretty well done before," David replied. "They took him to the hospital, but he died in two days."

"What a wiping up!" Glendower reflected. "That chap they call Reuben?"

"He'll hang, and serves him right," David announced shortly. "They got nearly all the other leaders of the gang, smashed the place to pieces, and one of the most treasured possessions of Scotland Yard today is Tottie Green's safe. That terrible old man had a record of everything the Lambs have done, every exploit, every robbery, every killing since the gang was formed."

"One of the greatest criminals of the century," the Marquis observed.

David set down his empty glass.

"I can't help thinking," he pronounced, "that there was really something great about Tottie Green. He was a dirty, cruel, grasping old man, with evil habits, and he signed the death warrant of any person who crossed his path, without remorse or a single second's pity. Yet, remember this: he looked after that girl—his partner's girl—lavished money on her schooling, did everything for her. She was the one soft spot of color in his life.

"Remember this too: he was proud of his gang, he loathed like nothing on earth the thought of a squealer, yet the moment he knew that Reuben had killed her, think what he did. He finished with life. He went up to the place the very name of which he detested, to Scotland Yard itself—he, Tottie Green—and there he sat, and one by one he gave them all away. He brought down the pillars of his own temple, if any man ever did, and he sent Reuben to the gallows just because of that girl. No, there was something great about Tottie Green. Marquis!"

The Marquis replenished the glasses.

"The man who achieves one act of greatness," he declared, raising his glass to his lips, "sometimes atones for a life of crime."

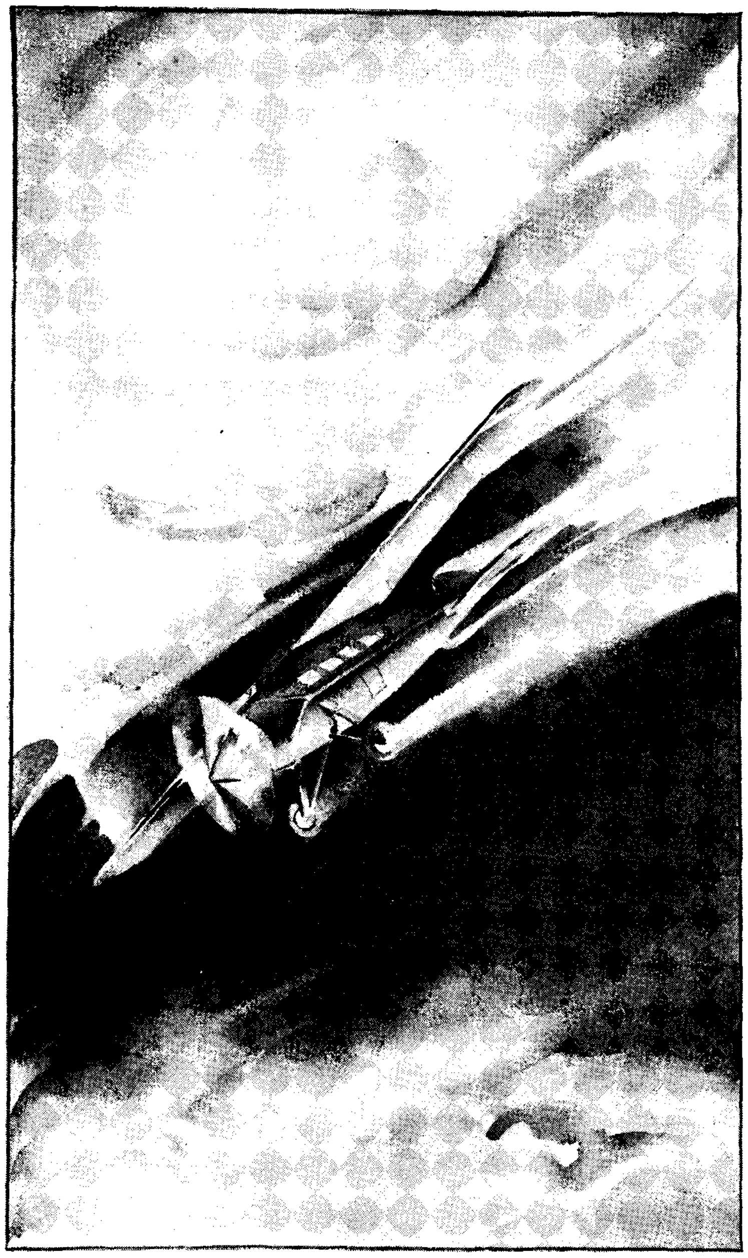
"He hated me," David said. "He planned to do me to death. He was a murderer and a brute, yet I, too, am going to drink once more to Tottie Green."

"And I, too," Sophy echoed, "because, after all, he saved David for me."

The toast was "Tottie Green!"

THE END

HUDSON'S Great 8



A totally New Type

You must discover it yourself

Fascinating - Beautiful - Economical

"Altogether different" — "Like a totally new mode of transportation." — "Never experienced such thrilling action with so much assurance." — "A new standard of value and fascinating beauty."

You will want to discover for yourself this new car that everyone is talking about. The differences, exciting such wide comment, result from a new design principle. Motor vibration, so slight, is hardly perceptible. It gives smoothness like coasting. Greater horse-power in proportion to weight increases alertness. It is the same principle as in current airplane development. Motor power thus has real chance to be effective, saving in fuel and more economical in every way.

Every chassis detail is newly designed. It is wholly Hudson and wholly individual. Lower center of gravity contributes to roadability. So do two-way shock absorbers and new reinforced axle construction. Entirely new frame design, full length, compound lower flange makes for positive rigidity.

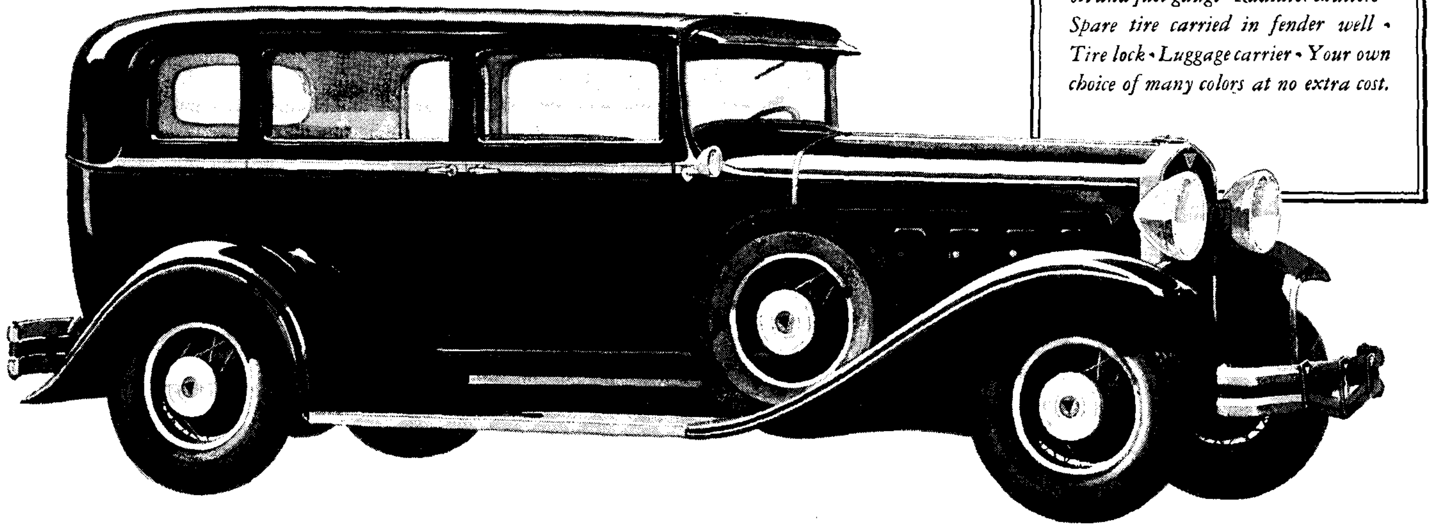
There is new smartness—modernistic, distinctive. Radiator, fenders, body contours and paneling reflect it. Accessories are built in and made part of the car; their use was designed when the car and body were laid out.

Roof line is lower, yet head room is greater, road clearance increased. Wider seats—more comfort. All with a brilliancy of performance that makes motoring a joyous relaxation.

But the biggest accomplishment is that these qualities are available in Hudson's well-known price range. Finance terms the lowest available.

FEATURES

Great power in proportion to weight • Low set motor—straight line drive • Ten body types on two chassis lengths • Four 2-way shock absorbers • Engine starter on dash • Electrolock—electric oil and fuel gauge • Radiator shutters • Spare tire carried in fender well • Tire lock • Luggage carrier • Your own choice of many colors at no extra cost.



WHY BUILD TIRES ANYWHERE ELSE?

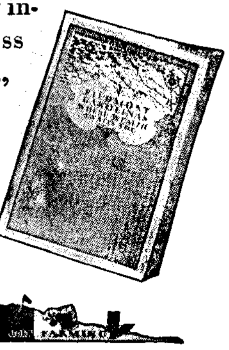
MANUFACTURERS of tires—like those in many other lines—are put to it to justify branch plant locations elsewhere once they have the facts about Piedmont Carolinas.

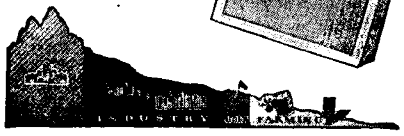
Here is the center of tire cord and fabric manufacture. Low overhead, high production, and short, favorable hauls to a rich sectional market where car ownership is increasing most rapidly, combine to attract the tire industry.

Engineers who weigh carefully *every* factor can reach but one conclusion:

For cost of land and plant, for low overhead and high productiveness, for accessibility to the richest markets of the Atlantic seaboard, and for a complete agreement of all the factors that assure success—there is no location so favorable as Piedmont Carolinas.

Executives who want *all* the facts should read this book—"*Piedmont Carolinas.*" A more specific survey of the success-factors of this region will be presented to manufacturers who are seriously interested. Address Industrial Dept., Room 336, Mercantile Bldg., Charlotte, N. C.





DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

Where there's Gold

Continued from page 20

agreed. "They been playmates for years."

"What would they be fightin' about?" Mr. Decker inquired significantly. The dry rancher slapped himself.

"They found somethin' and got to squabblin'."

"Sure they found somethin'. Can you go back there to the same spot?"

"I would hope to say I can," McKim replied, his eyes shining.

"Get your truck ready," commanded Decker, who was the sort that automatically takes charge of enterprises.

In the sunny hospital Marty and Zodiac were duly probed, bandaged in many places and laid out in twin beds to regain their health.

"What were you fighting about?" the doctor asked, when his patients were able to converse.

"Fightin'?" Zodiac repeated gravely. "Who was fightin'?"

"I didn't see no fightin'," Marty added. "Somebody's been stringin' you, Doc."

"Then how'd you get all shot up this way?" the physician asked sternly.

"We was attacked by Indians," Marty replied. "Hundreds of 'em on wild cayuses. Wonder we ever got out alive."

Without saying anything to others in town, Jim McKim and Harley Decker left Mill City in the faithful truck and in due time arrived at the scene of recent combat, where they proceeded to look about. They found Marty's cap and a tobacco pouch, and Harley knocked the top off a bit of rock and stepped back in admiration. There was a yellow gleam where his hammer struck. He shouted and McKim came on the run.

"Gold!" he roared.

"Sure is," Harley cried, and continued pounding with his hammer. For the ensuing hour two busy investigators darted here and there, tapping and looking, and that moment saw the birth of Rim Canyon discovery, a gold mine that has made many persons comfortable.

"No wonder them old hellions got to shootin'," McKim remarked.

HASTILY the discoverers staked out claims, which were afterward disputed and prepared to return to Mill City. A bedraggled burro came slowly into sight and stared at them.

"There's Marty's burro," McKim said in astonishment. "Poor little feller must be in a bad way by now."

They captured the animal without trouble, loaded Mary Jane aboard the truck and returned to Mill City, where, in celebration of a new and glorious discovery of gold, Mr. McKim indiscreetly filled himself with potent liquors, and while so inspired confided to a few intimate friends that the adjacent mountains were shining with yellow gold. The burro was given a temporary home in Gurber's Livery & Garage. Within twelve hours of McKim's confidential announcement the entire population of Mill City picked up and began moving toward Rim Canyon, and the discovery was no longer a gentleman's secret. In a week the mountains were crawling with venturesome persons who came in cars, motorcycles and all forms of conveyance, and the battle for possession was on, led by Harley Decker and Jim McKim.

People hurried in from San Francisco and points north, and a regulation gold rush ensued, and in the meantime Zodiac and Marty idled in their little beds in Mill City hospital and perused the papers. At first they refused to believe the black headlines and said it was all a durned lie somebody had thought up to make them feel miserable, but when Harley Decker came to see how they fared, bringing with him a chunk of pure gold as large as an egg, Zodiac looked across at his partner and grinned.

"Looks like we started somethin'," he murmured, "and ain't it our luck to be here in bed?"

THE fire of battle had long since faded from Marty's watery eyes and he listened calmly to Decker's story of wealth and excitement.

"I knew," Harley concluded, "when I heard about you two trying to murder each other, that you must have struck gold."

"You're a smart feller, Harley," Zodiac said feebly. "You'll prob'ly wind up rich."

"Wind up rich! I'm rich right now. Mine are the best claims in Rim Canyon, and they should be seeing I got there first—that is, after you and Marty."

When the visitor had departed, leaving his golden egg for the invalids to toy with, Zodiac gazed wanly at the companion of his sorrows.

"What do you know?" he inquired vaguely. "Ain't that funny? We hit gold and we don't know it."

"I heard of funnier things," Marty answered. "How much longer we goin' to be laid up in this dang hospital?"

"My leg's still pretty bad," Zodiac stated, "you murderin' old reptile."

"All right," Marty grunted, "but after this don't be startin' trouble with me. I'm nobody to start trouble with."

In the weeks that followed Mr. Decker generously offered the prospectors a slice of his wealth, which was refused in scorn.

"But," Harley argued, "after all, you really discovered Rim Canyon."

"We don't want nothin'," Marty said decidedly, "except maybe you might stake us to a new outfit."

"I'll do that gladly, but it is not enough."

"It's enough for us," they said, and stuck to it, and so Mr. Decker, out of his largess, purchased new and perfect prospecting equipment for a couple of elderly men who were about to set forth into the wilds again as soon as nature permitted. There being so many suddenly wealthy persons in and about Mill City, all beneficiaries of Rim Canyon gold, Mr. Decker proposed a dinner of honor at the Mill City Hotel. This invitation was placed before the convalescents.

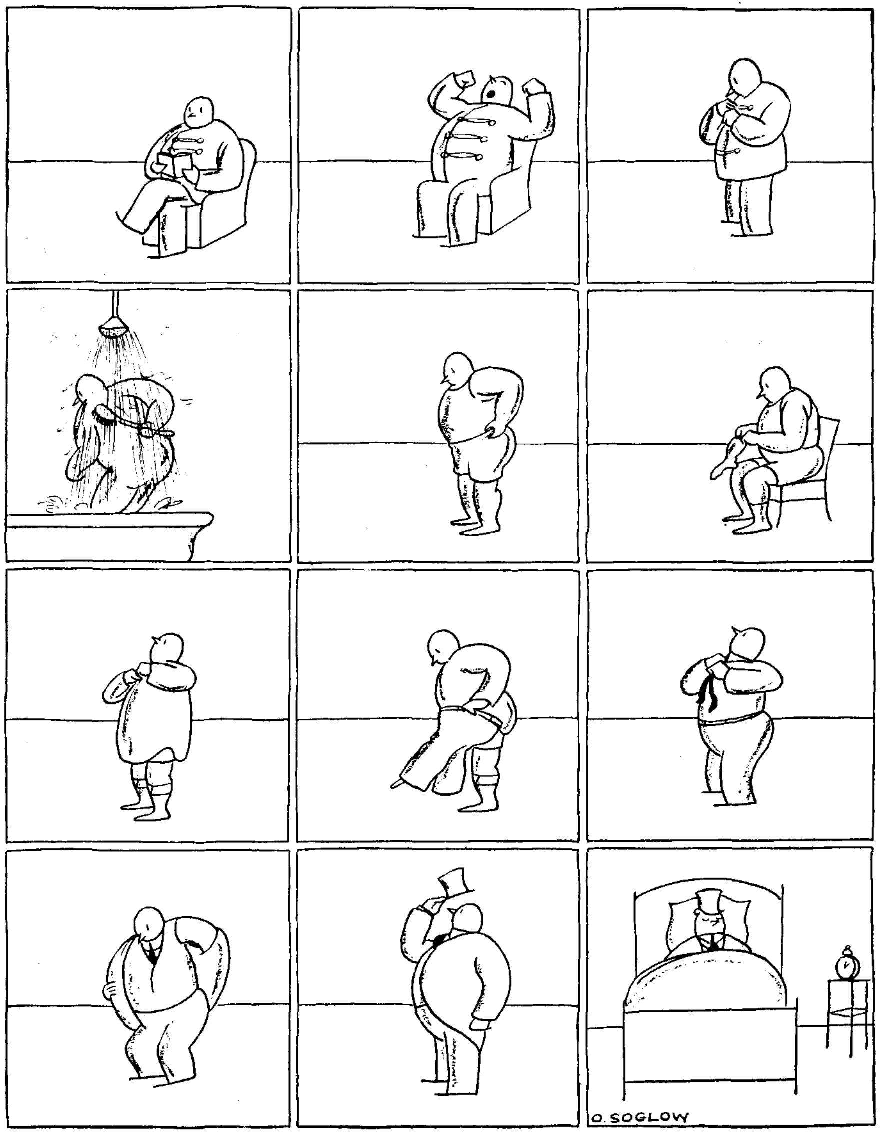
"Why, sure," Marty agreed in an unguarded moment. "We'll eat with you, won't we, Zodiac?"

"Yeh," that person agreed. "We'd eat with anybody."

THE dinner was arranged, the date selected, and the guests of honor gave it no further thought until the hour of its approach, which was the evening of their final day in the Mill City hospital. Down the street, in Gurber's Livery & Garage, waited their fresh equipment. They would dine in state with admiring gentlemen and then head for the silent places they knew so well. A nurse startled them late in the afternoon of their last day.

"Where are your evening clothes?" she asked Zodiac.

(*Continued on page 44*)



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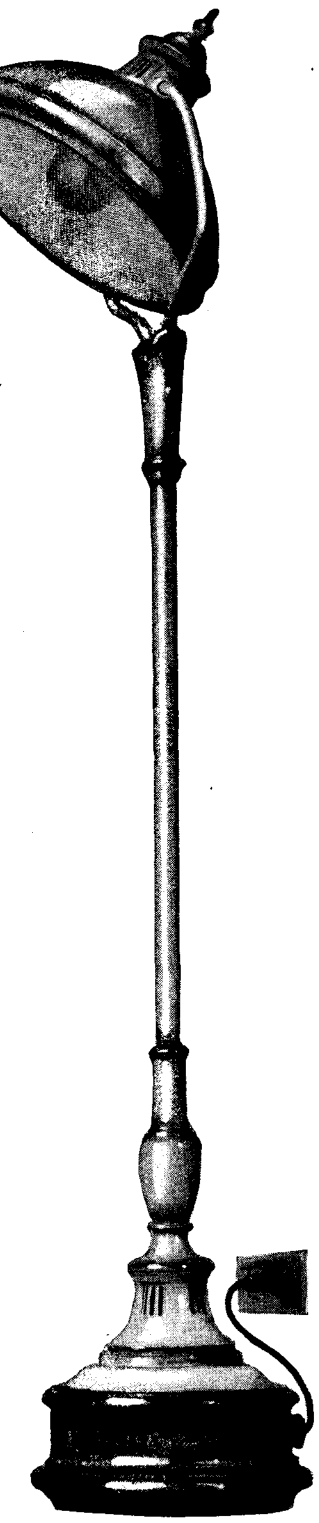

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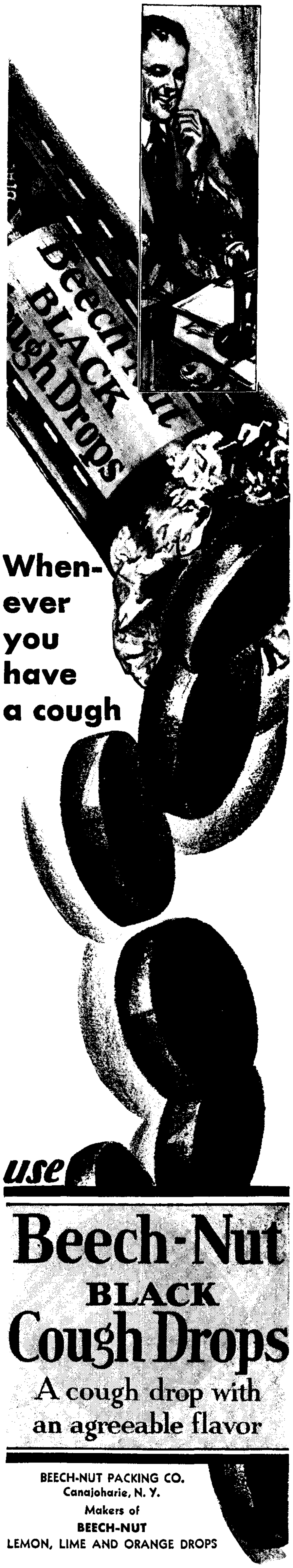
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Where there's Gold

Continued from page 42

"Where is our what?"

"You surely are not going to be guests of honor in your old clothes? Aren't you going to dress up?"

"Y'hear what she says?" Zodiac uneasily asked Marty, who stood near by and heard perfectly.

"Don't be foolish," the partner replied. "We're goin' in our regular clothes. What would we be doin' with evenin' clothes?"

"Very well," continued the nurse, who was young and pretty and seemed bent upon making them unhappy. "Which one of you will make the speech? Or will you both speak?"

"Listen, nursie," said Zodiac. "You got your geography all wrong. We're goin' out tonight to eat with Decker and those people."

"If you are guests of honor at a dinner, and you are just that, you will have to respond to the toasts. All guests of honor respond to toasts."

With this crushing news the pretty nurse left them standing in the sunshine, staring at each other.

"There may be somethin' in what the lady says," Zodiac reflected. "We might have to make a speech."

"Not me," Marty returned, hauling out a plug of tobacco, which he had been permitted again after long abstinence.

"Let's go over to the livery," Zodiac suggested, "and have a look around."

Mr. Joe Gurber of Gurber's Livery & Garage greeted the old-timers as they limped slowly in.

"Where you going?" he asked, a note of surprise in his voice.

"Gonna hit the trail," Marty answered. "And we're in a hurry. Where's that new outfit Decker got for us?"

"I thought you were going to a big dinner tonight?" Joe said mildly.

"Never you mind what you thought. Where is that new burro?"

STILL looking surprised, Mr. Gurber led the battle-scarred veterans to the rear of the garage and pointed with pride to the new pack burro, which stood munching in a stall.

"There is one swell young burro," he said admiringly, "strong as an ox. And wait until you cast an eye on the pack-saddle and other junk."

Marty paused and gazed not at the husky young burro but toward the other side of the building, where stood a familiar figure.

"There's Mary Jane," he said finally.

"Where?" demanded Zodiac, turning from contemplation of the new things.

"Over there."

"Well, blast me if it ain't," murmured Zodiac. "How'd she ever get in here?"

"Jim McKim brought her over in his truck," explained the liveryman. "She was out there starvin' to death where you left her."

The two slowly turned from the moth-eaten and elderly little beast that had led them into trouble and warfare and many painful wounds—and indirectly to a pot of fine gold for other men to dig up and put in the bank.

"When you starting?" Mr. Gurber inquired.

"Right this minute," said Zodiac. "Let's git goin' while we got plenty of time."

The gay young burro was prepared for the trail, the prospectors aiding Joe Gurber, and audibly admiring the thoroughness of Harley Decker.

"Now you got a burro," Joe said, poking the new acquisition in the ribs.

"Yeh," agreed Marty. "Harley found us a good one. No doubt about that. And look at that saddle!"

IN NO time at all they stood ready for the open road, ready to resume their endless hunt for yellow metal, far from the haunts of man where silly people ask you to make speeches and wear dinner clothes. They lingered behind Gurber's Livery & Garage, surveying the new animal, obviously young, tough and stout of heart. . . . In the shadows Mary Jane switched her short and hairless tail and looked out with melancholy eyes upon the departure of old friends.

"Well," said Marty in an impatient voice, and turning upon Zodiac, who was vigorously chewing fine cut, "what are you waitin' for?"

"Me?" said Zodiac. "I ain't waitin'."

"Come on, then."

"All right. All right."

But Zodiac made no move to start. And despite his words, Marty dawdled, remaining where he was at the hip bone of the new burro.

"I'm thinkin'," Zodiac said slowly.

"Well, what are you thinkin'?"

"We might be makin' a mistake, Marty."

"About what?"

"About leavin' Mary Jane," Zodiac continued, avoiding his companion's eye. "After all, she done it. If it wasn't for her, there wouldn't be no Rim Canyon Gold Mine today."

"You said somethin'," Marty agreed.

"She sure made a heap of trouble for us, pardner, but she likewise had a foot in all this gold rush, and our trade is findin' gold."

"Yeah."

"So I was wonderin'."

"Which way?"

"Mebbe our luck might be a little better if we stuck to Mary Jane, instead of experimentin'."

Mr. Carpenter walked slowly around the new pack animal, never giving it a glance. "Joe," he said, "you got the pack on the wrong burro. We're takin' Mary Jane with us. If you like this new one, you can have him. Otherwise, turn him loose."

JOE looked at the ancient twain in astonishment as they moved into the livery and appeared instantly with Mary Jane. She was chewing contentedly on a wisp of hay, and laid back her ears, as she always did, when the pack was adjusted.

"So long, Joe," the wanderers said, and Joe grinned.

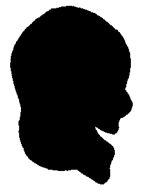
"Good luck," he said. "Hope you find what you're looking for."

"Follow us," returned Zodiac cheerily, "and you'll get rich. We know where there's gold, don't we, Marty?"

"Sure do," said his partner, and Mary Jane moved away into the afternoon shadows, followed slowly by her two friends.

Draw one in the Dark

THE result may surprise you. These educated curves will make pictures almost of their own accord. For instance, you can't go wrong on the proportions of a skull: the pieces take care of that for you. And they'll help you with the features. But the type and expression are up to you. And what a variety there is!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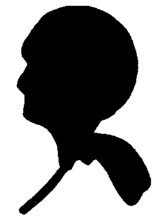
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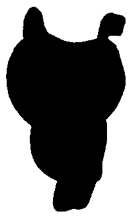
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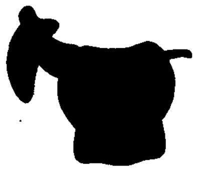
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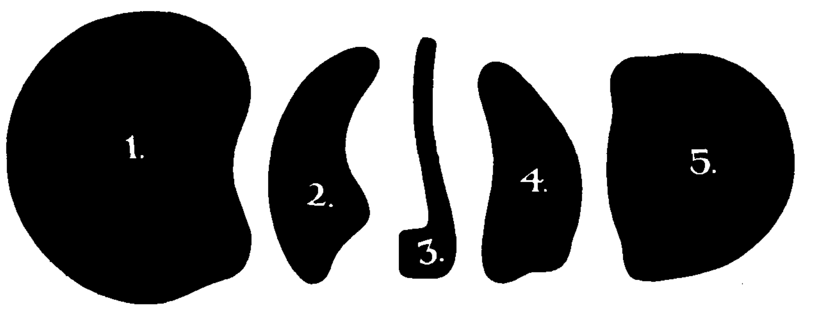
Here are the pieces—cut them out

CUT out these five black figures. For greater ease in manipulation, mount each separately on cardboard. Then lay them on top of one another and shift them about until you have achieved a silhouette of the person, animal or plant you have in mind. When you are satisfied with the result, paste the pieces together and mail them to: Colliergraphs Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. Five dollars each will be paid for those published. None can be returned.



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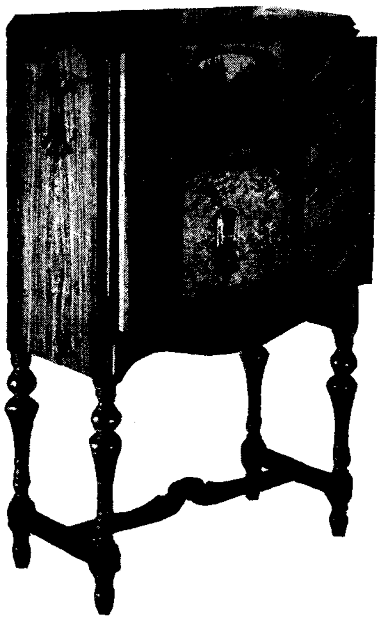

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BALANCED·UNIT RADIO

Girls Demand Excitement

Continued from page 10

Before I could answer, John Cabot gave up, got up, and went inside.

"What have you got against John?" I asked.

"I'm not interested in philanderers," she said coldly.

"You mean you've discovered John is faithless?"

She nodded. "I was . . . I mean we were . . . engaged to be married," she confided solemnly.

"An old Spanish custom," I said. "And now you're not?"

She shook her head.

"That's another custom," I said. "Never mind. You'll patch it up."

"No, we won't. You see, John was dancing with Mimi Scott, and they went out onto the porch, and then I went out with Tod and he was kissing her."

"Tod?"

"No . . . no," she said impatiently. "John. It was John. Kissing Mimi. And she was one of my best friends at school, too."

"Then you both should have stayed there," I said.

I LEFT Neva and tried to find Mimi but couldn't.

And while I was wondering where she was, there was a screech of brakes and wheels, and Babs jumped out of her roadster, and said, "'Afternoon."

I said, "*Good* afternoon. Seen anything of Mimi?"

"Just a few minutes ago."

"Good," I said. "We had a date for luncheon but something must have happened. We'll have tea, anyway."

Babs bit her lips and then said, "I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed."

"Am I?"

For a moment she just stood before me, not saying anything, and then she sort of shrugged her shoulders. "I suppose you'll hate me for telling you, but she got up early and went off with Jerry Saunders. I heard them dating up last night after you left."

I said, "Oh," and lit a cigarette.

Babs sat down on the running board, and after a minute I sat down beside her.

"Are you terribly in love with Mimi, Pell?"

"I'm engaged to her . . . or was."

Babs said, "Have you ever been in love with anyone else? I guess you haven't had time, though, have you?"

"Time?"

"I mean," Babs explained, "Mimi has managed to keep you pretty busy herself."

"I suppose so."

"The trouble with you, Pell," Babs said, after a moment, "is that you're out of step. You don't understand Mimi, for one thing. Her type, I mean."

"All right," I said. "Have it your own way."

Babs sighed. "I'm only trying to help you."

"Thanks," I said, "but why all the sudden interest?"

For a moment she didn't answer. Then she said huskily, "It's just that I want you to be happy, Pell."

"You're a sweet child," I said.

"I'm not a child," Babs protested indignantly. "I'm heaps older than you are. Really I am. At least I know what it's all about."

"What what's all about?"

"All this. Mimi and her mob. The famous lost generation. These moderns . . . the hard-boiled gang that looks everything straight in the eye and if it's slightly cock-eyed so much the better. . . ."

"You sound like a sob sister," I cut in. "Why get all hot and bothered?"

"I'm not," Babs said, "and I don't care what I sound like. The thing is, when are you going to wake up, Pell?"

I said, "Are you confusing me with Rip Van Winkle?"

"I'm not confusing you with any kind of rip," Babs said. "I couldn't. What I mean is: Mimi belongs to one generation, you don't seem to belong to any, and I belong to them all. You can't play much of a game, Pell, sitting on the sidelines. And if you don't wake up now you will . . . some day."

Just then John Cabot Adams walked by, burdened down with a pair of tennis rackets. Babs watched him disappear and sighed and then said, "At least he knows something about women."

"Meaning that I don't?"

Babs looked at me as though she hadn't heard.

"Excitement," she murmured. "Girls of Mimi's sort must have excitement. Did you ever do anything exciting? Spontaneously, I mean?"

"Sure," I said, "I had a fight with a taxi driver when I was a freshman."

"Mimi likes the unexpected," Babs went on. "If you *really* expect to hold her, you'll have to snap out of it and do something."

"Fine," I said, "we'll go swimming."

We found Teddy Van Alstyne and Tod Walker down by the pool, and half a dozen other assorted couples hanging about the diving boards.

Babs dabbled a toe experimentally in the water and said, "There's something else I forgot to tell you about this generation, Pell."

I said, "Shoot."

"There aren't any rules," she said, "except, maybe, broken ones."

"Hell," I said, "let's swim."

So we dove together and swam around the pool a couple of times and then we climbed out and lay on our backs and turned our faces up toward the sun. All the while I kept thinking of Mimi and Babs and the things Babs had said and I began to wonder if a man could be in love with a girl for years only to find out that he wasn't, and I looked over at Babs, lounging beside me in the sun, and decided that she looked her age after all.

MIMI and Jerry didn't appear, and finally the couple started drifting back towards the clubhouse, so Babs and I called it a day, and followed along, and got dressed. Later, when it was time to go, her flivver developed its customary motor trouble, and I said I'd drive her home.

We drove back the longest way. Neither of us had much to say.

When we stopped at her house Babs said, "Won't you come in? There might be some message from Mimi."

I got out and went up the walk with her, and sat down on a couch hammock while she went inside.

And then I heard someone else coming up the walk, and I stood up, and there was Mimi.

"Well," she said, "where have you been?"

"Here," I said, "and around and about. Am I wrong in thinking we had a date this noon?"

"I'm sorry, Pell," she said, moving a bit closer. "I forgot. You're not peeved, are you?"

"No," I said, "I'm not peeved. Why should I be?" And I started toward the walk.

"Pell!" Mimi said sharply, and I stopped. Then she came to me and smiled up in my eyes and her lips parted and I bent my head towards hers. And I forgot all the things I'd been thinking throughout the day and all the months I'd waited for her and all the engagements she had broken.

Suddenly she pushed me away with her hands and said breathlessly, "I must run in and dress."

"About tomorrow. . . . Can't we do tomorrow the things we planned for today?" I said.

"Call me up in the morning."

I watched her disappear through the doorway, and then I wiped the lipstick off my cheek and went down the walk and home.

I WAITED until ten the next morning before telephoning, and then when I did Babs answered.

I said, "Is Mimi around?"

Babs said, "She's here, but she's deep in the arms of whatever-it-is. She came in with the milkman and the morning paper. Jerry must be an entertaining lad."

"When she wakes up," I said, "tell her I called."

I went upstairs. After a while my mother came in and said, "Are you having luncheon here, Pell?"

I said, "I don't know."

She looked at me kind of queerly, and then said, "You're a lot like my uncle Nadab was, Pell."

"I'm sorry for Uncle," I said. "What happened to him?"

"Nothing," Mother said. "Until he was about twenty-five, that is. Up to that time he was a model youth."

"And then he went on a bender?"

"No," she said, "if you mean what I *think you mean, he didn't.* He just ran off with a tight-rope walker in a circus."

"And ended up as one of the wild men from Borneo?"

She shook her head. "The tight-rope lady," she said, "turned out to be the daughter of a missionary, and the last I heard she and your great-uncle Nadab were out somewhere in the South Seas, converting the heathen. Let me know if you decide to have luncheon here."

She smiled at me and went on.

A little later, I went back to the telephone.

Babs answered again.

I said, "Mimi up yet?"

Babs said yes.

I waited a while, and then I heard a noise, and said, "That you, Mimi?"

"No. It's Babs."

I said, "Honey, is this a game we're playing? How about yodeling to your sister?"

"I would," Babs said, "but she couldn't hear me."

"Why not?"

"She's out. Left ten minutes ago."

"Did you tell her I'd been phoning?"

"Yes," Babs said. Then she added: "Come on over and we'll do something."

I said, "I'm sorry. I've got a date."

"Where?"

"I don't know," I said. "It's with a tight-rope walker. . . ."

"What?"

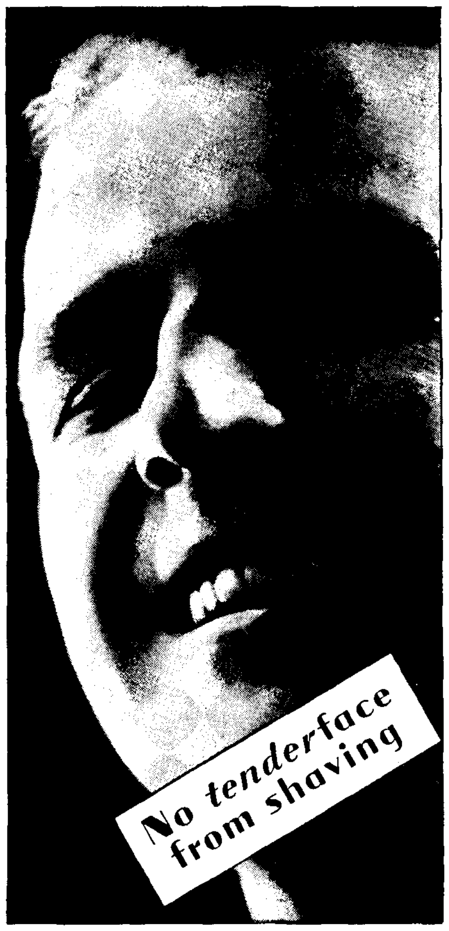
I hung up.

I DROVE around aimlessly for a couple of hours, feeling sort of empty. Finally I headed for the country club.

There wasn't anyone interesting on the porches, so I looked into the smoking-room, and there was John Cabot Adams lodged behind several ginger ale bottles and another bottle that wasn't ginger ale.

He looked up at me hazily and said, "You won't do."

(*Continued on page 49*)



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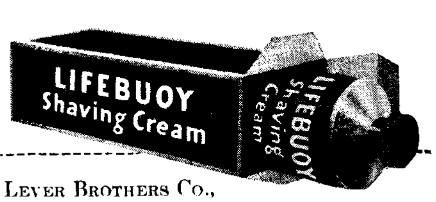

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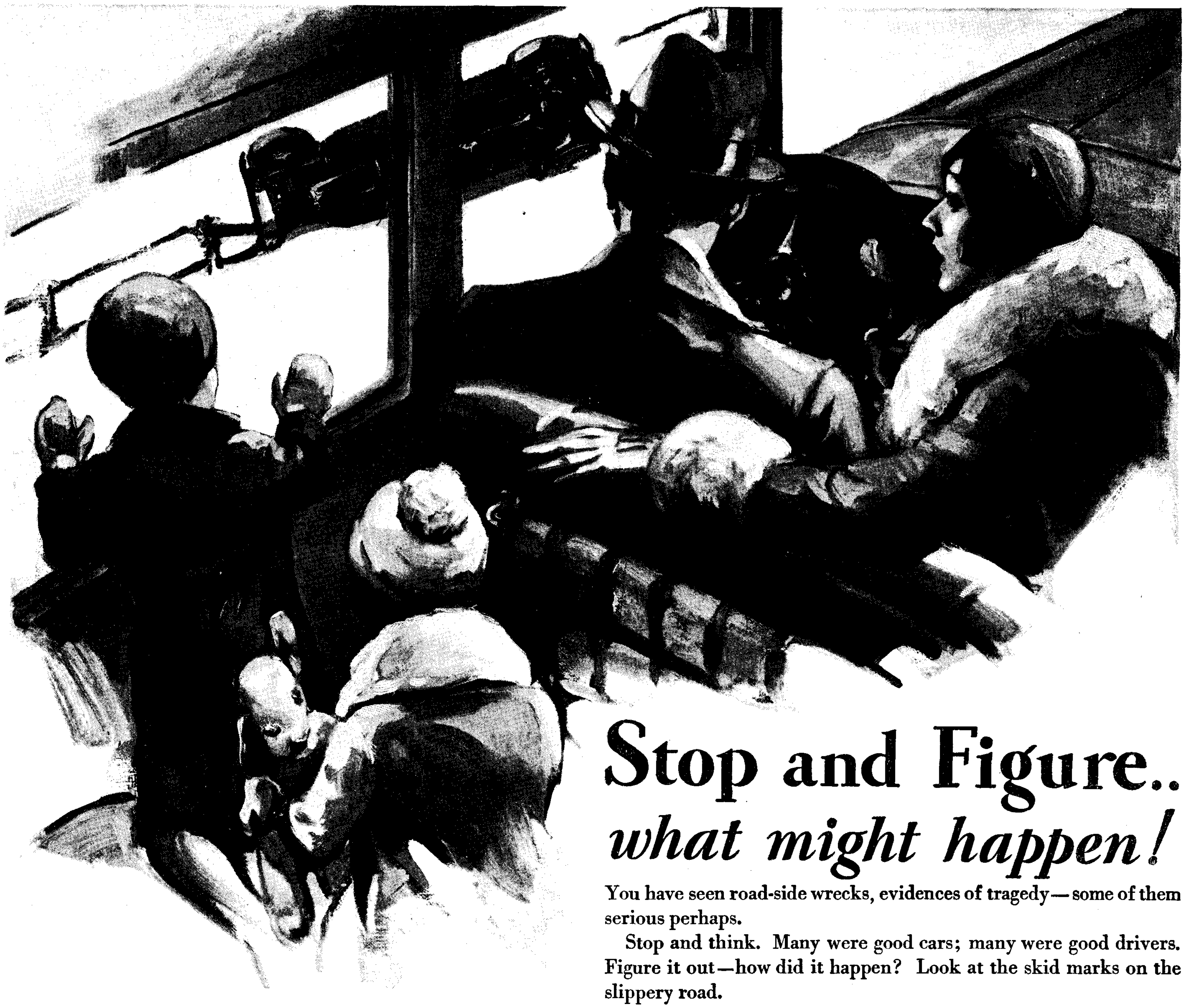

Stop and Figure..
what might happen!

You have seen road-side wrecks, evidences of tragedy—some of them serious perhaps.

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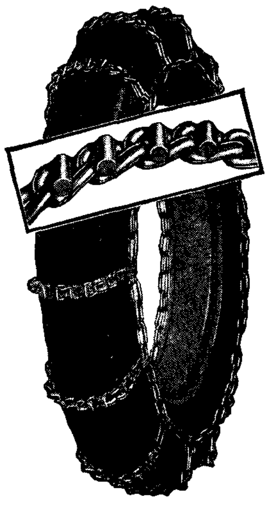

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In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, *Limited,* Niagara Falls, Ontario

WEED CHAINS
For Protection of Life and Property

Girls Demand Excitement

Continued from page 46

"Who won't do?"

"You," said John Cabot. "You won't do. I want to play a game but you. . . ."

"What sort of a game?"

"Governors," he said. "I want to play governors. I want to be the governor of North Carolina and you be the governor of South Carolina. Then we can say, 'It's a long way between drinks. . . .' And . . . and . . . but you won't do at all. I know all about you, Bill . . . I mean George . . . and you won't do a-tall."

"Give me a chance," I said, "and give me a glass. Who told you all about me, anyway?"

"Mimi," said John Cabot. "Mimi told me. Told me that she could do anything and you wouldn't do anything. Never do anything. Easy-going." He handed me a glass. "But I'll give you one chance." He poured carefully. Then raised his glass.

"It's a long way between drinks," he said.

I said, "Here's how."

"There you go," he said. "I knew you wouldn't do. You don't say that at all!"

"What do I say?"

"You say, 'Ain't it? Let's have another!'"

"Ain't it?" I said. "Let's have another."

"You haven't finished that one yet," John Cabot protested. "And besides you won't. . . ."

"Don't you believe it," I told him, putting down my empty glass. "I've changed. From now on I'm going to do a lot. I've been asleep for years, and I'm just waking up. Every day in every way I'm waking more and more. Let's have some."

"What?"

"More."

"Tha's the ole spirit," said John Cabot. "Now you can be North Ca'lina an' I'll be Souse Ca'lina."

SO I said it was a long time between drinks and John said how about another, and we did, and then while John was telling me what a wonderful party it would be if all the states should send their governors to governor with him, Babs came wandering in.

"Well, well," she said, "look who's among us."

"Governors," said John Cabot. "We're governors. Both of us. We're gov'nors an' you can be firsh lady."

Babs looked at me.

"When did this start?" she asked.

"Just now," I said. "I've turned over a new leaf. A lot of new leaves. From now on I'm going to have a regular loose-leaf system. From now on I'm going to do things."

"An' go places," John Cabot added.

"Right," I said. "I'm going to be one of the younger generation. I'm falling," I said, "in step. I'm going to be an exciting guy from now on. Women like men who lead gay lives. . . ."

"Make whoopee," said John Cabot. "We're going to make whoopee and manufacture whipe!"

"The wages of whoopee," I said, "are gin. Where's your girl friend Neva? We're going joking together. Little Neva and the rum hounds."

"Come on," said Babs.

"Listen," I said. "You don't know who you're talking to. I'm joining the lost generation. My great-uncle ran off with a tight-rope walker an' I'm following in her footsteps. . . ."

"Follow mine a while," Babs said.

I said, "I've been asleep."

"I know," she agreed, soothingly.

"For seven years. . . ."

John Cabot said, "Seven come eleven."

I said, "But now I'm a new man."

John said, "Wait! Let's give the new man a drink."

Babs took hold of me again, and we walked out onto the porch, and down, and out toward the eighteenth hole. There was a breeze, and the cool air felt pretty good, and after a while Babs said, "Do you honestly love Mimi, Pell?"

"I've thought so," I said. "For seven years I've thought so. I wish she were more like you, Babs. . . ."

Babs caught her breath, and for a moment stood silent, and then she said, "Why don't you make a break?"

"Break?" I asked. "What kind of a break?"

Again Babs hesitated, her eyes searching into mine. "Gamble," she murmured finally. "Gamble. We all have to gamble some time or other, Pell. And all's fair, anything and everything is fair . . . if you're in love. . . ."

"Sure," I said. "The sky's the limit."

I NOTICED that Babs' eyes were gray-ish-green, deeper somehow than her sister's, and I watched them now, looking up at me through sooty lashes that fluttered over them. She said, "I'm going to gamble, Pell. . . . Will you take a chance, too?"

I said, "I'll take a chance."

"Why don't you elope?" she asked. "Tonight!"

"Me? Elope?"

Babs went on hurriedly. "Think it over, Pell. And if it's Mimi you really want . . . if it's Mimi who will make you happy . . . then take her. Carry her off. Mimi's that way."

"But she might not like it."

"If she's going to marry you, why not?" Babs, still clinging to me, shook a little. "Wake up, Pell. I'll arrange it for you."

"How?"

It was later than I had realized; already the dusk was creeping in about us. Dimly I could see Babs' lips and her eyes, still holding mine, and I wondered about the seven years I had, maybe, been wrong.

"Go on," I said.

"After the dinner here tonight," Babs said huskily, "I'll arrange it. Mimi's giving a dinner here, you know."

"I'd forgotten."

"Afterward, while everyone's busy dancing or playing bridge, I'll bring her out, alone, on the porch."

"Maybe she won't come."

"She'll come," Babs assured me. "I'll just tell her someone's said something about her that I want to tell her. I'll give you the high sign before, and you be out here, ready to rush in and pick her up and dump her in your car and get going." Babs stumbled for a moment over her words, and I couldn't hear her very well, and then she added, "and keep going."

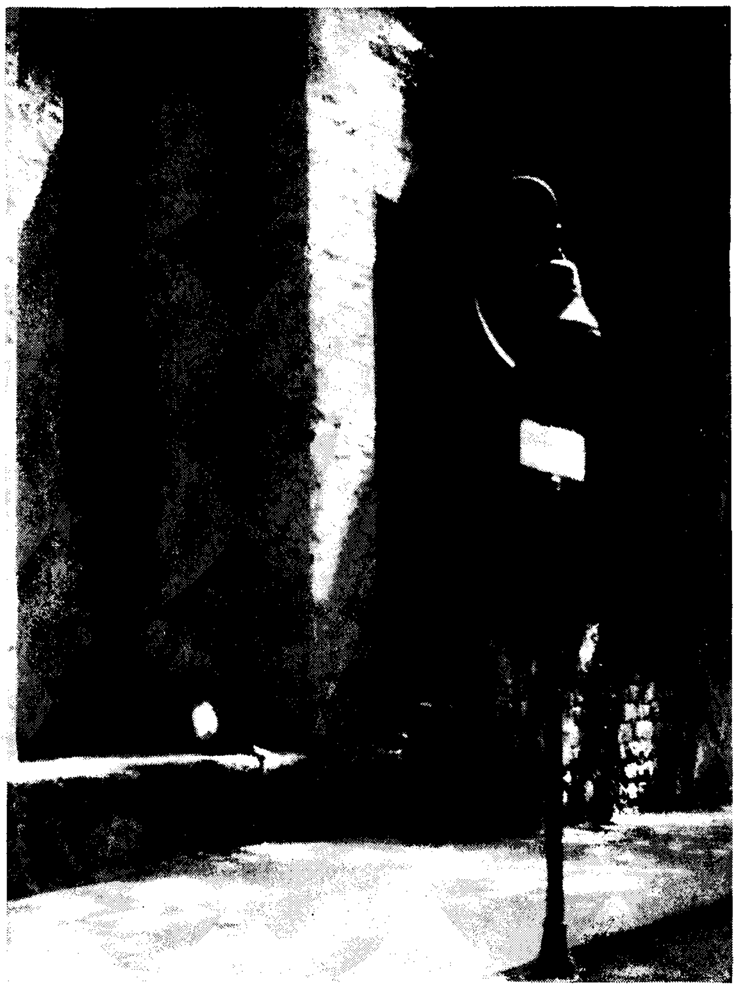
"Great!" I said.

I WENT home and dressed and got out again without meeting any of the family and drove back to the club.

I was a little late, and a lot of people were at dinner, and at first everything was pretty much of a fog. After the second coffee I felt better and then somebody tuned the radio in on a dance orchestra, and some of the couples started their nightly debate of whether they should play auction or contract and Mimi said she was for playing contract, so I followed on into the card-room.

The first round I cut out and found

(*Continued on page 52*)



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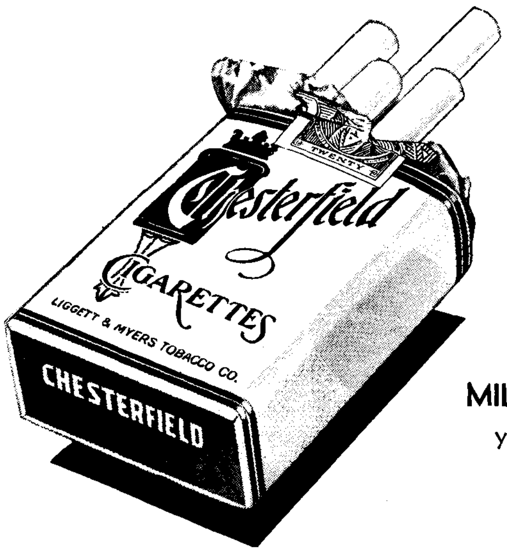
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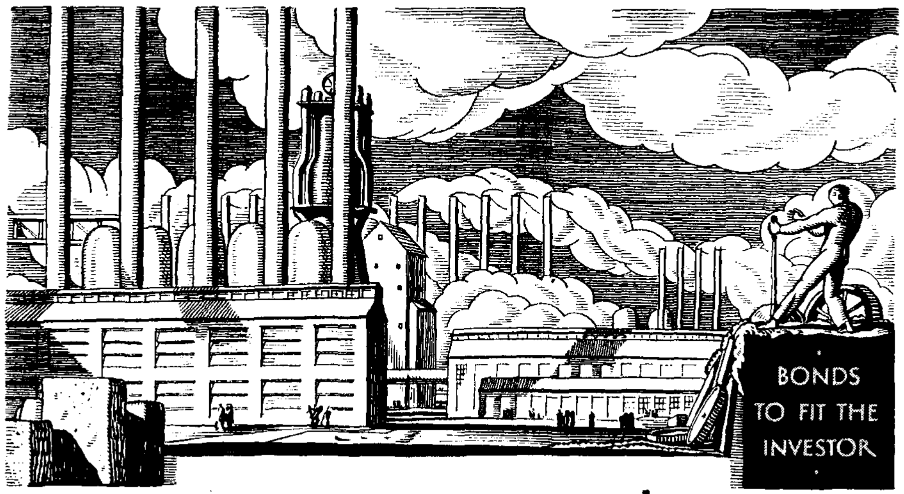

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Girls Demand Excitement

Continued from page 49

a chair on the side lines. About ten-thirty Babs came up to me and said, "I just went and started your car, and left it in the driveway. Get ready."

So I sat there, thinking . . . thinking about Mimi, and about Babs, and how a man could be wrong for so long and suddenly get right. And then Babs nodded to me from across the room, and I saw her walk out through one of the French windows with Mimi.

THE side veranda was dark, and cool from the breeze that swept across the links, and I could see the two of them standing by the steps, talking. Below, in the driveway, I could hear the hum of my motor.

I knew then that I was right; that I was awake at last. I moved toward the two figures, picked up one and raced down the steps and across the drive.

Mimi yelled. She yelled while I was rushing toward the roadster, and I could hear her over the roar of the motor and the exhaust from the cut-out as I skidded out onto the highway.

So after five miles I slowed down.

"And that," I said, "is that."

The heretofore mute figure beside me murmured, "It seems so."

"Two hours from now," I went on, "we'll be across the state line and married. I've been an awful fool. . . ."

"A nice one, though."

I hesitated a moment before stepping on the gas again.

"Must I," I asked, "keep on doing unexpected things? In order to hold you, I mean?"

"Have you ever," Babs said, "done anything unexpected? If you have, I'm sure I don't know when. Keep going, Pell."

I did.

And I still am.

Dark Surprise

Continued from page 23

The man wore a dark suit, and a black sateen shirt buttoned up high around his neck. Consequently against the dark background his figure was vague at best, and at first could not be discerned at all. He gave, momentarily, therefore, the impression of a detached face floating in space. A sensation as of trickling ice-water ran down Harrigan's spine. He thought of dead men, killed and propped up as if alive, for a joke.

After two seconds that seemed two centuries a body became visible below the face. A hand rose out of the dim darkness and made signs to Harrigan to attract Stallmaster's attention. The restaurateur gulped. He was relieved beyond measure to find that he himself was not the object of the sinister stare. "Say, mister," he quavered. "Somebody wants you."

Stallmaster put down his coffee cup, empty for the past ten minutes. He looked back across his left shoulder. His shifty eyes met the squid-like, unwinking eyes of the watcher. The hand waved like a goldfish's fin, and made gestures to Stallmaster to come outside.

Unwillingly, he went. Harrigan was glad to see him go. Harrigan knew nothing of the Spinellis' mob, and wanted to know even less than that. But after his first shock of fright he had recognized the face, and a sensation of satisfaction came upon him when the door closed.

On the doorstep the fellow glided up to Stallmaster, as silently as a shadow, and said: "Didn't you tell me, Egan, you knew all about four-wheel drives?"

"Yeah."

"One of our trucks is broke down. Sam Sevino wants you to come fix us up."

Stallmaster's heart gave a great leap. But his face was impassive. "Whyn't you come inside, Rocca, and tell me?"

"Kowalsky's hangin' 'round. I don't want him to see me."

Without another word they went away, west, up lightless Court Street. On lower Court Street, in a row of small unpainted shacks, lived several fortune tellers and kindred characters. They lay within baseball throw of Harrigan's back door, and Stallmaster knew the lie of the land thereabout very well.

Rocca looked inquisitively at one of the paintless pine-board houses to their right. "That's a funny racket," he volunteered.

"What is?"

"Tellin' fortunes."

Stallmaster grunted.

"Liars—all of 'em."

Stallmaster frowned. "Oh, I don't know about that."

"You believe in 'em?"

"I don't know. Sometimes. Maybe I do. Maybe I don't. But they tell you some queer things."

After two blocks they found an old open touring car standing by the curb. They got in, and the black-eyed driver kicked off the starter. He took Stallmaster into the country. On the way to their destination, a lonely back-country road, he said nothing. He wheeled up beside a five-ton truck that stood just off the paving, and spoke to the driver, who was slouched in solitary grandeur on his seat and blowing smoke spirals at the blue star-spotted sky. "When this guy gets you fixed, you drive to the All-Night garage on Sixteenth, and tell Lespinsky to unload the stuff, and stow it in the repair-room till daylight." To Stallmaster he added, "He's got a repair outfit on the truck."

The truck driver nodded, but he said: "Well, see here, Rocca. Spos'n we're a little late?"

"That's all right. You'll not be more'n an hour off schedule. Spill your stuff in the All-Night, and we'll cart out most of it 'bout daylight."

AN HOUR afterward the old touring car rolled back to its first parking place. The white-faced, black-eyed boy shut off the motor, set his brakes, locked the ignition, and got out. He sauntered up the street toward an all-night sandwich stand. He went in and ordered two hamburger sandwiches and coffee. When he was served, he ate and drank slowly. He spread mustard thickly on his meat.

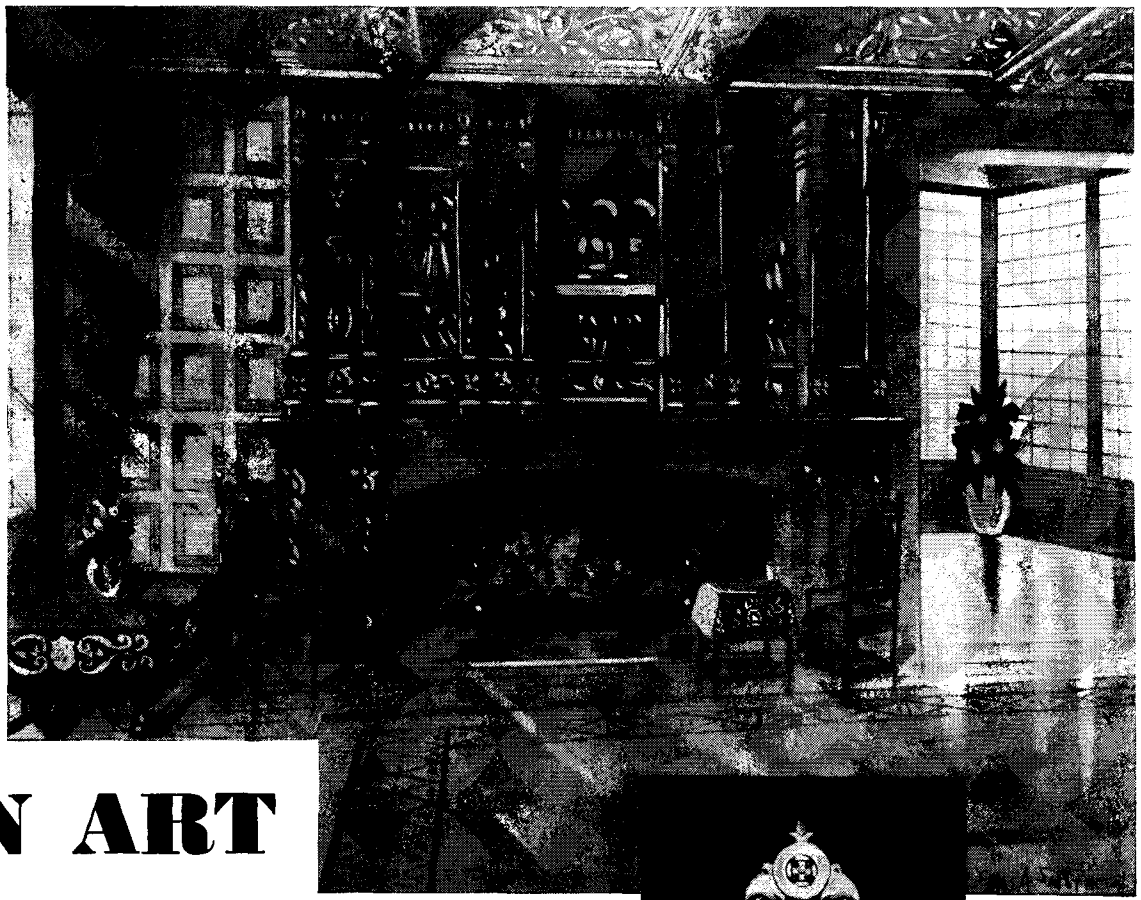
"I sh'd think that'd burn your insides," the cook murmured.

Rocca smiled faintly. He added a blazing bowl of chili to his order.

The proprietor asked, "All your trucks get to town?" He rubbed his oily nose with a shirt sleeve none too clean.

"All but one. We unloaded it, and brought the stuff in on the others." He looked at the owner to see if the man be-

(Continued on page 54)



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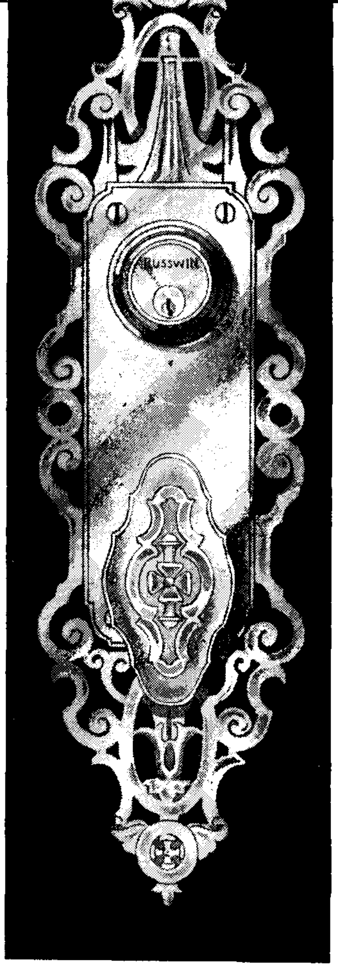

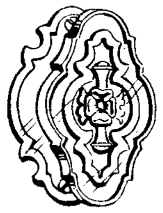

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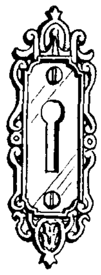

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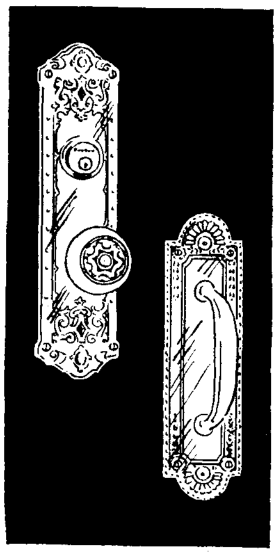

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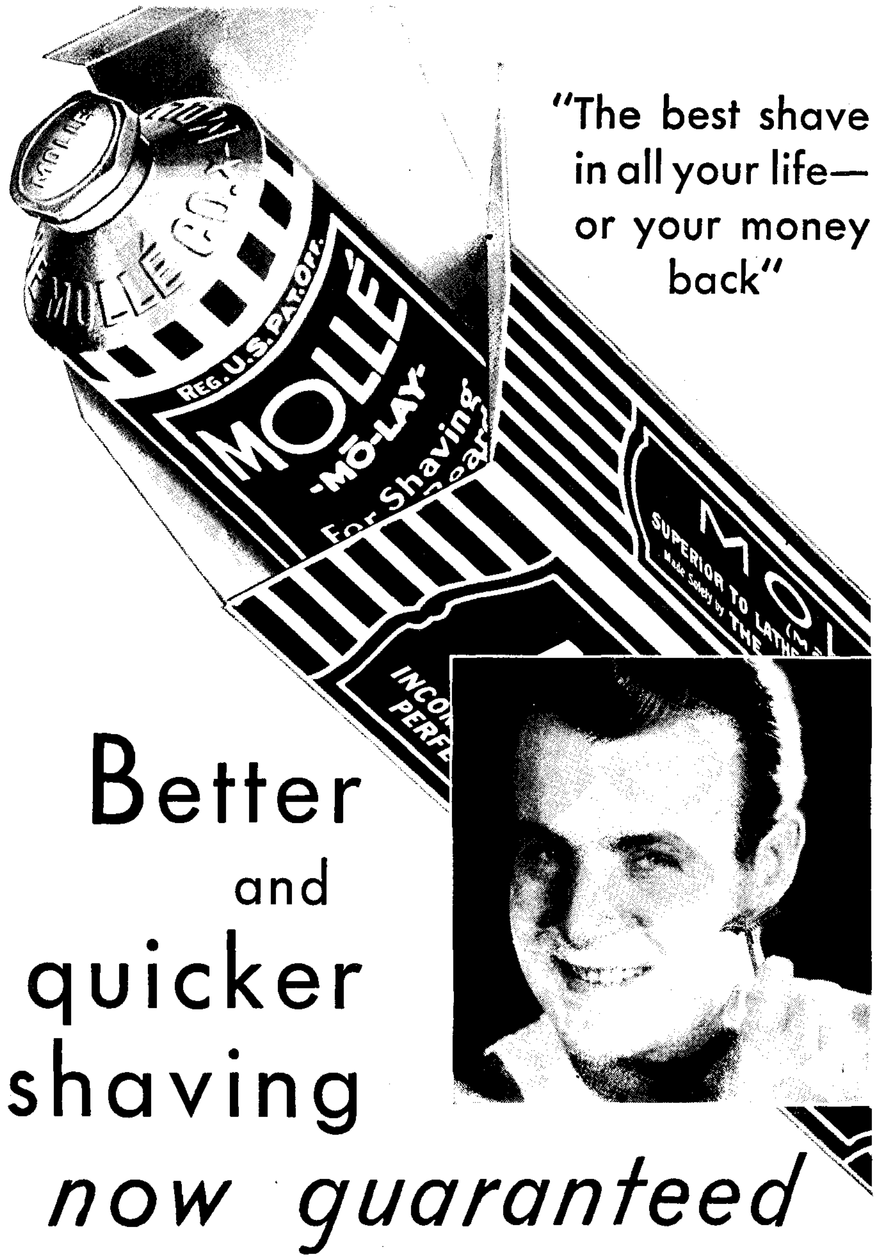

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THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, DEPT. 33, CLEVELAND, OHIO

(*Continued from page 52*)

lieved this. The man suspected it was not precisely the truth.

"Well, how you gonna get *it* in?"

"I took that bird that calls himself Egan to fix it."

"That? I been wonderin' 'bout him."

"So'm I. We're gonna find out."

"Oh—" With a falling intonation.

Rocca shook his head distractedly. "Ever since the flatties killed Lombardi last week Tony and me's been thinkin'."

The owner nodded as if he had already heard too much and was impatient to be at work. He was a little, olive-skinned, dark-eyed man with a feeble beard. He began frying down some sausage. He experienced no desire to pry deeply into his customer's thoughts. A nephew of Tony Spinelli, he probably knew pretty well what Rocca was thinking.

"You know, that Egan bird believes in fortune telling. He said so to me, tonight. Can you beat that for a nut?"

The owner nodded hasty agreement with his customer, as if to imply that the man they called Egan was quite insane.

IT WAS one-thirty when Stallmaster got the injuries repaired, and the truck was once more rolling. He climbed up beside the driver, and without a word they started away. They rumbled into town at half past two.

With the truck safely in the All-Night, Stallmaster felt that his part of the job was ended. He got down carefully from the high seat, and said: "I'm dyin' for a smoke."

The black-streaked garage man looked malevolently at him out of red-lidded eyes that spoke eloquently of no sleep. "Well, don't strike no matches in here. Wait'll you're outside." The air reeked with gasoline fumes.

Against the far wall of the garage were four trucks loaded high. Tarpaulins were lashed down tightly over all. "Them the other trucks?" Stallmaster asked. It was the first time he had seen them.

"Yeah," said his driver. The boy grinned. He was a small monkey-like kid in blue denim coveralls and a greasy cap. His sallow face, with deeply sunken eyes and thin projecting features, had a peculiarly simian aspect. "Pretty good jag, there. Lotta mon."

"All the stuff still on the trucks?"

Unobserved by Stallmaster, the driver and the garage man exchanged glances.

"Yeah," said the simian kid. "S'all there."

Stallmaster bade them good night. He left the pair, and went south along the dusty, paper-littered sidewalk till he came to Harrigan's. In one corner of Harrigan's restaurant stood a public telephone booth. He invaded the restaurant, entered the booth, closed the door with extreme care, and put in a call.

Watching sleepily from his post of vantage at the pie rack, Harrigan decided that Stallmaster must know his number. The man had not troubled to consult the telephone directory. When Stallmaster got the person he wanted on the wire, he said briefly "All the goods you're lookin' for is in the All-Night. Step lively. They'll cart it away 'fore sunrise. Grab the works while you're at it."

There was other desultory conversation.

Stallmaster hung up the receiver and emerged. He approached the counter, and ordered more coffee. After a while he said idly, as if speaking to himself: "I guess I better go home." To this Harrigan made no observation. Stallmaster stood up, and went to the door. He looked out into Sixteenth Street, and saw no one.

Over the railroad yards to the southeast, a yellow moon was floating like a wind-blown Japanese lantern broken adrift from its moorings. Lop-sided and waning, it shed a sick saffron light down into the dusty streets. A hundred yards east, on the first line of Rock Island tracks, the black hulks of long trains of box cars were visible. Blocky and burly, they stood up out of the night like little Gibraltars. Somewhere in the yards, a homesick hobo crooned an unintelligible song. Jetty long shadows came streaming up the cross streets. Stallmaster shuddered.

He went out swiftly, and started toward his rooming house, an address six blocks west. At that hour no street cars were running at short intervals, and it was useless to look for one. If any taxi driver had cruised around, the spy would have welcomed him as an angel.

Stallmaster had often been in dangerous situations, but now he had done something that worried him. The All-Night would be raided immediately, and the contraband shipment seized. If they got it, the police would have enough evidence against Tony Spinelli to send him up the river for a long term. This would end Stallmaster's usefulness, though it was precisely the job he had come to town to perform.

But on second thoughts he wished that he had waited a little longer, and that he had used some other channel to get the information to Kowalsky's squad. He felt that he had blundered.

He walked with slow and careful steps. He was an experienced spy, and when he approached the apartment in which he lived, he swung around to its rear, and advanced by way of the alley. To enter at the rear was impossible. No one lived there. And the janitor had to be reached from in front.

But before he started to circle the apartment, Stallmaster glanced cautiously across the street. Under the lee of a building he saw in the lemon-yellow moonlight two men standing very still. They wore light top coats, and dark caps were pulled low over their eyes. Their hands were in their coat pockets. One watched the apartment's front door. One glanced up and down the street.

Stallmaster knew why they were waiting. He knew they had him trapped. He wondered if Kowalsky's raid had failed. He wondered who had sent these men. He had often been in tight pinches, but he realized that the present problem would test his mettle to the limit. Terror froze his soul.

WHILE he stood there, undecided as to what to do, one of them saw him lurking in the shadow of the house. From the corner of his twisted lips he spoke to the other, and with no delay the two started toward him. Stallmaster turned swiftly, and faded around into the alley.

When he emerged from the alley he saw one man in the street a block behind, and one following him down the alleyway. Thus the chase began.

Stallmaster had no gun. Had he had one he would have used it. With a sensation of profound regret he remembered where his gun was. Early in the previous evening he had gone visiting, and he had laid down his precious pistol on the table at which he had sat, and he had forgotten all about it at leaving.

He was nearing Sixteenth Street again, limping and weary, when he saw a possible way out. A light was burning in one of the fortune teller's shacks.

Without the formality of knocking, he pushed open the door and went in.

The woman who owned the house was sitting behind a low table at the back of the room. She had a faded kimono of brown wool, clasped closely around the neck by a slender silver brooch. Her lean feet were thrust into dull bedroom slippers, and she wore no stockings. She was shuffling a bright new pack of cards. Her hands were clawing and birdlike. A cigarette stub, still smoking, lay in the center of the carpetless pine floor, a souvenir of a customer who had left not long since.

Stallmaster turned around to see if a key projected below the knob. It did. He spun it with a feeling of relief.

"What do you want?" A note of sudden asperity crackled in the old woman's thin voice. Her teeth were vulpine and threateningly sharp.

Though it was not a warm night, the perspiration was streaming down Stallmaster's pale face. "I want to stay here a while."

They looked at each other.

At last Stallmaster said, with an attempt at a smile: "Tell my fortune."

HER haggard face twisted. "A dollar, please." The tones were difficult to interpret. One could tell that she preferred mysterious rôles. Thirty years earlier she might have been pretty. Her eyes were ice-gray, her hair was gray, her lined long face with its projecting chin was cunning and hard. She looked with some admiration at her guest. Evidently she liked his appearance.

He put a half dollar and five dimes on the table. She glanced toward them, but refrained from pocketing them. She pushed them aside with a sly smile.

"Ain't you afraid somebody'll rob you?" Stallmaster asked mildly.

"No danger of that, little man. I can take care of my business." Her expression grew harder.

"You can?"

"Yes, I can."

"I wonder."

"Don't wonder too much. You might learn something you don't like."

Stallmaster drew up a chair in front of her table. But he sat with his left side turned toward the front door. He looked again to the lone window. It was tight-shut. The air was fetid, but it seemed more endurable by reason of a heavy incense odor. On a shelf in one corner, at the level of his eyes, she had a little red-lacquered joss, a Portuguese job from Goa. Through holes under the god's knees he could see red coals. Tiny blue spirals emerged from these holes. The god's eyes were hard ophidian spots of white light. His smile was ugly.

"Lay 'em out," Stallmaster commanded. He glanced around the barren room. The wall paper was dingy. No pictures hung on the walls, but several colored calendars advertising barbers' supplies were prominently displayed, and added a glow to the scene.

She shuffled the cards, and handed them to Stallmaster to shuffle again. He tightened his sinews, and held the cards together. He must do something to pass away the time. His pursuers could not see into the room, for the cheap chintz curtains were too heavy. And they could not very well force the door without using a degree of violence that would arouse the neighborhood. Stallmaster breathed a little more easily. She looked at him with intent scrutiny. She could see that something was troubling him.

"Cut them in three heaps. Cut toward yourself."

Stallmaster obeyed.

Deliberately she turned over each heap so that the bottom card lay face up. He had cut the deuce of spades, the five of spades, and the ace of clubs. She regarded them with an amused smile. "You will get a message shortly. It will anger you. It will cause you grief."

After a pause she asked, "Have you made a wish? Or, is there anything you want?"

"Yes. I wish—"

"Stop! Don't tell your wish. It brings bad luck to tell."

Stallmaster smiled. In another half hour it would be daylight, and the likelihood of danger, he judged, would be lessened. With the approach of dawn most creatures of the night would flit back into the dens whence they had emerged. He knew that Kowalsky was prowling around. A dangerous business, this spy game, but one has to take his risks in everything.

The old woman put the three stacks together, and began to lay out the cards that were to foretell his fortune. One by one she stacked cards downward before her, but every now and then she laid one face up. The cards thus disposed formed a semicircle in front of her.

Stallmaster watched her closely, and tried to detect the system she used for selecting cards to be turned up. But he failed to discover it. She smiled good-naturedly. She knew what he was trying to do. "Does this amuse you?"

He said: "Oh, yes. One has to pass the time."

She laughed between closed teeth. When she had gone through the pack once, she began to repeat. Still, Stallmaster could not divine her method. He watched her twisting fingers closely. He knew many tricks of legerdemain, but he could see that she was not palming the cards. She dealt straight, taking them as they came, but the scheme she employed in making her selections proved as inscrutable as her cragged old features. He grew so interested that he almost forgot his fears.

From the streets came the rattle of a milk wagon, and the slow clatter of the horse's hoofs.

She started in for the third time. It seemed to Stallmaster that her hands were moving faster. They fascinated him as the rattlesnake fascinates the bird. He was sleepy, too. His head was reeling. Peculiarly circular motions were going on around it. The incense fumes were growing stronger. His eyelids drooped. His hands lay limp on his knees.

SHE glanced solicitously at him from under scanty gray eyebrows. She seemed pleased by his preoccupation.

Minutes clicked by. He heard no sound any longer but the crisp slip-slip of the new cards, and a dry serpent-like rustle as the sleeves of her old kimono glided across the table top. At last she paused, and laid down the cards still in her hand. About half the deck had been spread out in the semicircle. To Stallmaster's confused eyes it was a panoramic little pageant of broken rainbow colors. He could not well distinguish between cards.

She regarded her display with a professional eye. "You have a very large number of cards, which indicates a rather confused fortune."

Without moving his head he looked up to the old joss. The red god's eyes were wavy and uncertain, but their fixed malignity never lessened.

She inspected her cards coolly. Then she looked at Stallmaster. "You are a blond, or rather you incline to the blond. I shall give you the king of hearts for your card."

The king of hearts lay about in the center of the semicircle. She put her finger on the card, and counted seven cards away, on either side. The seventh card to right of the king was the nine of spades. "A misfortune," she said. The seventh card to left was the seven of hearts, upside down. "An unexpected present. But I don't know if it will please you."

She looked at him, and again to the cards. "You have four sixes. That sig-

(*Continued on page 56*)

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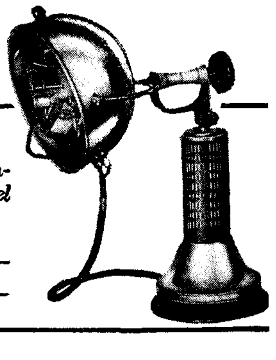

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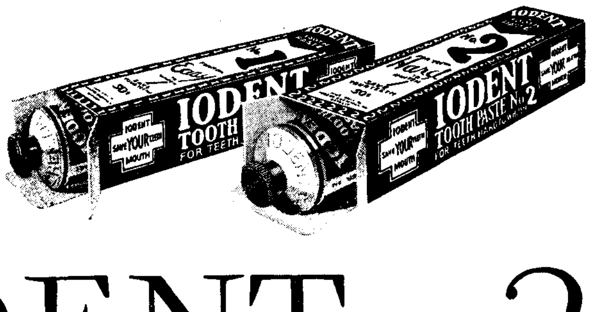

IODENT No. 2

FOR TEETH HARD TO WHITEN

(*Continued from page 55*)

nifies a meeting with absent friends." Her skinny finger wandered over the pasteboards. "You have the ace of spades, and the ace and deuce of diamonds together. That signifies that you are to take a long journey."

"Go for a ride," Stallmaster thought. "Have to leave town anyway." He drew out his watch. It showed four o'clock. The hand that held the watch shook so that he could hardly read the little figures.

"I see a dark surprise for you."

"A surprise?" Stallmaster exclaimed. But he would not admit that he was in trouble. Least of all would he admit it to this old woman.

"Yes."

"I don't think anything could surprise me now."

"Don't be afraid. Beside your surprise is the seven of clubs, a very good card."

"What does it mean?"

"Health, wealth, and happiness. All will end well."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain."

"You don't say so."

She rebuked his levity with a sudden icy glance. "I say that all will come out well for you."

HER voice grew sharper as she continued his reading. Or was it all imagination? Stallmaster was puzzled to account for his feeling of impending disaster. He admitted to himself that he was worried. He began to think it an hallucination. His head was drooping. The air grew heavier. The little red-bronze god glowed with a malefic flame. The spy's sluggish blood seemed to course more slowly through his throbbing veins. His heart appeared hardly to beat. Everything was weaving around. Thin, semi-visible spirals of orchid-colored incense vapor wound through the air in spidery labyrinths. The dingy room was a maze.

Presently he became aware that the old woman's voice had ceased. She sat very still. She was looking at him. In her deep-set eyes was a strange expression. Sleepily Stallmaster wondered what was the matter with her. At last, as if hours had elapsed, he straightened a little, and saw that she was not looking at him, but over his shoulder.

Through the drugged drunken haze of his thoughts a warning premonition flashed. He would have turned.

A hand dropped on his shoulder.

Stallmaster sat still. He had heard no one come in. He had not had the slightest inkling that anyone had cleverly turned the key around in its loose old lock, and had entered at his back. But the man was there. It was an olive-skinned hand, hairless, with polished nails. Stallmaster looked at it from the corner of his eye. He noted the blunt pointed cut which made the nails resemble a wolf's stubby claws, and the traces of stain that betrayed cheap manicuring.

Then, summoning courage and resolution, he turned and confronted the newcomer. He saw the dark surprise predicted.

"Took me quite a while to get in." The speaker was the same white-faced, black-eyed boy who had driven the touring car earlier in the night. What a long time ago that had been! His tones were silky but hard. "Come outside."

Stallmaster debated fight. But he had no gun. He considered a break through the rear of the house. He knew it was futile. He rose to his feet. All his nervous panic had returned. His heart was pounding frightfully.

The gunman was sardonic. "You know what it's all about." His was the tone of a lawyer preparing to engage a clever but not greatly respected adversary.

"No."

The dark boy smiled faintly. Stallmaster wondered if the smile spoke contempt or merely an ironic disclaimer. "It's just a little matter of an enforcement raid in the All-Night about two hours ago. You sent 'em. I thought you might like to know they didn't find anything. That was a decoy truck you repaired and brought in, Egan. So were the others decoys." He shrugged, and gestured with an open left hand. "Come outside, and we won't hafta disturb this old hag."

"I'm an old hag, am I?" The woman's voice climbed to a leaping note of rage and hate. "Well, what are you, you—"

Rocca would not pay her the compliment of listening. But he gibed at Stallmaster. "Did the old fool tell yuh I was comin', Egan? Did she tell yuh, huh? Yuh lousy nut, you're the one that's sold on fortune tellers."

Stallmaster's lips parted and closed twice before he could speak. "A dark surprise, I'll say." His dry tongue stuck against the roof of his mouth. His feet were leaden as he turned to the door. He would rather be shot outside the house than in that dirty room. With his left hand Rocca pulled the door open for the spy to step out. As he swung around to follow, his right hand brushed caressingly against the automatic pistol in his coat pocket.

The old woman dove at the drawer of her table like a plunging hawk. Rocca heard her gritty voice: "Stand still—you!"

Rocca's blunder in turning his back to her was one of those little errors that mark the differences between tacticians. Without moving his body, he swung his head ever so slightly, rolled his eyes, and glanced over his shoulder. He was looking into the blued muzzle of a pearl-handled revolver.

She had rested her elbow on the table, and tilted the barrel a trifle till it aligned beautifully with a spot just between Rocca's shoulder blades. Her hand trembled from the excess of her anger, and Rocca didn't like that part of it at all, for a gun in the hands of a nervous woman is far too apt to speak out of turn. He could see it was loaded. He stood speechless.

"You keep your paws right where they are—greaseball! I'm an old hag, am I? I'm an old fool. I don't know nothin'. 'Course not, you louse-bound dago tramp. You know it all." Then, suddenly, to Stallmaster: "You come in here, and close the door. Go through him."

STALLMASTER obeyed with alacrity, and relocked the door. The old woman's icy eyes never left Rocca as Stallmaster with professional speed appropriated the Italian's weapons. Rocca said nothing, but his eyes blazed.

"It's a whipsaw," Stallmaster volunteered. "You save your whisky, but you don't drill me, neither."

A ray of gray light stole in from the east, and glanced between the faded curtains. It was day. Suddenly the room looked unspeakably old and ugly.

Stallmaster heard a heavy tread in the street. He knew Kowalsky's step. He opened the door, and called: "Come in here, Sergeant. I got something for you."

Kowalsky pushed in and saw Rocca. "Here's a guinea I want for a little knifin'," he roared, and he seized the olive-skinned boy by the neck.

Rocca glared at the cause of his downfall. His hard black eyes spoke a question, and the fortune teller read it. "Stare at me all you like, black boy. I foresaw he'd come out all right. Didn't I tell him so? I read it all in his cards!"

Uncle Sam

Continued from page 22

for Gretchen to frequent roadhouses!"

"Well, perhaps she won't. But if she develops an interest for that sort of thing, don't expect me to keep her at home. I'm a very poor policeman."

Though Frederick said nothing, he looked exasperated. Sam turned to him suddenly.

"Just why did you bring Gretchen to me, Fritz?"

The question seemed to embarrass Frederick.

"I brought her out for a visit, that's all. I'd like her to know what's going on here, and become acquainted with her relatives, and perhaps you'll find out what she wishes to do as she grows up."

SAM had discovered what he had been looking for. Gretchen was to stay until she grew up.

"In any case she's welcome, Fritz. I merely want you to share the responsibility of her being with me—or perhaps I'd better say you must resign yourself to what becomes of her. You can't expect people to take the same view of things out here as you still do at home."

"Oh, I know that."

The car was bringing them to a thriving town somewhat smaller than Bellevue, but otherwise not easily distinguished from it. After threading their way through the crowded central street, they stopped at a small bank building with a pretentious façade.

"Marlet's office is here," said Sam. "We'll look in on him for a minute."

"I don't know him at all."

"Well, you will when you see him."

Dick was working at his desk. He put on an expression of resolute cheerfulness.

"Well, this is a surprise, Sam! Come right in and sit down."

"My brother Frederick, Dick. You remember him."

"Of course I do! Just ahead of me in school, weren't you, Fred?"

Frederick bowed a bit stiffly and took his hand.

"Is Whitcomb around?" said Sam.

"No, he's out of town today. He'll be sorry to miss you."

"I dare say!"

Sam stroked his beard a moment.

"Some of you fellows over here own stock in my bank. You don't want to sell some of yours, do you?"

Dick shook his head.

"Well, I don't blame you, but if Whitcomb is willing to let me have some of his, pass on the message to him, will you? I'll call him up in a day or two."

Marlet's curiosity was too strong: "Got some business to put through at the annual meeting, eh?"

"You've guessed it. I want to be sure of the control."

"You don't mean to say you're in doubt about that?"

"Well, you never can tell. I have something up my sleeve I'd like to put through by a safe margin. . . ."

WHEN they were in the car and starting back, Frederick turned to his brother:

"Why do you need that stock?"

"I don't. I intend to sell him some of mine."

Frederick's round face was completely baffled. "I don't understand that at all. That doesn't seem to me like sound business."

One side of Sam's face curled up in a smile. "You'd be surprised to know how sound it is. I'll explain it to you some day."

"You know, Sam, I get the impression from what I picked up here, from such incidents as this, and from things I read in your newspapers, that this prosperity of yours isn't solid. It's tricky. I shouldn't be at all surprised to find some day that you were all poor."

"Well, when it happens, don't let it grieve you. Most of us have been poor before. As for its being tricky, I dare say it is, to some extent. I suppose you mean we don't publish all the facts. I never thought you did in the clock business, either."

Each brother looked out of his side of the car. Sam was calculating how many shares he could safely sell. Frederick was trying to discover some logical basis for the conversation he had just listened to. . . .

When they reached home it was already dark. As Sam opened the door he heard laughter from the library—George's voice, and a second later a girl's.

"By Jove, that's Irene!"

"Who is she?"

"Why, you must have heard years ago, Frederick. A girl Priscilla and I adopted."

Frederick's interest chilled. "Oh, the dancer."

IN THE library the hearth was blazing. On one side of the fireplace George was comfortable in the deep chair, evidently enjoying his talk with the beautiful girl who sat opposite on the divan. Gretchen was curled up alongside Irene, holding one of her hands. George was just finishing a vivid anecdote about Lena Welch and Perry Hill.

"And the joke of it is, after the parents thought they'd got them safely unmarried, one night up at the club last summer they walked out—"

He stopped as Sam came in.

"For the love of goodness, Irene, why do you give me such a start! I'm likely to die of joy, child! You never sent word you were coming."

She had her arms around his neck and was looking for a place on each cheek behind the beard to kiss him.

"I just had to come, Uncle Sam, suddenly! I wanted to talk to you. It's a flying trip. George and I are old friends already, and I am going to take Gretchen away with me. We loved each other at sight."

Frederick glared at her.

"Frederick, this is Irene. Your uncle Frederick."

It seemed for a moment that Frederick would insist that he was not her uncle, but he said nothing, not even a syllable of greeting. Sam motioned him to a chair.

"When did you get here?"

"Oh, about an hour ago. Maggie let me in and I unpacked, up in my room, as though I had been here yesterday."

"We keep it for you. It will always be there. Now that you're here again, you'll stay a good while."

"I really can't. It's just for the night."

"I'll go upstairs and write to your mother, Gretchen," said Frederick. "I'd like to get a letter off by the first mail."

"Remember us all to her," said Sam. "I think there's paper and ink in your room. Maggie will get anything you want. . . . Glad you children know each other. You seem to be getting on."

Sam drew Gretchen to him, and patted her fat shoulders encouragingly.

"Stay over, Irene, and dance for us."

"I can't, Uncle Sam."

"We were awfully sorry you couldn't come back and run the class at the club,

(*Continued on page 58*)

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7:00 am Ar.	ST. PAUL	Lv. 8:45 pm
7:35 am Ar.	MINNEAPOLIS	Lv. 8:10 pm

the AK-SAR-BEN

CHICAGO—OMAHA—LINCOLN

Westbound		Eastbound
6:15 pm Lv.	CHICAGO	Ar. 8:45 am
7:30 am Ar.	OMAHA	Lv. 8:30 pm
9:05 am Ar.	LINCOLN	Lv. 7:00 pm

the ARISTOCRAT

CHICAGO—OMAHA—DENVER

Westbound		Eastbound
10:30 am Lv.	CHICAGO	Ar. 7:45 pm
11:30 pm Ar.	OMAHA	Lv. 6:45 am
1:10 pm Ar.	DENVER	Lv. 3:45 pm

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Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

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It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

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If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora
Glostora

(*Continued from page 57*)

but I understood it's not much of a real career, of course, for an artist like you."

"That wasn't it; I'll tell you some time why I couldn't."

He thought she meant that Priscilla would not have been cordial.

"Got plenty of engagements for next season?"

"Booked up every minute. I've had awfully good luck."

"I knew you would. Well, if you young folks will get ready for dinner, we can begin any time. I'm hungry after the ride."

It WAS almost midnight before Sam got rid of Frederick. Gretchen had gone off to bed early at her father's command. George had loitered to talk with Irene, but the thought of daybreak duties at the store, to make up for his enforced vacation, had driven him off. Frederick threatened to sit out the evening to a finish, but the journey in the train, the afternoon's ride, and the good dinner got him at last.

Sam went over and sat beside Irene on the divan. She took hold of his hand very much as Gretchen had reached up to hers.

"I hope you are glad I came back, Uncle Sam."

"My dear, if you don't come once in a while, think how lonely I shall be."

"I don't belong here now—I never did. I made this visit just to tell you that I have found out. I've met my mother—she found me. I know all about myself."

He could think of nothing to say. It seemed unnecessary to be tragic or heroic, since her own manner was so natural and sweet. Yet he felt that their relation was changed forever.

"Your mother's a fine woman. I am glad you and she have met."

"She told me all about you."

"She did, eh? What, for instance?"

"She says you and she were in love a little bit in school, and she didn't understand then, and you left her. Her fault, she says."

"She told you your father's name?"

"No. She thought she had better not, because I might meet him. It doesn't interest me. You took me out of the asylum. You are my true father."

"She needn't have mentioned the asylum—she was in hard luck at the time."

"I admire Mother. She must have been lovely when she was younger."

"She was."

They were silent for a time.

"I am glad you take it bravely, Irene."

"Oh, it isn't courage at all."

"It may have to be. People are unkind, and you will be reminded of your history, one way or another."

"Uncle Sam, I am glad you let me go away at once. If I had stayed here, I might be embarrassed now. That's really why I didn't come back for the club—your invitation arrived the day after I had found out. But on the stage I have learned how people sometimes behave in this world. At first it seemed disgusting, and I thought only actors were mean and cheap; then I found out the good side, and I saw they were no different from other people, except their conduct was easier to watch."

"I suppose that's so." He hesitated to ask about her own history, yet he had the sense of pain at his heart, for fear her tolerance was an excuse for herself. It didn't seem possible, with that clear and lovely eagerness in her face. Yet Mary had been lovely too.

"Irene, I am going to say something I haven't the right to. . . . This charity is all very well for others, but when I told you to go ahead with the dancing, I knew you wouldn't do anything unworthy. The way I feel about it, it's unworthy for a woman to give herself—or for a man either—unless it's love, and a good deal of that. Then they ought to marry, or if they can't, perhaps they should have thought twice about it. I am no prude. Your mother's a good woman, by my style of measuring, and I've known some good men who haven't always obeyed the commandment, but I can't see how their little experiments proved the commandment was wrong. I hope to God you won't run into any unhappiness of that sort, or I'll blame myself for turning you loose."

She laughed, and kissed his weather-beaten forehead.

"Don't you ever blame yourself, Uncle Sam."

He wished she would say right out that she had so far avoided all peril. When she continued silent, gazing at the fire, he turned and looked in her eyes. She looked back fearlessly, and reached up and kissed him.

"Yes," she said, "there is someone."

The pain in his heart stabbed him, but he stroked her hand. "I am glad," he said. "I know he must be the right one."

"He is, Uncle Sam."

"He loves you?"

"Indeed he does!"

"And you're going to marry him?"

She shook her head.

"Why not?"

She got up and sat in his lap with her arms around his neck and put her head on his shoulder, as in the days when she was a little girl. He found himself patting her head, in his old trick of comforting her.

"Uncle Sam, if anybody in the world could understand, I knew it would be you."

"Irene, I have wanted nothing but your happiness. If you tell me you are happy, that's all I'll ask."

"I am happy."

"Well, I hope you continue so, and that's the part it's hard to foresee."

She gave him a little hug. "Don't you worry, Uncle Sam. It's all right."

He asked no more questions. When she had kissed him good night, and had gone upstairs, he sat for another hour with his head bowed, a little weary, gazing at the fire.

THROUGH the windows of Antoinette's living-room spring perfume and sunlight flooded.

Antoinette was seated with her back to the windows, sewing. She was little changed. If a gray hair showed itself here and there in her neat coiffure, she was even more slender than in the old days, her dress more trim, her smile perhaps a little more alert. Nothing about her seemed aged except perhaps her hands. She could not disguise the fact that they had toiled hard.

On the other side of her worktable Priscilla was busy with some mending.

Now and then they exchanged a few words. Finally, Antoinette put down her work.

"Priscilla, before Alicia comes in I'd like to ask you a question, which you don't need to answer unless you wish. What has happened between you and Sam?"

Priscilla looked up, a little indignant. "Nothing has happened. What do you mean?"

"Perhaps that's not the question I should have put. All during your visit I have been trying to explain to myself why you speak of him as you do, and what your attitude is to him and to us. When he wrote to us long ago about your engagement, he was in love with you. I imagined him quite sentimental."

"He was never sentimental."

"I thought he was, from what he wrote. And all of us in the family ex-

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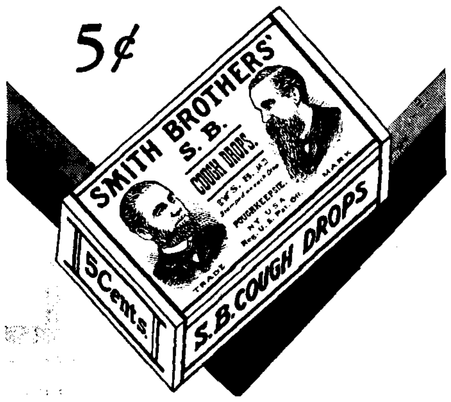

pected extraordinary things from him and you. Perhaps I shouldn't say all of us, because his older brothers still feel he is not quite grown up. But in our hearts we should not have been surprised at any miracles, given his energy and your inspiration. John and Orlando believe he is submerged in money-making, and from his visit Frederick brings back the same report. They may or may not be right, but I'm surprised to gather that you agree with them. Forgive me if I am indiscreet. What I have said has been with the thought that perhaps you could explain something the brothers overlooked."

SHE waited a moment. Priscilla showed no intention of answering.

"If I have been indiscreet, you will forgive me," repeated Antoinette. "At least you know now what's been on my mind. I'm very fond of you both, and you both have become a puzzle to me."

"There is nothing to explain beyond what you know."

Antoinette looked at her a moment.

"Nothing at all? . . . Priscilla, you'd be ever so much happier if you talked to somebody about what's on your mind. I'd be proud if you could talk freely to me. You may pretend as you choose, but you're keeping something tied up inside of you, and it isn't good for your spiritual health."

"I'm keeping nothing to myself, except—"

"Except what?"

"Well, except some of those opinions we all have about each other, which perhaps shouldn't be put into words. Sam's my husband; I can't talk about him."

"Oh, but you have! From my point of view, you've blistered his reputation quite off him! You say many things, one by one, which add up into a terrible indictment. You say he loves *things,* though as far as I can find out, the things he loves are chiefly gifts to you and to the rest of us. You say he is devoted to money, yet I keep hearing of what he does for his neighbors. I should expect his wife to be happy with him. You certainly are not with him, whether or not you are happy. And he is my brother."

Priscilla said nothing—Antoinette couldn't guess whether she was offended.

Priscilla was annoyed. "There is nothing wrong with him. He has changed a great deal since we married. You are quite right in saying that he gives away his money. He used to be interested, I thought, in improving the world. He was going to be a teacher, you remember. I'm not sure that he doesn't care more for his bank now than for any intellectual project."

"Priscilla, you will hate me before I get through, but I must ask another thing. Does he write to you often? You mention few letters."

"He's not a great writer. He sent me a printed notice of the annual bank meeting, and scrawled 'With love' on the bottom, in pencil."

"Well, my impression is—you will forgive me again—that something has come between you. I think he needs you in Bellevue. Your search for happiness, your travels, won't come to anything, if you can't go back to your home. Won't you tell me if there is something I can do to help you and him?"

Priscilla smiled and shook her head.

"I am going home after a while, but it seemed best to stay away just now. He really doesn't miss me."

Antoinette looked at her a moment.

"Priscilla—is there another woman?"

"Certainly not!" But she spoke hastily rather than convincingly. Antoinette looked at her again.

"If there is another woman, you oughtn't to leave him."

"She isn't in Bellevue," said Priscilla, off her guard.

"Then there *is* one."

"I wish you wouldn't cross-examine me!" Her eyes filled suddenly, and Antoinette felt conscience-stricken.

"I'll never mention it again. Forgive me. I wanted to help if I could."

She put her hand on Priscilla's shoulder. If Priscilla had turned to her, the two women would have been in each other's arms—long emotions were stored up in both of them. But Sam's wife, trying to get control of herself, let the gesture go without response. Antoinette sat down by the worktable and watched her. She was sobbing.

"Sam says I did him an injustice, and, anyway, it happened long ago."

"For Heaven's sake then, Priscilla, why make yourself unhappy?"

"I thought he was another kind of man."

"Well, maybe he is. Do you know beyond question that he—"

"Well, it isn't the sort of thing you can know about, Antoinette, but the thought haunts me when I am with him. I came away to be free of it. When I go back it will meet me at the door."

Antoinette shook her head as though disapproving of something.

"My dear Priscilla, from my point of view you and Sam might be much happier if you weren't quite so good. You haven't any experience, apparently, in forgiving people."

"I don't want any in forgiving that sort of thing."

"Oh, well," said Antoinette, suddenly cheerful, "if I hadn't been Sam's sister, I should have tried to steal him away from you. If someone else made a good try, you ought to be proud that your man is in popular demand."

"I am not proud—not of that! I couldn't think lightly about such matters."

"I might as well finish this up," said Antoinette. "Let's understand each other once, or at least know each other's thoughts. If you love Sam, I think you ought to go back, to cut the other woman out. If she's already disappeared from the landscape, and you are still grieving, I really think—"

Priscilla waited for what she thought.

"I really think you're a bit of a fool!"

The doorbell rang.

"That's Alicia for lunch, probably."

"I think I'll go and wash up," said Priscilla. "I'm a fright."

ANTOINETTE stopped her with both hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes, then kissed her on both cheeks. Priscilla accepted the greeting with dignity and disappeared toward her room.

Antoinette went toward the door, where Rose, her maid, was greeting the sister-in-law. She gave an exclamation.

"Why, Margaret! I thought you were Alicia! Where did you come from? This is delightful!"

"I really can't stop but a moment, but I *must* tell you!"

Margaret led the way herself into the living-room and sat down, quite out of breath. "It's about Sam."

Antoinette was suddenly frightened. "What's happened to him?"

"He's here! Can you imagine such a surprise? He is coming around to see John this afternoon. I am afraid he is in trouble. Perhaps I'd better tell you before Priscilla comes in. John says he thinks Sam is hard up for money."

"Nonsense! Priscilla and I were just talking about him. He is rolling in wealth. He is probably merely taking a vacation."

"I hope you are right, Antoinette."

(*Continued on page 60*)

Sauerkraut as a Health Food

What Doctors Say About Sauerkraut

The Story of Sauerkraut

Sauerkraut booklets beat "best sellers"

THE National Kraut Packers Association, Clyde, Ohio, has become a book publishing organization as well as packers of luscious, health-giving Sauerkraut. Few books reach a circulation of 200,000, although, of course, now and then one has touched the million mark.

But the publications of the Packers—"Sauerkraut as a Health Food" (with 49 tested recipes), "What Doctors Say About Sauerkraut" and "The Story of Sauerkraut"—have passed far beyond most "best sellers," more than 3,000,000 copies having been distributed—upon request only—many to men, but thousands to women.

We have often spoken in these columns of the growing popularity of this economical and nutritive food—good for children and adults—whose virtues are now recognized far and wide. The constant demand for the booklets—some in every mail—is another proof of our "Gospel of Sauerkraut."

Requests for the booklets—through this weekly—have come from every country under the sun—China, Japan, Russia, Turkey, Persia, Africa, Hawaii, and every European nation including Germany, once thought to be Sauerkraut's birthplace. Orders to the printers are always in the hundreds of thousands.

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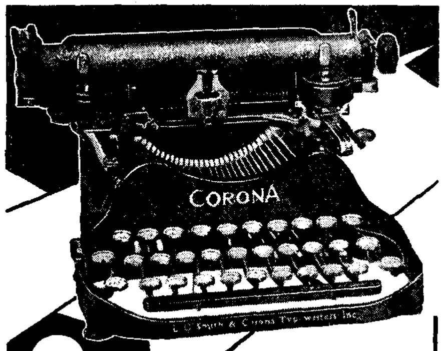

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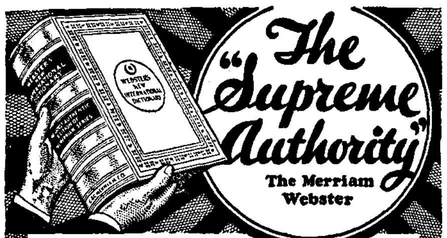

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(*Continued from page 59*)

In Margaret's tone there was some ground for suspecting that her hope wasn't as cordial as she thought. It would not have been uninteresting to see Sam in a moderate amount of trouble.

Priscilla came in just then, quite serene again, with all signs of tears removed.

"This is a nice surprise, Margaret."

"I brought you news of your husband."

"What's that?"

"He is here. He came to town this morning and called up John."

"Yes?"

It was quite evident that Priscilla was humiliated to get the news from a relative.

"Why didn't you tell us he was coming?"

"This is the first I have heard of it."

The doorbell rang again.

"That must be Alicia now!" said Antoinette.

Alicia entered, handsomer than usual, her dark brown eyes sparkling with an unusual energy.

"Well, that husband of yours, Priscilla, is in town, Orlando says. Why did you keep the secret from us?"

"Margaret has just brought the news," said Antoinette. "Sam has surprised us all."

"I am so glad I'm going to see him," said Alicia. "All my married life he has been the family myth. I don't know whether he's an ogre or an angel. I rather expect to fall in love with him in either case."

Priscilla glanced at her hastily.

"I'll have to be going, Antoinette," said Margaret.

"Good-by. My love to John. We'll probably see you this evening."

"IT WAS this news that made me late," said Alicia, laying off her coat. "Orlando met John on the street, and John told him, and of course I had to stop to hear about it. I'll say this for your husband, Priscilla, he does give the family something to talk about. For years Orlando has wondered why he stayed out in Bellevue; now he's almost got apoplexy because Sam's come home. I wish I could arouse as much attention in the world."

She was smoothing down her dark hair. Priscilla noticed how young she still looked, and surmised that time would probably change her little. She was lolling back in her chair now—every curve of her bosom and the line of her thighs were indicated, and yet there was nothing to criticize in her dress, as dress. Priscilla didn't understand just how the effect was arrived at. But Alicia, she felt, was not the person for Sam to meet!

(*To be continued next week*)

Stepdaughters of War

Continued from page 25

again—what good can I do?—the man who spewed blood will be lying there dead—his glassy eyes fixed on the door of the ambulance, staring accusingly at me as I peep in—the madman will scream vile curses at me, scream and try to tear himself from the straps that hold him down if he has not torn himself away already—he will try to tear himself from his straps to choke the life from me—the shell-shocked man will yammer and twitch and jerk and mouth—I will not go and see, I will not go and see.

Crawl, crawl, crawl.

Tears that Must not Fall

Number Eight, where are you? Have I missed you in the monotony of this snow-covered road? I have been traveling for hours. Am I being overcareful? Could I accelerate ever so slightly—cover the distance more quickly—I will do it—a fresh scream from someone as I jolt over a stone—I've hurt someone—I slow down again.

Scream, scream, scream, three different sets of screams now, the shriek of the madman, the senseless, wolfish, monotonous howl of the shell-shock case, and now a shrill sharp yell like a bright, pointed knife blade being jabbed into my brain—one, two, three, four—staccato yells—which one is that?—not the little fair-haired boy, he is too busy choking to death to shriek—another one has joined in—inferno—they are striking one another again—hell let loose—go and see, go and see—

I will not go and see—I will not go and see—

Crawl, crawl, crawl.

The screams have died down, but a dreadful moaning takes their place. Oo-oo-oh-oo-oo-oh—dirgelike, regular, it rises above the sound of the engine and floats out into the night. Oo-oo-oh-oo-oo-oh—it is heart-breaking in its despair. I have heard a man moaning like that before. The last moans of a man who will soon cease moaning forever. Oh-oo-oh—the hopelessness, the loneliness. Tears tear at my heart—awful tears that rack me but must not rise to my eyes, for they will freeze on my cheeks and stick my eyelids together until I cannot see to drive.

Crawl, crawl, crawl.

I have given up all hope of reaching Number Eight by now. I will go on until there is a place to turn.

Crawl, crawl, crawl.

How many journeys shall I make tonight?—was it a big convoy?—I didn't notice at the station, I always forget to notice—perhaps I shall have shrapnels next time—shrapnels, too exhausted from loss of blood to scream—a sitter who will talk and smoke—the madman is screaming again—he will start the others—

Crawl, crawl, crawl.

Is that a light?—no—yes—Number Eight—the big canvas marquee gleaming dully in the darkness—the front entrance flaps already parted—white-capped nurses waiting in the doorway, they can see my lights, the orderlies are standing by—Number Eight—Number Eight—I am there at last—the tears are rolling down my cheeks—let them—let the tears freeze my eyelids together now—let them freeze my eyelids—it doesn't matter now—nothing matters now—

Beyond the hill where lies Number Thirteen Hospital is a twin hill topped by a queer-shaped, ancient tree that never buds into leaf nor yet rots, according to local lore. The hill is called The Hill of the Witch's Hand, and the tree is responsible for the strange name by reason of the gnarled trunk that gives the curious illusion of a gigantic palm, and of the five malformed branches that stretch like fingers into the valley below where is the military cemetery.

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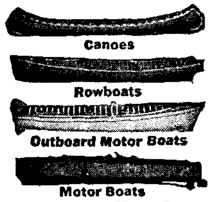

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ground stretches The Witch's Hand, hollow-palmed, sinister, greedy. Strangely symbolic of war. Reaching out and demanding. Demanding—never denied. Demanding—never content.

I fix my eyes on this evil black tree as I shift gears for the steep climb. The white glove that has so graciously hidden it for the last few weeks has disappeared and to my fancy the recent load of heavy snow has bent the five fingers to the center, making them more claw-like and avaricious than before. The Hand will have its fill of victims today. This is a sad record in the history of the convoy—the longest list of funerals since the beginning. I have already passed three ambulances coming from the cemetery since I began the ascent, and another has just rounded the brow.

My funeral is from Number Thirteen and I am a quarter of an hour late on account of a puncture. The doors of the little corrugated-tin mortuary are open. The orderlies are impatiently awaiting my arrival. They extinguish their cigarettes and dive inside as I turn the corner that leads to the dead-house. Hardly have I pulled up when they hoist the first plain deal flag-covered coffin on their shoulders and are loading up.

The corporal stands by giving orders. He complains aggrievedly to me at intervals that what with one thing and another he's had no dinner today—everything simply chronic—men dying like flies—they'll be running out of coffins before the week's out—and no dinner to crown all. One of the strings that holds the Union Jack to a coffin has been carelessly tied. The flag slips into the mud.

"Now then, Eminway," he chides, severely, "what are you a-doing of?"

He runs into the mortuary for a fresh flag. The coffin carriers sink to their ankles in mud, squelching in and out. I sit staring straight ahead.

The War Drama

I am very tired today, mentally as well as bodily. I have been conveying these flag-covered boxes for months now to the ugly little cemetery that scars the valley, and I see no end. I have lost count of the number of times I have been a supernumerary in the last scene of the great war drama that opens gaily in a recruiting office and drops its final curtain, amid no applause, on a plain deal coffin draped with a Union Jack, to the tune of The Last Post from an orchestra of two.

"O. K. All away."

The corporal signals that I am loaded. The padre is already at the cemetery, also the buglers. Now he hopes he can have a bite or I'll be coming back to fetch him next trip. All this he tells me, very tickled at his little joke, as I back the ambulance for the crawl into the valley.

The mud is a foot deep. We turn the corner, the orderlies squelching solemnly alongside, cursing amiably each time they strike an extra deep puddle. Overhead is a blue sky streaked with long scurrying clouds, the wind is rough but lacks the cutting quality of the past weeks, the winter sun shines weakly, and there is something in the air that whips the blood.

The padre meets us at the cemetery entrance. I clamber down. I examine my tires anxiously. I have come a little too far in. No joke sticking in the mud near the cemetery gates. Once before—

The orderlies advise me to risk it. I decide to follow their advice. I stand to attention as the coffins are carried inside. Near the graves the buglers are waiting. They are tired and bored. The five graves are side by side in the center of a row. The mud is awful. Twice I go over my ankles as I walk down the avenue of black crosses.

A coffin is placed near each yawning cavity. The padre clears his throat, an orderly deftly unties each Union Jack and adds it to the neat little heap. Creak, creak, the coffins are lowered while we stand to attention. A hitch occurs and the orderlies whisper among themselves.

The padre begins the service. I glance at the khaki-clad men. Their mouths are tightly set—grim, disillusioned mouths for mere boys of eighteen or nineteen.

The padre drones on—I do not hear his words. At last he finishes. He makes a gesture. We bow our heads.

Last Post

When I raise my head a few seconds later the buglers have their bugles in readiness to their lips. The taller one nods imperceptibly to the other. The Last Post fills the valley, the notes are caught by the hills and flung back.

The padre stands lost in a reverie, tapping his finger against the book he carries. Seconds pass. One of the buglers blows down the mouthpiece of his instrument to dislodge something, the other fidgets uneasily on one leg. At last an orderly gives a loud, significant cough. This rouses the padre. He starts and moves away.

We are worried about The Bug—Tosh and I. The air raids have begun again with the moon. There has been one every night this week. We are all going under for lack of sleep, but The Bug is worse than anyone.

The work has trebled; they are toiling at top speed in the camps to get the men away to the base, to make way for the hundreds of wounded pouring in from the field hospitals, but Commandant has not yet grasped the fact that even machines will wear out if they are not rested occasionally. She still rigidly insists on the petty punishments that make our lives hell—and The Bug gets more punishment than any of us.

We are short-handed, too. Three girls are in hospital with dysentery, five with septicæmia, and two with measles, which leaves ten ambulances out of action until ten new drivers come—and it is becoming increasingly difficult to get drivers. Rumors of our treatment, not only in this convoy but in other depots, have quelled the ardor of the volunteers at home. Senseless fanatics like Commandant are to blame. She will not see the idiocy of her autocratic policy.

Fifty per cent of us are unfit for duty but are carrying on because there is no other way out, and The Bug is worse than anybody. She is mere skin and bone, and has taken to fits of screaming after the midnight convoys. If we try to rouse her from the semi-coma into which she falls she gets violent. It is lack of rest, topped by an encounter with a stretcher case who ripped his bandages away.

Last week even Tosh got the wind up and brought Commandant. The Bug was sitting up screaming about men with no faces when Commandant stalked in, in her God-almighty way, and ordered her to stop this nonsense immediately, with the result that The Bug wrenched herself free, flew outside, started up her bus, and was off like a rocket into the darkness before one could say knife.

Luckily Tosh caught her up about a mile down the road. She says it was ghastly racing neck and neck on a pitch-black night with The Bug yelling like a raving lunatic, but at last she got ahead, skidded completely round, switched her heads on, and took a chance of The Bug's driving sense making her jam on the brakes—which happened—but it

(*Continued on page 62*)

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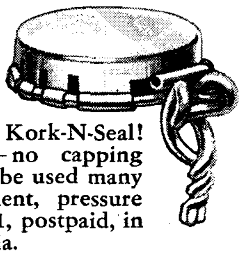

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Collier's Radio Hour

(*Continued from page 61*)

was a nasty chance to take. Dragging The Bug off her bus and getting her back was fairly easy, as The Bug is small and Tosh is hefty, and by the time they returned Commandant had the doctor, who jabbed a hypo into The Bug.

She slept through three convoys and awakened, totally unconscious of what had occurred, as fresh as a daisy. But did this teach Mrs. B—— a lesson? Not at all. Seeing The Bug to outward appearances quite normal, she made her clean the W. C. while we others were resting.

This persecution of The Bug began three weeks ago. The dissatisfaction and unrest in the convoy had at last penetrated to the office, and Commandant spoke to us after early roll-call. There were traitors in the camp—the work was hard but we had not come to France to slack, but to help our brave soldiers to fight for world freedom—were we women of England to be branded by future generations as lead-swingers?

A "Seeing-Francer" Speaks Out

She then waited for the applause. It did not come.

Oh, *that* was it, was it?—an evil influence at work—some failure who was returning, like the coward she was, trying to undermine the morale of the convoy first, resenting those others who would stay and see their duty through. . . .

"If you mean me," said a "Seeing-Francer," stepping forward, "I am going back before you kill me. And as I return tonight I can speak without being given a senseless punishment duty in addition to working about twenty hours a day. Feed your drivers and treat them like human beings. When they are trying to snatch a few minutes' rest stop blowing your whistle. And have some strong working women brought to France and paid to do the housework and the cleaning of the ambulances while the drivers get some sleep. The food is not fit for pigs to eat. It stinks."

"I eat it," replied Commandant. "If it's good enough for me it's good enough for you."

"But it still stinks," replied the "Seeing-Francer," "and it isn't good enough for *me*. And I intend to complain to headquarters in London."

"I eat the food," said Commandant stubbornly. "Don't forget to tell headquarters that."

Which is quite true. She does. The trouble is, we do not all possess iron stomachs like her.

"And do you clean the filth out of your own ambulance?" asked the "Seeing-Francer." "No. You deliberately trap girls into petty disobediences to get it done for you."

We nearly cheered her for this, but Commandant ignored it absolutely. "Any more complaints?" she inquired, and, to our astonishment, The Bug spoke up. In her quiet voice she suggested that in the face of these extra convoys and evacuations there should be no punishment duties in order that the drivers could sleep, that the outside polishing of ambulances be discontinued and the seven-thirty roll-call abolished. To wake drivers who had been out all night and expect them to be neatly dressed for a seven-thirty roll-call was rather ridiculous. It was the "rather ridiculous" that got Commandant's back up. Her cold eyes narrowed. "God help The Bug from now on," whispered Tosh.

"I am in charge of this convoy, and while I am in charge the ambulances will reflect credit on it. Punishments will continue when conduct merits them, and as for the seven-thirty roll-call, may I remind the drivers we are on active service with the B. E. F.?"

So began the persecution of The Bug. She has averaged three hours' sleep a day for the last three weeks, and her body is not strong enough to stand the strain. She scrubs and cleans and does Commandant's ambulance every day in addition to her own routine work.

Stripped of the pretty-pretty "gay-lasses-in-khaki" touch, war is a beastly, boring business. Pure, unadulterated hell, and yesterday was the worst dose of all.

The first convoy arrived at five-thirty A. M. We had been to bed a little over an hour. Fortunately we were fully dressed—we have not had our clothes off at all for twelve days. It was a sickening affair. Each convoy seemed worse than the last. We got back at six-thirty. At seven-thirty the whistle went for roll-call, which was interrupted by another convoy, from which we returned at nine, to find that the beast of a cook, knowing we were out on duty, had served breakfast punctually at eight and it was stone-cold. Half-dead, we fell into our beds, breakfastless, and slept like logs until ambulance-cleaning.

Eleven o'clock brought another convoy. Arriving back we cleaned ambulances again, had a quick inspection, resulting in six of us being given punishment for dirty engines. Dinner stunk so badly it was almost impossible to stay in the messroom.

We are not allowed to drive with lights at night now because of the enemy planes, and that, added to lack of sleep, has made our eyes red and sore. We call ourselves The Beauty Chorus. The inflammation resembles tropical sand-blight, and The Bug has it badly. Etta Potato forced some Bovril down her throat.

Then the whistle went for another convoy and The Bug began to giggle. "Time to collect more men without faces. Hurry, we mustn't be late."

The Bug Breaks Down

My ambulance was next in line to The Bug's. All the time we were getting away she giggled and talked to herself, but she was quite normal on our return. There was another convoy from eight till half-past nine, and we had just fallen on our beds utterly exhausted when the whistle blew. Lights out. An air raid.

With the first bomb The Bug started to scream. The raiders were not beaten off for an hour, and all the time the bombs were dropping The Bug screamed.

We have no shelters built yet so we stay where we are, but since the raids there has been brown paper nailed over the windows, and there we lay in the darkness listening to The Bug, Tosh holding her down. It seemed years before the "All Clear." Then Commandant swooped down on The Bug. Never had she witnessed such a disgraceful exhibition of cowardice on the part of an Englishwoman.

The Bug stared at her, dazed; then quietly fainted dead away. I have never seen Tosh so angry. "Get out," she said—and Commandant got out. But it was half an hour before The Bug came round—in time for the signal for the midnight convoy. Tosh ordered The Bug to stay in bed, but Commandant came back and ordered her on duty.

We got back and The Bug raved and screamed all night. None of us closed our eyes. She fell asleep just before roll-call and awakened with the whistle, quite normal, not remembering the air raid or the last convoy. Tosh spoke to Commandant but she will not believe The Bug is ill; she says it is a clear case of swinging the lead.

(*To be continued next week*)

High and Mighty

Continued from page 13

the shrouds. He has learned to cling to life in howling gales. His nerves have buried themselves in cold muscle. Therefore the Scandinavian sailorman for skyscraper work. Or the Bluenose out of Nova Scotia. Or the Yankee of New Bedford. The north seas breed the best of them because the north seas are hard schools. Courage, endurance, familiarity with beckoning destruction are learned there.

"But," I said, "sailing ships are vanishing. You didn't all—"

"It's in the blood," snapped Sorensen.

"Three years in the British navy—me," said Welsh. "One on a three-master. Training ship."

"My father, my grandfather, his daddy—all of them—sailors all their lives," agreed Binzen. "I, never; but it'd come natural."

"I Seen Stuff in Him"

But some of them—like Kid Sully—hadn't a breath of salt air in their memories or ancestry. Just young, rough, bold and strong. Even the old-timers look with awed admiration at Kid Sully.

There he stood, both feet planted in line on an I-beam, three inches between his right toe and left heel, and swinging a sledge against a steel wedge between them. The Kid weighs a hundred and forty-five pounds; the maul thirty—nearly one fifth of him. Swaying like a metronome's tongue, crooning Singing in the Rain and Looking for the Rainbow, he was driving the wedge into place. The head of the wedge wasn't two inches thick. There wasn't a hitch or break in his swing.

The backsweep of the maul was as gentle, as sure, as easy as the waft of a hand. Up and over the Kid's shoulder it swung and down behind him until the long handle hung like a plumb-line. And then, just as effortless, the heavy hammer began its swishing attack. Had he missed the wedge head, or even failed to nail it squarely, the force of the blow on the non-resisting air would have carried him off his perch and he'd have dived nearly five hundred feet.

"I broke him in," said Mr. Binzen. "Just a bum when I married his sister. Never been nowhere and never had a job longer than it takes to get fired. But I seen stuff in him."

They travel in gangs, live together, fight together, work together. And each gang's a hard-knit unit following its pusher, or boss. A gang may come close to being a law unto itself, having its own superstitions, its own standards, its own allegiances. And that allegiance is to itself.

There's Sergeant Murman, with wide cruel jaws and a bludgeoning voice, who has pushed a gang for ten years, eight of his ten men originals and all of them bearing marks of the steel. Only one of them has all his fingers. The Sergeant's left hand has lost three—pinched off between girder ends.

The Sergeant is only five feet three and a quarter. He weighs one hundred and forty-seven pounds. And he'll have no man in his gang taller nor heavier for fear, you see, that he won't be able to make good his boast that he can lick any one of them—or all of them, one at a time, of course. You've got to fight the Sergeant to fill a vacancy in his gang.

"So you're a stick-man, hey? Well, I'm pushin' this gang, see? When I go somewheres everybody goes somewheres, see? What do you know about that?"

And then it all depends on the candidate's reply (if any) or his attitude toward the Sergeant's challenge. Oh, the Sergeant's been licked; but the victor did not get the job. The Sergeant simply won't have it.

He hasn't had to lick all his men; some of them having decided to let the Sergeant have his own way about it, and others being of a pacifistic turn. At least, slow to arms. But there is one—Stump Wahlberg—with whom he has fought three bloody draws. The Stump is five feet two and a half and weighs one hundred and forty-five. But he's only twenty-eight. The Sergeant's forty-five. And the Stump's one of the world's best tag-line men—one of those mighty midgets who shame a giant. Built like a miniature derrick and soft to only one influence—a sister safely tucked away in a mountain convent.

A pusher is his gang's patriarch in leadership if not age. When he addresses the general foreman of an operation—"Got anything for me today?"—he means his gang, not himself. If you take him you take his men—or the whole unit moves on. And they'll quit with him, blindly follow him.

He reads the trade papers. He is informed that construction work is under way elsewhere in the country. Very well, if it's too cold in New York or the weather continues bad, the pusher will drag his gang to kinder climates, to steadier work.

They'll follow the seasons like birds. They'll avoid towns which they consider jinxed for them. Horny Ball's gang wouldn't work in Baltimore if the mayor himself met them every morning and carried them in his arms to work. Horny lost two men in two days from the same floor. And it was Horny's gang's first stop in Baltimore. That town's off. And there isn't enough money in all Minneapolis and St. Paul to induce Chief Lessepp's All-Indian gang to work there. Nobody outside the gang is quite sure why.

But it's that way. If a man is killed on an operation, all the steelworkers quit for the day. Some say it's because the general bosses are afraid the nerves of the survivors will have been shaken and that other fatalities will follow. But the men deny this, saying it's just a custom—an old steel custom. Not a superstition—just something steel men do.

A Comedy Fall

It used to be said of skyscrapers that they reared themselves at the cost of a death a floor. And usually the steel construction men supplied nine tenths of the list. But what with serious study of accident prevention and a more serious outlook on life by the men themselves due, possibly, to the new and impressive elevations at which they must work, the casualties have been reduced until it is rather rare that the great heights take life.

Curiously enough, most of the falls and crushes occur below the tenth floor. Up to that height the men may have a tendency to regard themselves too near the ground to think a slip or a dive a serious matter. Messrs. Binzen, Welsh, Sorensen and Hendricksen—to say nothing of three or four contractors I talked to—could think of only two falls within the year from a height greater than one hundred and twenty feet.

"And one of them," said Mr. Hendricksen, "was a comedy. This mug—Arthur Karr—is arguing with a guy about somethin' and he's so good he don't see the boom swingin' in a ten-foot girder. This mug Karr is just tellin'

(Continued on page 64)

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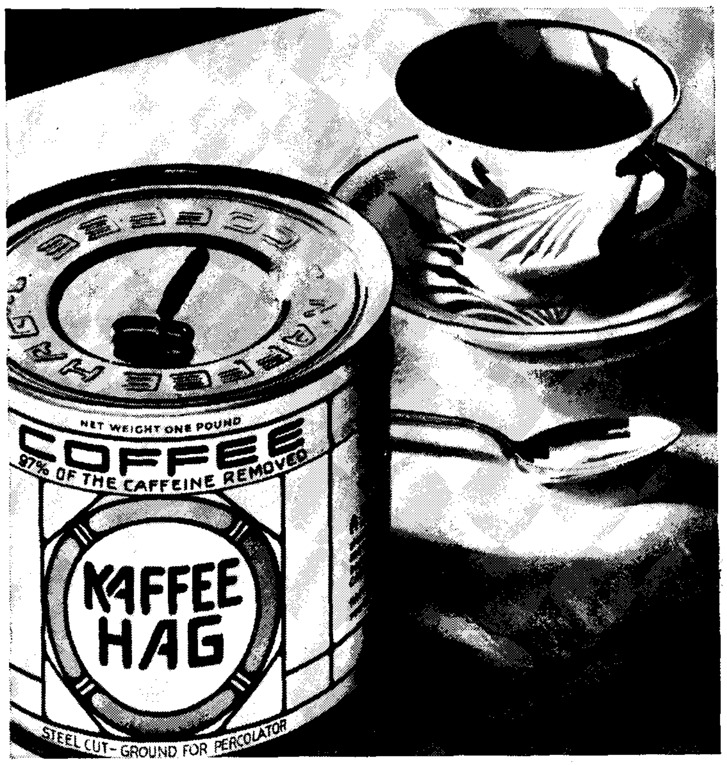

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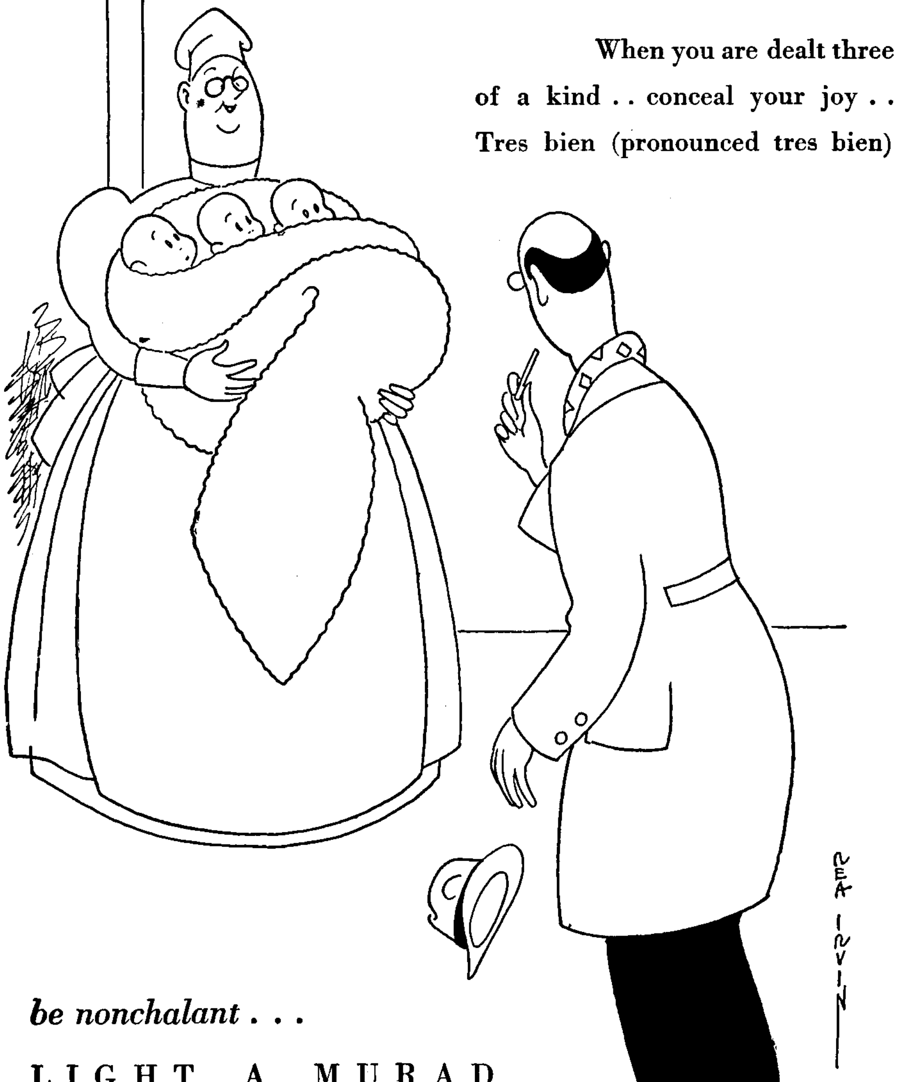

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SLOAN'S LINIMENT

(*Continued from page 63*)

this other mug what he'd do to him if his leg was that long—them bawlin' out each other across about twenty feet of nothin'—when this girder turns end on and kicks Karr in the pants. He falls eighteen stages and lands in twenty ton of sand which is layin' there soft and nice, and the funny part of it is he lands feet first in this soft sand and it takes two laborers to dig him out."

"Wonderful," I said. "Still, even that must have hurt him pretty badly."

"Well," said Mr. Hendricksen, "I don't know. But he certainly was as dead as a guy ever gets."

"The only guy we knocked off on this building," said Mr. Binzen, "missed a four-foot jump on the second stage—maybe twenty feet."

"The newspapers said it was a hundred," said Mr. Welsh. "Newspapers are the bunk. They think if a guy don't fall a hundred feet anyway they got to make up the difference for him. You can't tell them a guy can hurt himself fallin' less than a hundred feet."

Dead Before They Fell

Somehow, then, the talk turned to the subject of getting to work. Not returning to their aërial tasks from where they sat on the thirty-eighth stage, but arriving up at the job in the morning. In this particular operation there were elevators to fetch the men from the street to the thirty-fifth floor and they had assurances of a sort that the lifts would never be more than three stages below their working elevation. But there hadn't been labor hoists until the steel skeleton was twenty stories tall; and the men remembered the climb.

"I knew at least three guys," said Mr. Binzen, "who were dead before they took their dives from anywhere from the fifteenth to the thirtieth floors. Dead as hell's old man. I seen 'em. Why, I seen Charlie Turck reach up one morning to take a rivet from the furnace man. Charlie's standin' here like I am, see. Charlie Turck's the best passer I ever seen, snaggin' red-hots the furnace man shoots at him like Hal Chase used to spear a baseball, only better. I seen Charlie Turck catch rivets six feet wide and not move his feet. This Charlie—"

"Aw, shut up," said Mr. Welsh.

"Says you," shouted Mr. Binzen. "Well, this Charlie Turck's wife had a baby and there's a christenin' at his house and the next mornin' he comes to work and steps on the materials hoist to get a lift to the eighteenth floor where he's workin', and is told by the Wop who's runnin' it orders is out that nobody's to ride on it any more, because a new buildin' inspector's been around and it's against the law anyway. So Charlie walks up.

"It takes him fifteen minutes on the ladders," said Mr. Binzen, "and when he reaches the eighteenth floor, instead of takin' a rest like the others and bein' late besides, he goes to work. His mouth is open like a fish. See?"

Mr. Binzen paused darkly to regard the clear winter sky in the manner of a man reflecting on the futility of pursuing happiness.

"He missed his first red-hot," he said. "I wouldn't be surprised if it was the first one he missed in his life. Didn't even make an offer at it. His knees buckle on him and the next thing we know they're collectin' him off the pavement. His heart. It was them ladders."

"The christenin' didn't do him no good neither," said the practical Mr. Sorensen, thereby inspiring another row and fetching the talk to the inevitable theme of prohibition. Like all discussions of prohibition this one consisted of an outpouring of personal tastes and prejudices. Mr. Sorensen was a teetotaler, giving his allegiance to neither wets nor drys, but insisting that if there was one place where alcohol did a man no good it was in the air. Mr. Binzen agreed with this last sentiment but insisted that the drys didn't care if a steel construction guy fell into the street or not, as long as he was sober when he did so. Mr. Welsh ventured the opinion that a glass of beer never hurt no man after work, and Mr. Hendricksen told a story to illustrate the quality of the moral fiber of his co-workers on a forty-story pile erected when our Constitution had but seventeen amendments.

"The steel for the twentieth floor was all set," said he, "when the owners sent word that they were celebratin' with a lunch. They had it on the twentieth floor and everybody got a bid. The mayor and a lot of bankers and actors and ladies and gents and us guys and the newspapers—everybody got a bid. See? Hummin' birds' tonsils and fricasseed snails' ankles, ice cream and cake. All served by coons in white coats. And wine! Listen, there was enough champagne there to give the whole outfit three coats of shellac.

"The big owner got up and says he wants everybody to stand and drink to the boys who made buildin's like this possible. He says he is referrin' to the steel erectors—us guys. Just as he calls on all hands to sink their wine he stops and stares at us guys and puts down his glass without swallowin' a drop.

"What's happened is this: This big jack man sees that not a steel man is drinkin'. See? He notices that not one of us guys has touched a glass. And I never saw a guy so surprised in my life. He comes over to us and says:

" 'Boys,' he says, 'it certainly is a surprise to me to see none of you drinkin', but now I see it's because you got a lot of dangerous work to do and do not want to take a chance with wine. Let me congratulate you. You are a fine body of men.'

" 'Yeah?' says a guy named Klahr, a riveter, 'yeah? Well, why in hell if you think we're such swell guys didn't you invite us to supper where we could take a couple o' drinks? Who the hell can mix champagne and eight-inch I-beams two hundred and fifty feet up? You guys are lucky you ain't got no strike on your hands this minute.' "

"Well," said Mr. Hendricksen amiably, "this guy's real. He sees Klahr's point like that. And he invites us all to supper the next night. Boy, we killed a shipload of stuff. I had bubbles on my mustache for two weeks."

Reduces You, See?

A bridge across the broadest river or between thousand-foot cliffs is just another job to these lads—a show grander in its beauty, its sweep, its engineering daring, but just another job. True to their beloved method of settling things among themselves, much acid debate followed my question regarding the relative dangers of bridge building and skyscraper erection. I gather that the majority of them regard bridge building as "prettier" (Mr. Hendricksen's word) but less hazardous to the worker.

For one thing the wind is apt to be fiercer on a thousand-foot span than on the highest stages of a building although currents are not so treacherous. A tall building is protected by other tall buildings. The gale is unconfined and unrestrained over a canyon or river. To tread a swaying cat-walk along the path of a bridge requires dexterity, but compared with the flange of an I-beam it's a boulevard. And Mr. Binzen assured me that falling into a river isn't so bad if you take it feet first.

"But," said he, "to hit a river all spread out is like having yourself slapped in the chest with the Twentieth Century Limited. Reduces you, see?"

The contractors take a slightly different view of the difference between the building erectors and the bridge men. The latter have a lesser tendency to roam. A bridge is a long-time job—consuming as many as five years. Here is steady work. And here you have specialists although the good skyscraper man can readily turn his hand to the bridge. But bridge-building concerns are at considerable pains to keep their working gangs intact, keep them with them. And the specialists in bridge construction are responding to this pressure to establish permanent homes and forsake the roving ways of the steel man.

Perfect Teamwork

But wherever they work there is daring. However sincere it is, most of them profess fatalism as their philosophy. Falling from a high perch is only one of their dangers and, oddly enough to them, a lesser menace. A guy doesn't fall, they will assure you; he gets knocked off—swept off by a boom, by a swinging derrick ball and hook, by a blundering girder. They are less sure of each other than of themselves. A slip by any one of a crew may fetch sudden death to another.

So they're drilled like prize-winning infantry on parade. The hooker-up deftly secures the derrick hook to the girder. His movements are swift, mathematical. The boom swings, the cables and chains tighten and groan. The girder lifts free and balances gracefully, precariously.

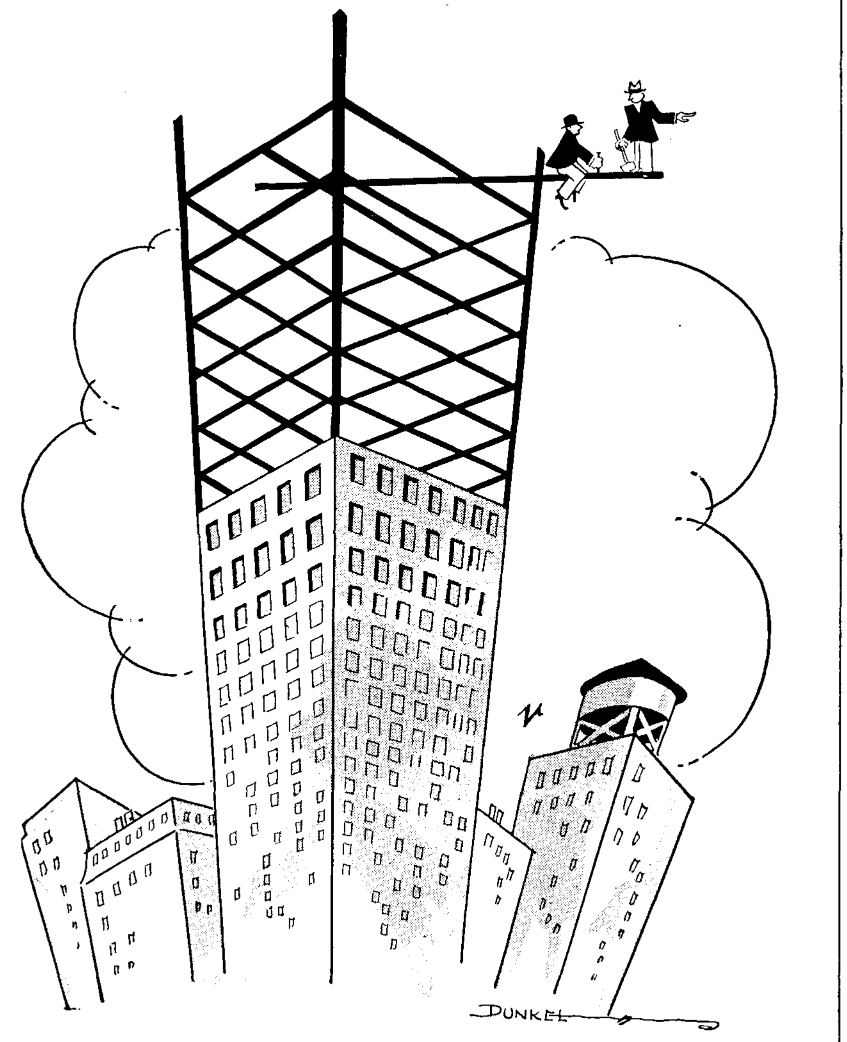
The tag-line man, a giant in weight and strength, lies back on his rope attached to the hook and gauges the huge beam's swing—steadies it. He hauls in and pays out his line that the beam may reach its stage near its moorings. Far out the stick-man with his length of timber bedevils the steel monster this way and that, badgering it into position, preventing it from whirling or turning end after end and thereby escaping its fastenings. Or he prods the derrick's boom with his clumsy lance.

Goaded into place, the connecters take charge of the steel, jamming the butts of their wrenches into the bolt holes until the rivets arrive. And they begin to arrive in hissing parabolas—glowing white, half-molten, sparking, heavy, six- and eight-inch projectiles flung at incredible angles by a grinning furnace man, who cranks his inferno with one hand and hurls his thunderbolts from tongs in the other.

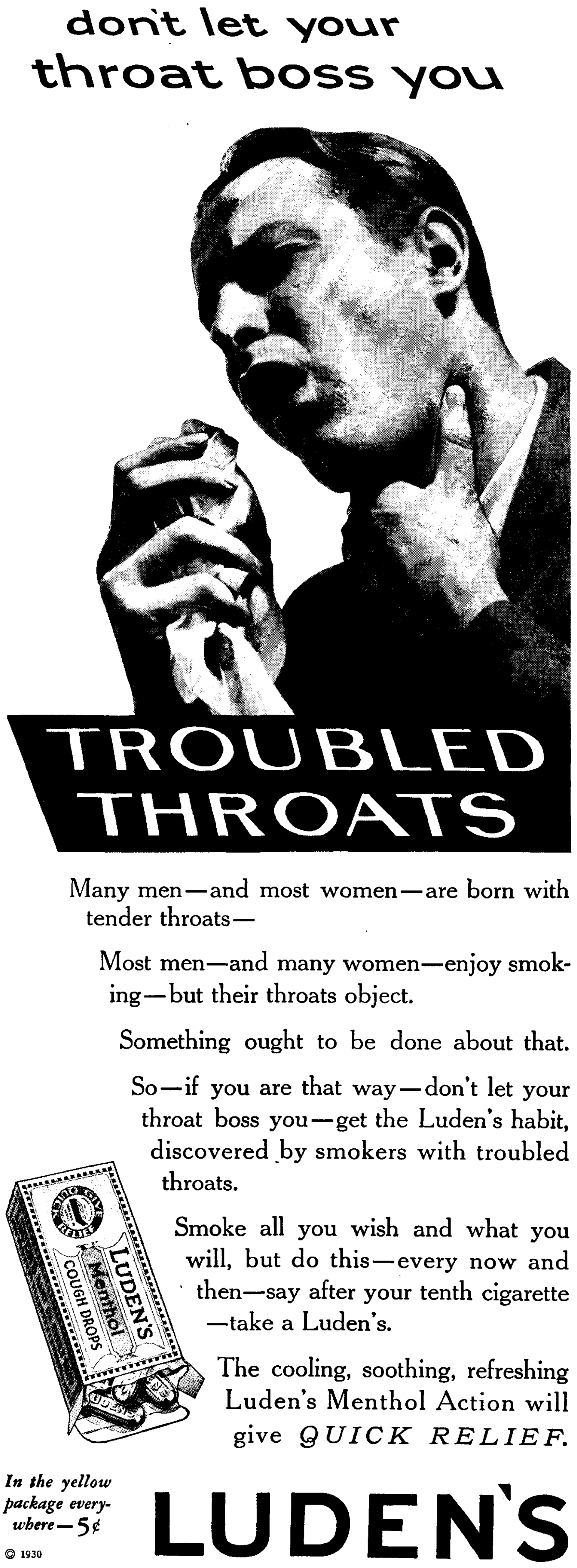
Nonchalantly, a battered iron bucket in his right hand and tongs alert in his left, the passer snags the bolts as they come within his sweep. His expertness is his pride. He'd like to make the catching noiseless and has tried a thousand and one postures and sweeps to cage the flying bolt without clang or clatter. I saw a lad named Michaels receive them with no more thud than you'd hear when a tossed rubber ball meets a featherbed. He knew he had an audience and was doing his stuff. He snagged them high, he snagged them low. He caught them close to his belly like Rabbit Maranville taking a pop fly. He speared them wide like a George Sisler at first base. He called balls and strikes on the furnace man.

And he was quick. Like a magician. Almost without his aid the tongs seemed to find the bolt and pass it hawk-like to the gaping hole. And then the victorious bedlam of the riveter. . . . And all in a fifty-mile gale.

"It's all," said Mr. Binzen owlishly, "in bein' used to it. I seen guys—why, I seen this guy Chamberlin, the aviator who hopped offa Long Island and come down in Berlin—why, I seen that guy fade green on the fiftieth floor of a buildin'. And him happy when he's ten thousand feet up in a flyin' machine. Me, I wouldn't get in one of them ships if you gimme it. Every guy to his trade. You got your racket; I got mine. Happy days in the workhouse, kid."



"Why, I knew George when he was so high!"



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Circuses or Colleges

PRESIDENT LOWELL of Harvard thinks that intercollegiate sport is being overdone. Other sober citizens, including Fielding Yost, Michigan's famous football coach, have expressed similar opinions.

The vast public which enjoys the spectacles of exciting football games, however, resents such sour suggestions. What are colleges good for if not to provide good teams? Who would expect a legislature to appropriate money for a university which lacked the luster reflected by a successful eleven? Why should a rich man endow an institution of which followers of sporting news had never read?

President Lowell puts the question in another way. He asks just how athletics fit into college training.

Obviously, the alumni are not going to let Harvard, or any other important football center, do anything to disturb seriously the football schedule. Intercollegiate sport is a vested interest, representing a huge financial investment which pays exceedingly handsome returns. The colleges need the money.

Some of our universities were built by the football gate receipts. Who wants to quarrel with his meal ticket? So while some complain, few will find it politic to act.

Nevertheless the issue can't be suppressed. It is fundamental and far-reaching.

At present we demand two things of colleges—education for young men and women and entertainment for the general public.

Education and public entertainment are not altogether compatible. Each is a full-time job.

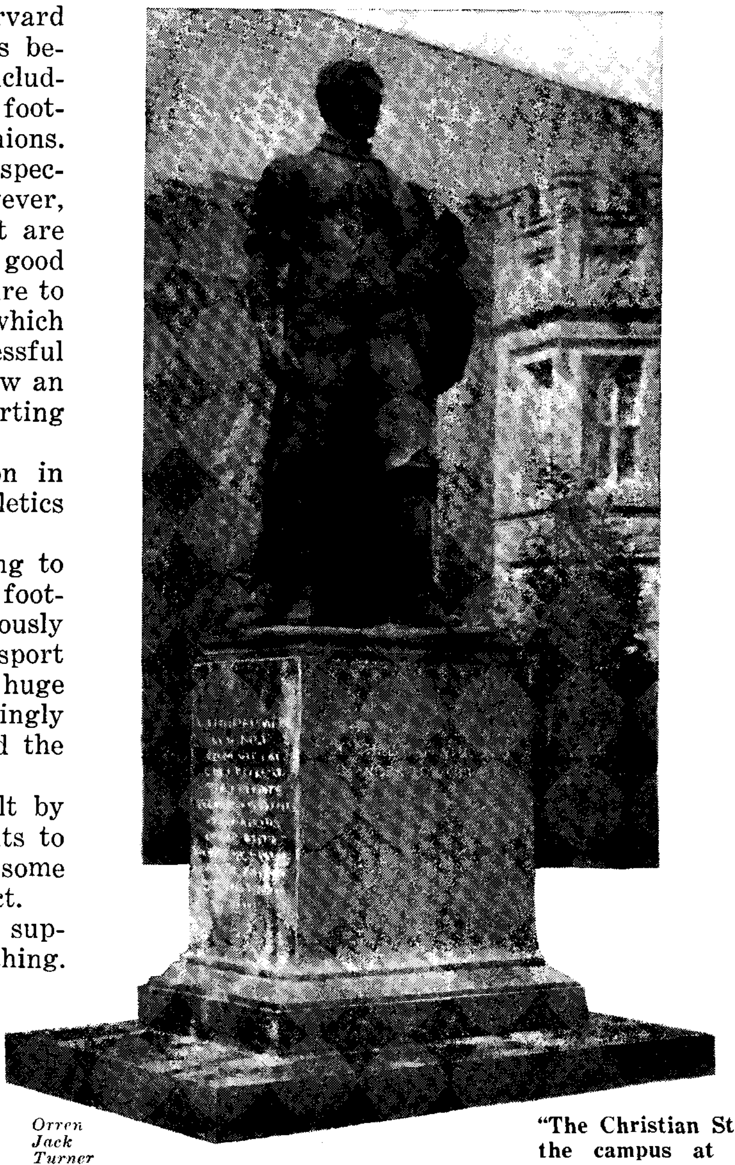
We don't expect the baseball players who amuse us to devote any part of their time to schooling. Baseball is too absorbing a vocation.

So are tennis and golf. When Mrs. Helen Wills Moody wanted to compete in the great tennis games she dropped out of college to get the necessary leisure. Bobby Jones has to abandon his law practice during the times he plays tournament golf.

Straight through the important sports, with the exception of football, is this true.

The best track meets are participated in by amateurs who, for the time being at least, have abandoned classroom responsibilities. Pugilists, with the exception of Gene Tunney, have found neither the time nor the inclination for study, and Tunney found that his scholarly proclivities contributed very little to his popularity as a boxer.

The spectacular sports, with the exception of football, all conduct their shows without benefit of learning.



Orren Jack Turner

"The Christian Student" on the campus at Princeton. Ready for anything, it seems

Football, however, is unique. College football is an industry comparable to professional baseball. College baseball, in contrast, is a minor form of entertainment like professional football.

Many intelligent young men who subsequently are successful in life are good football players; but football has little to do with their education, however it may influence their subsequent success.

Essentially, football has no more to do with education than has baseball or boxing or handball. The interest of colleges in promoting football is chiefly financial.

Successful football teams advertise the college and, indirectly as well as directly, bring in revenue. With the ticket sale of a single game going as high as a quarter of a million dollars, football is big business.

What we need is a divorce between public entertainment and college athletics. If colleges must have the money they now get from football, the game might be put on a candidly professional basis, and whole teams might be hired to represent the colleges during the season.

Then while the professionals were playing and possibly dying for dear old Alma Mater other young men might be devoting their energies to education, physical as well as intellectual. Paid performers would provide public entertainment and everybody would be happy.

Such a scheme might weed out from the classrooms many vigorous young men who go to college merely for football. They would not be lost to sport, however, if they were good enough to get jobs on what might be called the advertising eleven.

The change would not actually be so great. Already football contests are between coaches rather than colleges. The school which buys the best coach and which enables him to recruit the most promising players is most successful in the football season. Instead of hiring a coach and assistants, the college would hire a full team. Then it would be really efficient.

This plan seems fantastic but it has many advantages. Other schemes also suggest themselves. We might divide our colleges into two groups. One would specialize in education and the other in football.

That, too, would solve many difficulties. The lad who was looking forward to training in the arts and sciences would be given the chance in one institution while in another kind of college the boy whose interest was wholly in sport would not be troubled by fussy professors. Too many husky lads are now lost to glory because they can't pass examinations. Why not eliminate such nonsense? It would encourage the boys and make the professors' lot easier.

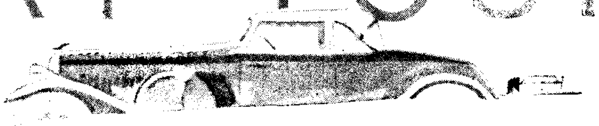
Whatever the solution, it is certain that the colleges cannot be expected to serve both as circuses and as institutions of learning.

We are told that ours is an age of specialization.

If so, the colleges will have to fall in line and make their choice. Some may elect showmanship and others education. Or they may choose to provide education for the young and entertainment by paid performers for the public.

Whatever change is made will be an improvement.

CARS THAT STAY YOUNG



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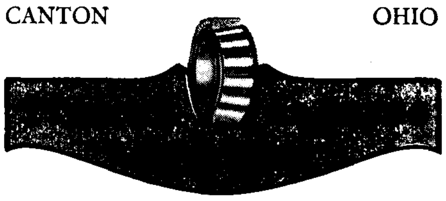

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Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Cadillac	All	...	...	...	...	.x.
Chrysler	De Soto	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	Plymouth	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	66, 70, 77	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	Imperial	.x.	...	...	...	.x.
Cord	All	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
Cunningham	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Dodge	All	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Durant	40, 60, 63, 66	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	...
	70	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Elcar	75	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	95, 96, 120	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Ford	All	.x.	...	.x.	.x.	.x.
Franklin	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Gardner	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Graham-Paige	612	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	615	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
	621, 827, 837	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
Henney	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Hudson and Essex	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Hupmobile	Model S	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	Model C	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Jordan	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Kissel	75 & 95	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
	126	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Kleiber		.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
LaSalle	All	...	...	...	...	.x.
Lincoln	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Locomobile	86 & 88	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Marmon	68	.x.	...	...	...	.x.
	78	...	.x.	...	...	.x.
	Roosevelt	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
McFarlan	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Moon	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Nash	Std 6	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
———	All	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
Peerless	All	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Pierce-Arrow	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Reo Flying Cloud	The Master	.x.	.x.	...	.x.	.x.
	Flying Cloud	.x.	.x.	...	...	.x.
Roamer		.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Stearns-Knight	6-80	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
	8-90	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Studebaker and Erskine	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.
Stutz	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	...	.x.
Willys-Knight and Whippet	All	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.	.x.

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